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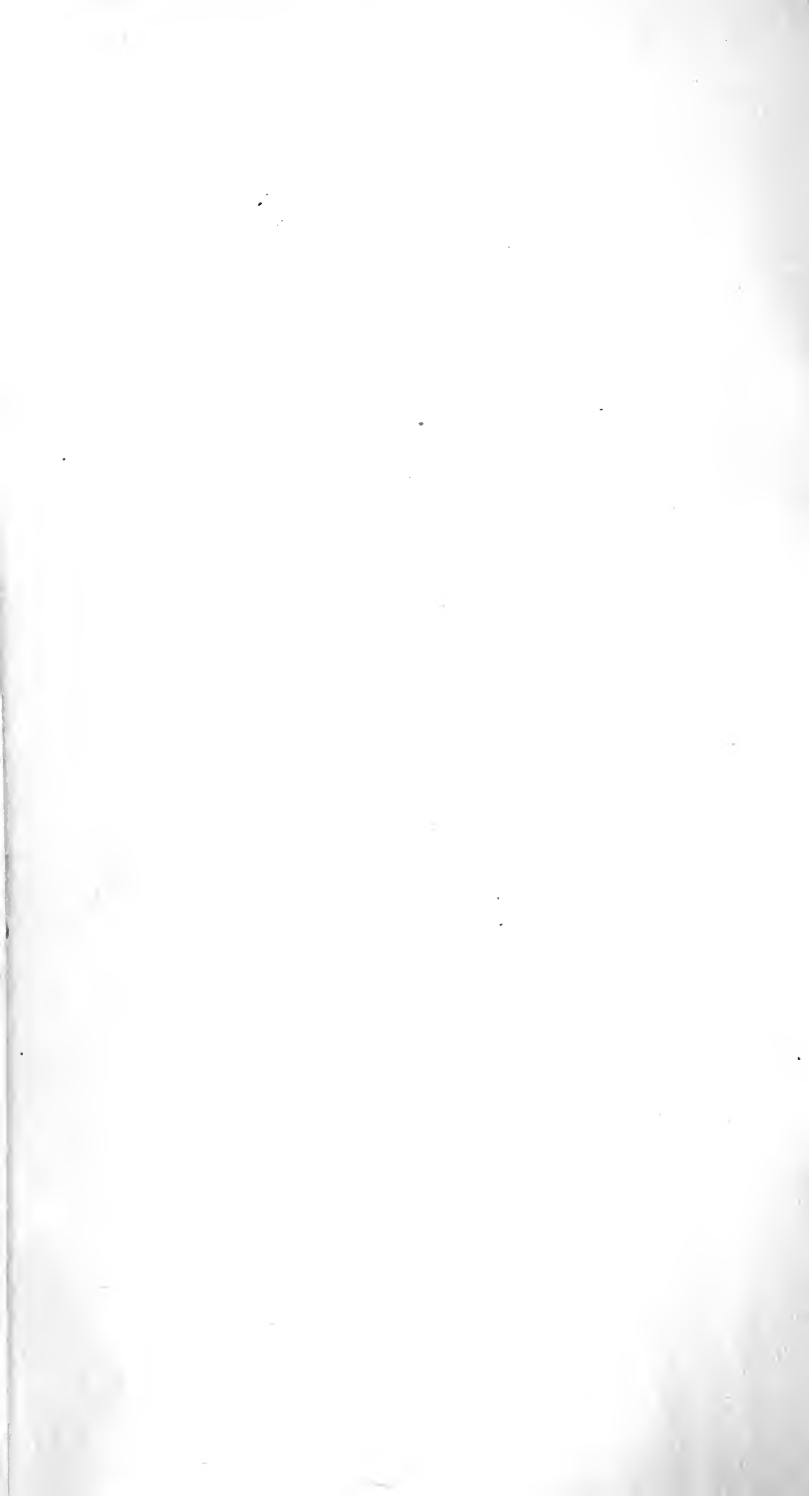
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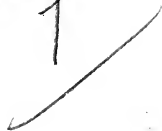






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LORD BYRON.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Lord Byron.

BY GEORGE CLINTON, ESQ.

When to their airy hall my father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns ;
No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone ;
My epitaph shall be—my name alone :
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay :
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;
By that remembered, or with that forgot.

BYRON.

London :

JAMES ROBINS AND CO. IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
AND JOSEPH ROBINS, JUN. AND CO. LOWER
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TO

ANNE ISABELLA

THE DOWAGER LADY BYRON,

THIS VOLUME,

AN EARNEST EFFORT TO PERPETUATE AND TO EXTEND THE FAME OF

A POET AND A NOBLEMAN,

LATELY ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST ORNAMENTS OF ENGLAND

AND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,

IS INSCRIBED

WITH MOST SINCERE FEELINGS OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES

AND

SYMPATHY FOR THE IRREPARABLE LOSS

SHE HAS SUSTAINED.



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Objects of writing this memoir. Motives for destroying Lord Byron's 'Own
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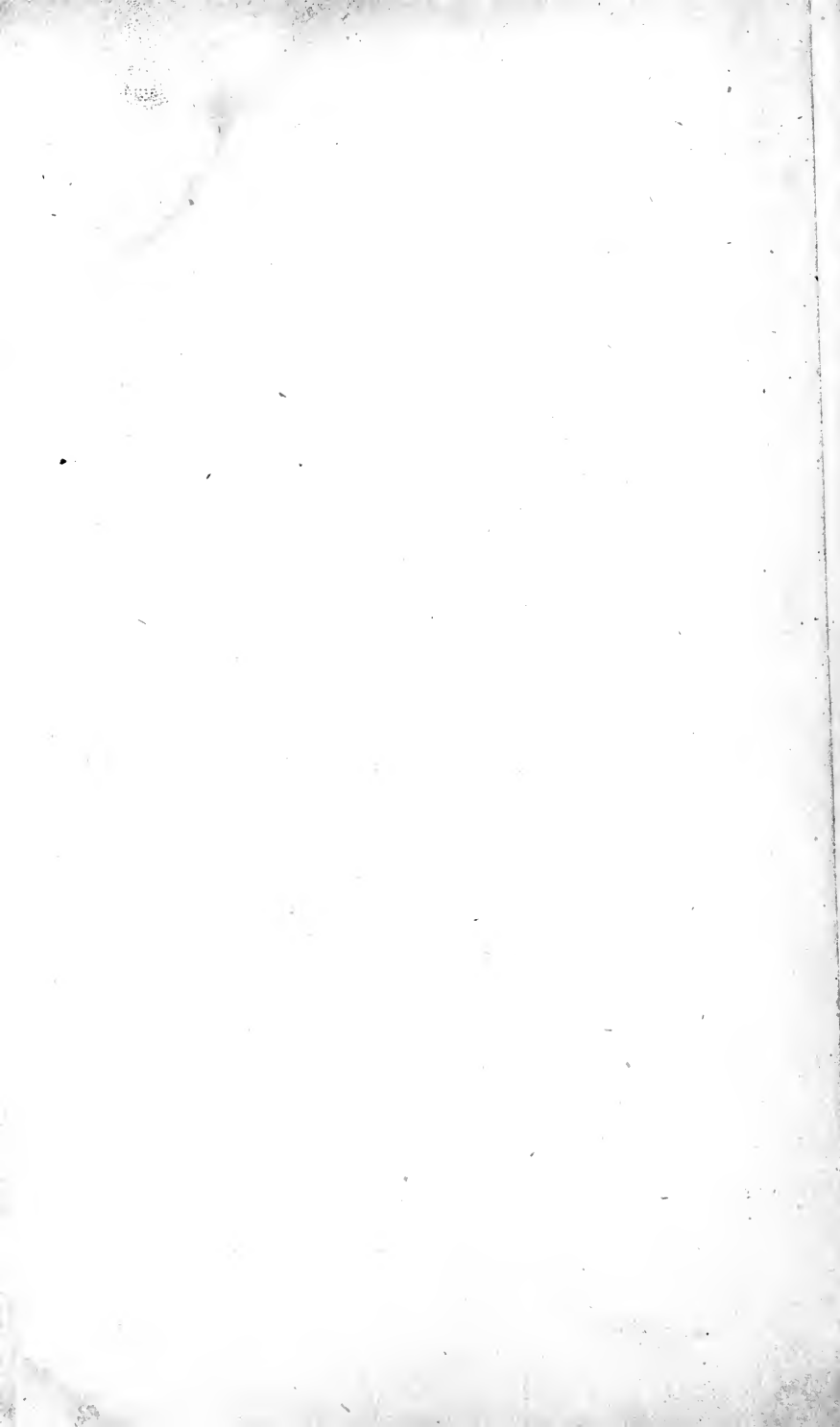
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If you do me the honour of an answer - may
I request a speedy one - because it is hopefull
I though not yet decided, that circumstances may
conduct me once more to Greece; - my present
address is Geneva - - - I beg you to believe me with
a lively recollection of our brief acquaintance - and
the hope of one day renewing it - you are obliged
and about from the Secret
Good Bye

Geneva Mon 40th Nov 83

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

LORD BYRON.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE premature and lamented death of Lord Byron has deprived England of the brightest genius that has adorned the age in which we live. That he was entitled to the first place among living poets will hardly now be denied by any one. Those persons who, from the most honest feelings, regretted the levity and censured the immorality of some of his latter productions, were never backward in acknowledging the pre-eminence of talents which they wished to have seen otherwise directed: it was only by the malignant and the envious that his powers were decried; and even their venom, now that the grave has closed upon Lord Byron, will be spared, because it is equally insignificant and impotent.

To say that he had faults, and that they were many and great, is only to say that he was human: they were the faults of his age, of his education, of unfortunate circumstances—perhaps of a constitutional eccentricity. They were not so enormous but that a small portion of Christian charity may enable us to excuse them: their consequences fell on his own head; and we cannot but believe that the sufferings of his proud and wounded spirit would, if they could be appreciated, be allowed, even by his most severe censurers, to have expiated his offences.

But while those failings by which his character was marked, and which are the lot of humanity, are remembered, let it not be forgotten that he possessed rare and supreme powers, which, if they did not raise him above his species, made him one of its chief ornaments.

As a poet, he stands among the most eminent that England has ever

produced. Few, indeed, (and, among those who live, we may say, fearless of contradiction, none) have possessed at the same time an energy and intellectual grasp like his, together with his facility and gracefulness. There is no style of poetry that he has not essayed; there is none in which he has failed; there are some which he has left better than he found them, and which will, perhaps, owe their perfection to the genial influence of his example.

As a British nobleman, his reputation is unsullied: he supported his rank with as much dignity as modesty. He was a gentleman of strict honour; a firm and warm-hearted friend; a fervent lover of real liberty; and a patron of true merit and sound learning.

These are his claims to the respect of his cotemporaries—these are his titles to the admiration of posterity. That they may be fully understood, and that the honours which his memory deserves may be rendered to it universally, the following concise account of his life and writings has been undertaken. It is a debt which the country owes to itself and to him, that the merits of such a man should be known to the whole community. In the work which follows an attempt has been made to combine with a history of the principal events of Lord Byron's life so full and impartial an account of his works as may convey an accurate idea of their merits.

It was expected that the *Memoirs* written by the noble deceased, and given by him to the author of '*Lalla Rookh*,' would have been published. Had that hope not been frustrated, this work would probably never have seen the light. From a motive of delicacy towards the feelings of living persons, which, though it may be mistaken, is so amiable and disinterested that it deserves the highest praise, those *Memoirs* have lately been destroyed, and are lost to the world for ever. This posthumous record of the deceased nobleman had been deposited in the keeping of Mr. Thomas Moore, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. This gentleman, with the consent and at the desire of Lord Byron, had long ago sold the manuscript to Mr. Murray, for the sum of two thousand pounds. Since the death of Lord Byron, it occurred to some of the relatives of his lordship, that, although the noble author himself had given full authority for a disclosure of the document, some of his family might be wounded or shocked by it. Mr. Moore, therefore, appointed a time for meeting a near connexion of the noble lord (we believe his sister, Mrs. Legh); and, after a deliberate perusal of the work, finding that this lady apprehended from it much pain to the minds of many persons still living, though no

sort of imputation on her brother's memory, Mr. Moore, with a spirit and generosity which the better part of mankind will be at no loss to appreciate, placed the manuscript in the lady's hands, and permitted her to burn it in his presence ! This sacrifice of self-interest to lofty feeling was made on the 17th of May, and the next morning the two thousand pounds were repaid to Mr. Murray by Lord Byron's self-destituted legatee.'

To supply the deficiency occasioned by the loss of the Memoirs this history has been written, and it has been thought that no means could be more likely to effect its object than by putting the public in a situation to judge for themselves of the noble bard's merits; and since that appeal, which he had prepared with his own hand, to be offered to those who should survive him, has been buried with him, his works must speak for him; and the history of his poetry must furnish forth the history of his life, accompanied by particulars derived from private and peculiar sources, and which have never yet been laid before the public.

Great as his loss would have been at any time, it is more to be regretted at this period, when he seemed to be about to lay aside for ever the extravagances which had marked his character, and to devote the energies of his exalted mind and his whole fortune to one of the noblest causes that ever called forth the sympathy of freemen.

Such, however, is the uncertainty of mortal events—such the disappointments which lie in wait to check the most honorable enterprises !

'Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
 And slits the thin-spun life.'——

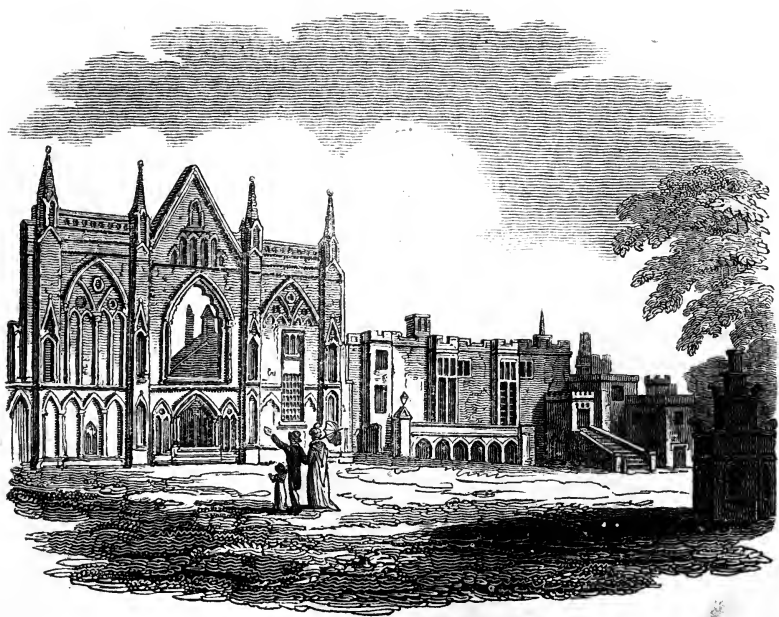
CHAPTER I.

THE late Lord Byron was descended from a family more remarkable for its antiquity, and for the heroism and talent which have at all times distinguished its various branches, than for the extent of the possessions which have been annexed to it. If it were worth

while, it would be easy to trace the ancestors of the late noble poet to those days of chivalry, when, the darkness of the age precluding men of ardent genius from the intellectual exertions which they now make with so much success, they carved themselves a lasting reputation by their bravery and prowess. It may, however, be sufficient for our present purpose only to remark, that the Byron family is at least as honorable as it is ancient; and that in England its history commences with the period of the Conquest, when we find that there were two nobles bearing the name of Buron, or Byron, in both of which ways it seems to have been commonly written. The consanguinity of these barons is not clearly made out; but that they were important personages, as well from their achievements as from the magnitude of their respective domains, is satisfactorily known. The more important of these barons, and that one from whom his English pedigree is to be traced, was Ralph de Burun, who, in the reign of William the Conqueror, held Horestan Castle, in the park of Horseley, and was besides the lord of other very extensive domains in the counties of Derby and Nottingham. He was succeeded by his son Hugh de Burun in his title and estates. The eldest son of the latter, who was also called Hugh de Burun, almost as soon as he had reached man's estate, devoted himself to a religious life; and, having joined with his father in alienating a considerable portion of the family estate to the use of the Lenton Priory, in Nottinghamshire, he professed himself a monk of that religious establishment, and assumed the name of De Meschines. The diminished patrimony and the honours of his house then descended on his brother, Roger de Burun, who seemed also to be smitten with the family passion for giving to the Church some portion of their property; for, in the reign of Henry II. he appears to have granted lands to the monastery of Swinsted. John de Horestan, one of the members of this family, was distinguished among the English Crusaders under Richard I. for his zeal and courage. He fell at the siege of Askalon, and was buried in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In the reign of Henry II. we find the family name written Biron, or Býron, instead of Burun, and thus it has remained ever since. Robert de Byron, the son of the last-mentioned Roger, added largely to the family possessions by his marriage with the heiress of the wealthy family of the Claytons, of Clayton, in Lancashire, at which place the family seat continued to be until the reign of Henry VIII. From Robert de Byron the glory of the family was transmitted by a succession of warriors, who all bore a prominent part in the domestic and





Newstead Abbey, the ancient Seat of the Byron Family.

foreign contests in which the nation was engaged. In the reign of Henry VIII. we find Sir John Byron Constable of Nottingham Castle and Master of Sherwood Forest. He seems to have held a high place in the favour of his sovereign, as well by the offices which were intrusted to him as by the share he received of the spoils which the rapacity of the tyrant tore from the Church. On the dissolution of the religious houses, the church and priory of Newstead, the adjacent manor of Papelwick, and the Church patronage annexed to it, with certain other lands, were granted by Henry VIII. in the thirty-second year of his reign, to this Sir John Byron.

This abbey of Newstead, or *De Novo Loco*, was founded in the year 1170, by Henry II. as a priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Its revenues had been increased by various benefactions, so that, at the Dissolution, they were estimated at about two hundred pounds. Sir John immediately fitted up part of the edifice; but the church was suffered to go to decay, though the south aisle was actually incorporated into the dwelling-house, and now contains some of the most habitable apartments. It has remained the family seat from the period we have mentioned to the present time; but, owing to some unfortunate family differences between the grandfather and the father of the late Lord Byron, the elder nobleman was induced to sell every thing belonging to the mansion, and not only to suffer every part, both of the house and grounds, to go to decay, but even to dilapidate great part of it, until he was stopped by an injunction in Chancery. During the minority of the late Lord Byron it remained nearly in this state; and even when he came of age his finances were not adequate to the task of repairing and restoring it thoroughly. Although much has been done to it since, its appearance is not greatly altered from that described in the following account, which was written in the year 1812. Lord Byron's poetry has rendered every thing relating to Newstead Abbey interesting; and it is impossible to read this description of the halls of his ancestors without feeling that its local peculiarities must have had a considerable share in producing that romantic and melancholy tone which pervades the greater and the better part of his productions:—

The front of the abbey church has a most noble and majestic appearance, being built in the form of the west end of a cathedral, adorned with rich carvings and lofty pinnacles.

The castellated stables and offices are still to be seen, as the visitor enters into a sombre deserted court-yard, in the midst of which is a

curious erection of red stone, in the form of an antique cross. In front is the west end of the ancient church; also the venerable front of the mansion, with its towers and battlements, and Gothic windows; and on the right some additional buildings in the castellated style, originally intended for domestic offices, but now in a greater state of ruin than the older parts of the house, yet assimilating well with it, particularly as being overshadowed with the darkening foliage of some lofty elms.

Ascending some steps, a heavy grated door and porch open into the great hall, quite in the antique style: its only ornaments are two pictures of a wolf-dog, and another from Newfoundland, favorites of his lordship; to the latter, indeed, he once owed his life.

The little drawing-room contains a few family pictures still interesting from their locality. In this apartment there is a very ancient carved wooden chimney-piece, in which are introduced four of the old monarchs of this kingdom, Henry VIII. and two of his concubines, and the family arms of Byron in the centre.

The gallery over the cloisters is very antique; and from its windows we see the cloister court, with a basin in the centre, used as a stew for fish. It is impossible to contemplate this scene without a recurrence to past times; when we look down on the Gothic arches, or up to the hoary battlements, midst all the sombre silence that reigns around, busy fancy peoples the scene with ideal beings, and the shadows of some small ash trees in the area may readily be mistaken by an enthusiastic imagination for the shade of the passing religious from his cell to the altar.

The great dining-room is a most noble apartment, presenting a good idea of ancient manners, but now deserted and forlorn.

In passing towards the habitable part of the house, it was impossible not to feel something like an awful regret in passing the chamber of the late Hon. Mrs. Byron, exactly in the same state as when she breathed her last within it, only a few days preceding: her clothes, her ornaments, were displayed as if she had just retired—alas! retired to return no more!

Our aged Ciceroni with great good will expressed a desire to show his lordship's study, and with all the respectful familiarity of an old domestic dependant went into the apartment, to request his lord's permission, which was readily and politely granted, though at a moment when a recent domestic loss must have rendered it an unwelcome request, and one, indeed, which the writer of these sheets would have shunned, had it not been for the friendly and even hospitable attentions

of the venerable old man. It was impossible to enter this sweet little apartment without noticing some of the very unusual ornaments for such a place; but as the house itself is literally a mansion of the dead, (for the monkish cemetery was in the cloisters,) it may account for the noble owner's taste in decorating it with two very perfect and finely polished skulls, instead of the more tasty ornaments of bow-pots and flower-vases. The other ornaments are some good classic busts, book-cases with a select collection, and a very curious antique crucifix.

A small drawing-room next to this apartment contains some good modern paintings. A portrait of his Lordship as a Sailor Boy, with rocks and beach scenery. Some good Sea Pieces. An exquisite Madonna. East and West Views of Newstead. Dogs, horses, &c.

We now come to a long range of deserted apartments. In one, called King Edward the Third's room, on account of that monarch having slept there, there is a very ancient chimney, which, together with the whole fitting up of the venerable apartment, seems to be coeval with the royal visit, and excites a most pleasing enthusiasm in the mind.

Next to this is the sounding-gallery, so called from a very remarkable echo which it possesses.

The cloisters exactly resemble those of Westminster Abbey, only on a smaller scale; but possessing, if possible, a more venerable appearance. These were the cloisters of the ancient abbey, and many of its ancient tenants now lie in silent repose under their flagged pavement. There is something particularly sombre in the circumstance of the habitable part of the house not only opening into this scene of departed mortality, but even having it in some measure as a thoroughfare. These cloisters lead into an ancient and extensive crypt under the body of the church, but for many generations used as cellars: here also was the singing-room for the practice of the choristers, now very handsomely fitted up as a bath; the ancient chapel, too, long used by the family for the same purpose, is still entire, though in ruin, and its ceiling is a very handsome specimen of the Gothic style of springing arches. This chapel was also used as a cemetery, and its light clustered pillars and ancient carved windows add much to the melancholy expression of the scene.

An ancient Gothic green-house, with an antique roof, now opens into the garden, which was once the burying-ground of the church, and in which a large circular vault has lately been dug, with a handsome pedestal of white marble, on one side of which an inscription tells the

passing stranger that it contains the body of a Newfoundland dog, to whom his lordship once owed his life, and whom his gratitude has placed here. This garden also includes the dilapidated part of the church, and is altogether a very interesting spot.

The following is the inscription alluded to :

‘Near this spot are deposited the remains of one, who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices.—This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1803, and died at Newstead, October, 1808.

‘When some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor’s art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below.
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was—but what he should have been.
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend—
 Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone—
 Unhonoured falls! unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth :
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven!
 Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye! who behold perchance this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn;
 To mark a friend’s remains these stones arise—
 I never knew but one, and here he lies!’

Sir John Byron, the first possessor of the abbey of Newstead, left that and his other possessions to his fourth son, of the same name, on

whom Queen Elizabeth bestowed the honour of knighthood in 1579. His eldest son, Sir Nicholas, served with distinction in the Low Country wars; and when the great Rebellion broke out, he was one of the first to take up arms in the defence of the Royal cause. After the battle of Edge Hill, where he displayed his courage, he was made Colonel-General of Cheshire and Shropshire, and Governor of Chester, which city he defended gallantly against the Parliamentarians, though at last he fell into their hands. Lord Clarendon speaks highly of his character, and of the exertions made by him in Cheshire to assist the King. 'He was,' says the noble historian, 'a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well-affected; and, with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss.'

Sir John Byron, the younger brother of Sir Nicholas, was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of King James I. He married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molyneux, Bart. by whom he had eleven sons and a daughter. The eldest of the sons served under his uncle in the Low Countries; and in 1641, when the House of Commons complained against Sir Thomas Lunsford, as being an unfit person to be Governor of the Tower, the King appointed this Sir John Byron to that office. In a short time, however, the new Lieutenant became no less obnoxious to the refractory spirits in the City and Parliament than his predecessor; and information having been given them that much provision was sent into the Tower every day, they sent for Sir John Byron, who appeared at their bar, and gave so full answers to all the questions they asked of him, that they could not but dismiss him. However, they sent again to the King to remove him, and put a fitter man into the place, and recommended Sir John Coniers to him as a man in whom they could confide; and, because they did not speedily receive such an answer as they liked, they appointed their Major-General Skippon to place such guards about the Tower as might prevent the carrying in more provision of victual thither than would serve for one day's consumption; notwithstanding which the King would not consent to their desire.

The Commons then applied to the Lords to join them in a petition to the King, praying him for the removal of Sir John Byron; but though the Peers in other respects gave too much way to the en-

croachments of the Lower House, they had firmness enough in this instance to reject the proposition, 'as well for that the disposal of the custody of the Tower was the King's peculiar right and prerogative, as likewise that his Majesty had committed the charge thereof to Sir John Byron, a person of very ancient family, an honorable extraction and good fortune, and as unblemished a reputation as any gentleman in England.' The City, however, petitioned the King on this subject, and, among other grievances, complained of the 'preparations made in the Tower, and the calling of divers cannoniers into that fortress.' To this his Majesty replied, that, 'for the Tower, he wondered that, having removed a servant of good trust and reputation from that charge, only to satisfy the fears of the City, and put in another of unquestionable reputation and known ability, the petitioners should still entertain those fears.'

But some time afterwards the King—less perhaps from a disposition to conciliate the malcontents than at the express desire of Sir John Byron, who begged to be freed 'from the agony and vexation of that place, which had exposed his person and reputation to the rage and fury of the people, and compelled him to submit to such reproaches as a generous spirit could not brook without much regret'—thought proper to remove him. In the summer of 1642 he was employed in escorting the plate contributed by the University of Oxford, and some money which had been sent thither from London, for his royal master's use. This important trust he discharged with such satisfaction, that the learned body conferred on him, the same year, the honorary degree of Doctor in the Civil Law. Shortly after this he bore a distinguished part in the battle of Edge Hill; as also in that of Marston, where three of his brothers, besides himself, were actively engaged. Lord Byron has commemorated the achievements of his ancestors on this occasion in the following verse:—

On Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to Royalty sealed.

For these services Sir John Byron received a patent of peerage, dated at Oxford, October 27, 1643, creating him Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, with the remainder of the title to his brothers, and their male issue respectively.

As a farther testimony of the royal favour, Lord Byron was made Field-Marshal-General of all his Majesty's Forces in Worcestershire, Shropshire, Cheshire, and North Wales; and when his uncle, Sir Nicholas, was made prisoner by the rebels at the battle of Edge Hill, he was appointed to the government of the city of Chester in his room. In this capacity he rendered great service to the Royal cause, particularly by defeating Sir Thomas Fairfax, and relieving Montgomery Castle, for which the Parliament passed a vote, excepting him from pardon, and sequestrating his estates. His success was not, however, always proportioned to his valour or his loyalty; for, being intrusted with the command of the Irish forces, he was induced to make a winter campaign, relying on the hardihood of his troops, who, as Lord Clarendon says, 'being used to little ease in Ireland, the season of the year made little impression on them; and his enterprise, though prosperous enough at the beginning, was afterwards wholly defeated. Hume gives the following account of it:—

'The forces brought from Ireland were landed at Mostyne, in North Wales; and, being put under the command of Lord Byron, they besieged and took the castles Hawarden, Beeston, Acton, and Deddington-house. No place in Cheshire, or the neighborhood, now adhered to the Parliament, except Nantwich; and to this town Byron laid siege during the depth of winter. Sir Thomas Fairfax, alarmed at so considerable a progress of the Royalists, assembled an army of four thousand men in Yorkshire, and, having joined Sir William Brereton, was approaching to the camp of the enemy. Byron and his soldiers, elated with the successes obtained in Ireland, had entertained the most profound contempt for the Parliamentary forces; a disposition which, if confined to the army, may be regarded as a good presage of victory; but, if it extend to the General, is the most probable forerunner of a defeat.—(25th Jan.) Fairfax suddenly attacked the camp of the Royalists. The swelling of the river by a thaw divided one part of the army from the other. That part exposed to Fairfax, being beaten from their post, retired into the church of Acton, and were all taken prisoners: the other retreated with precipitation. And thus was dissipated, or rendered useless, that body of forces which had been drawn from Ireland; and the Parliamentary party revived in those north-west counties of England.'

On the other hand, the King reposed the most entire confidence in this loyal subject, and appointed him Governor to the Duke of York, with whom he escaped to Holland, when the unfortunate monarch be-

came a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. Lord Byron afterwards accompanied his royal pupil in Flanders, under the immortal Turenne. He died at Paris, in 1652, enjoying the reputation of having served his sovereign with unshaken fidelity and activity through the most disastrous times. Though married twice, he left no issue, and was succeeded in the title and estates by his second brother, Sir Richard Byron, who was knighted by Charles I. for his conduct at the battle of Edge Hill. He was also appointed Governor, first of Appleby Castle, in Westmorland, and next of Newark, which place he defended with great honour. This second Lord Byron died in 1679, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Viscount Chaworth, of the kingdom of Ireland; by whom he had five sons, all of whom died young, except William, the fourth lord, born in 1669. He became Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, with whom he was a great favorite. His first wife, Mary, daughter of John Earl of Bridgewater, died of the small-pox eleven weeks after her nuptials. By his second wife, the daughter of William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, he had three sons, who all died before their father. His third wife, Frances, daughter of William Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, brought him five sons and a daughter.

The following Elegy by Lord Byron is peculiarly interesting, as well for the idea which it conveys of the feelings excited, at a very early period of his life, in the mind of the noble poet, on a retrospect of the glories of his ancestors, as because it seems to contain the promise of that high excellence which was afterwards so gloriously fulfilled.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all
their deeds. OSSIAN.

Newstead! fast falling, once resplendent dome!

Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's* pride!

Of warriors, monks, and dames, the cloister'd tomb,

Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide;—

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall

Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;

Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,

Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

* Henry II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

No mail-clad serfs,* obedient to their lord,
 In grim array the crimson cross† demand;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board,
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
 Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
 Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
 A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
 His feudal realm in other regions lay;
 In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
 The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
 Or blood-stain'd Guilt repenting solace found,
 Or Innocence from stern Oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
 Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
 And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
 Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
 The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
 In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
 Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
 Soon as the Gloaming‡ spreads her waning shade,
 The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
 Or matin orisons to Mary§ paid.

Years roll on years; to ages ages yield;
 Abbots to abbots in a line succeed:
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

* This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem 'The Wild Huntsman,' synonymous with vassal.

† The red cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

‡ As 'Gloaming,' the Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

§ The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

One holy Henry* rear'd the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids Devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them, exiles, from their bless'd abode,
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High-crested banners, wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress† now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed by guile, o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege;
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting Genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

* At the dissolution of the monasteries Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

† Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

Trembling, she snatch'd him* from the unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats here reserved his life,
To lead the band where god-like Falkland† fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to Heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing leaves o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign, perforce, their mortal mould;
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search of buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length, the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er:
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court;
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the holy fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies:
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

* Lord Byron, and his brother, Sir William, held high commands in the Royal army: the former was General in Chief in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions. Vide Clarendon, Hume, &c.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newberry, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing* the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler† now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful Echo float;
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note—
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the vallies shake;
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake;
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glittered to allure;
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed,
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

* This is an historical fact; a violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers. Both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but, whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the ca-suists of that age to decide; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;

The last and youngest of a noble line

Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey worn towers;

Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;

Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;—

These, these he views, and views them but to weep!

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret;

Cherish'd affection only bids them flow!

Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to forget,

But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes

Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;

Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,

Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of Fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,

Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;

Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,

And bless thy future as thy former day.

William, the eldest son, born in 1722, succeeded to the family honours, on the death of his father, in 1736. He entered into the naval service, and became lieutenant of the *Victory*, under Admiral Balchen; which ship he had but just left before she was lost on the rocks of Alderney. In 1763 he was made Master of the Stag-hounds; but in 1765 he was sent to the Tower, and tried before the House of Peers, for killing his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel fought at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall; of which unhappy occurrence the following is the only authentic and impartial statement that has been published:—

‘ Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth were neighbours in the country, and it was their custom to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, once a month, at what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting at which the unlucky dispute arose that produced the duel was on the 26th of January, 1765, at which were present John Hewett, Esq. who sat as chairman, Lord Byron, the Honorable

Thomas Willoughby, Sir Robert Burdett, Frederic Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, William Chaworth, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, jun. Esqrs.

‘ Their usual hour of dining was soon after four ; and the rule of the club was, to have a bill and a bottle brought in at seven.

‘ Till this hour all was jollity and good humour ; but Mr. Hewett, who was toast-master, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving the game, setting the laws in being for that purpose out of the question, the subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who happened to be of different opinions ; Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons, and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Hewett’s opinion was, that the most effectual way would be to make the game the property of the owner of the soil. The debate became general, but was carried on with acrimony only between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth ; the latter, in confirmation of what he had said, insisting that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres, than Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in answer to this, proposed a bet of one hundred guineas ; and Mr. Chaworth called for pen, ink, and paper, to reduce the wager to writing, in order to take it up ; but Mr. Sherwin treating it in a jesting manner, as a bet that never could be decided, no bet was laid, and the conversation went on. Mr. Chaworth said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley’s care, and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate ; and Lord Byron asking, with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley’s manors were ? was answered by Mr. Chaworth, Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, that Bulwell was his ; on which Mr. Chaworth with some heat replied, “ If you want information with respect to Sir Charles Sedley’s manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper’s, in Dean-street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction ; and, as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley-row ;” or words to that effect. These words, uttered in a particular manner, could admit of no reply, and at once put an end to that subject of discourse ; every gentleman in company fell into chat with him who sat next to him ; and nothing more was said generally till Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, as was his general practice, in doing of which Mr. Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him a little flurried ; for, in marking, he made a small mistake. The book had lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an O was

placed, but if absent five shillings were set down. He placed five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that my lord was present, he corrected his mistake. In a few minutes after this, Mr. Chaworth, having paid his reckoning, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, who entered into discourse with him at the head of the stairs; and Mr. Chaworth asked him particularly if he had attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron; and if he thought he had been short in what he said on the subject. To which Mr. Donston said, "No; he had rather gone too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more about it;" and, after a little ordinary discourse had passed, they parted. Mr. Donston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down stairs; but, just as Mr. Donston entered the door, he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed, as there was a large screen that covered the door, without knowing each other. Lord Byron found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs, and it now remains a doubt whether Lord Byron called upon Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth upon Lord Byron; but both went to the first landing-place, having dined upon the second floor; and both called the waiter to show an empty room, which a waiter did; and having first opened the door himself, and placed a small tallow candle, which he had in his hand, on the table, he retired; when the gentlemen entered, and pulled the door after them.

'In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the waiter went up, and, perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master the catastrophe, who ran instantly up stairs, and found the two combatants standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulders. He desired Mr. Fynmore to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his at the same time: one, or both, called to him to get some help immediately; and in a few minutes Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, was sent for, who came accordingly.

'In the mean time Mr. Montagu, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Donston, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Molineux, and Mr. Sherwin, had entered the room. The account Mr. Chaworth then gave was, "That he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him if he meant

the conversation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him. To which he replied, 'If you have any thing to say, we had better shut the door. That, while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw; and, in turning, he saw his lordship's sword half drawn: on which he whipped out his own, and made the first pass. The sword being through my lord's waistcoat, he thought he had killed him; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly.'

'When Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, came in, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly. He was very earnest to know if he thought him in imminent danger; and, being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle Levinz might be sent for, that he might settle his private affairs; and in the mean time gave Mr. Hawkins a particular detail of what had passed. He said, "That Lord Byron and he entered the room together, Lord Byron leading the way; that his lordship, in walking forwards, said something relative to the former dispute, on which he proposed fastening the door; that, on turning himself round from this act, he perceived his lordship with his sword either drawn, or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then, perceiving his lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and, being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed a concern as under an apprehension of having mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding, at the same time, that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom." Mr. Hawkins adds, that pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before, "That he had rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person."

'After a little while he seemed to grow stronger, and he was then removed to his own house, where Mr. Adair, another surgeon, Mr. Man, an apothecary, and Dr. Addington, his physician, came to the assistance of Mr. Hawkins, but no relief could be given him: he continued sensible, however, till the time of his death; and Mr. Levinz being now come, Mr. Partington, an attorney, was sent for to make

his will, for which he gave very sensible and distinct instructions ; and, while Mr. Partington was employed in his business, he gave Mr. Levinz, at his request, the same account which he had before given to Mr. Hawkins, lamenting, at the same time, his own folly in fighting in the dark—an expression that certainly conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron, and implied no more than this, that by fighting with a dim light he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his lordship, when he was only entangled in his waistcoat, for under that mistake he certainly was when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body. He added, to Mr. Levinz, that he died as a man of honour ; and expressed a satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for.

Mr. Partington, when he had finished the business he was sent for, and the will was properly executed, recollected the probability that he should one day be called upon to give testimony to the dying words of this unhappy client ; and accordingly, with the caution that always accompanies a thorough knowledge of the law, he thought proper to commit to writing the last words he was heard to say on this occasion. This writing was put into the hands of Mr. Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried ; but no paper whatever was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows :—

“ Sunday morning, the twenty-seventh of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, ‘ That my lord’s sword was half drawn ; and that he, *knowing the man*, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword and had the first thrust ; that then my lord wounded him, and he disarmed my lord, who then said, By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.’ ”

‘ These are the particulars of this unfortunate affair ; by which it should seem that neither Mr. Chaworth himself, nor any of his friends, could blame Lord Byron for the part he had in his death. Mr. Chaworth, it is manifest, was under the apprehensions of having mortally wounded Lord Byron ; and Lord Byron, being still engaged, had a right to avail himself of that mistake for the preservation of his own life. His lordship himself, no doubt, may wish that he had, in that situation, disabled him only ; but in the heat of duelling who can always be collected ?

‘Some time after this unhappy affair Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers; and on the 16th of April, 1765, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by parties of the horse and foot guards, and attended by the lieutenant-governor and constable of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought for that purpose in a coach by the new road, Southwark, to Westminster-hall; and in the evening, between five and six, his lordship was conducted back the same way, and in the same manner, before all the witnesses for the prosecution could be examined.

‘The trial being resumed the next day, as soon as their lordships had examined the rest of the witnesses in support of the charge against Lord Byron, the solicitor-general summed up the evidence; after which Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their lordships that what he had to offer in his own vindication he had committed to writing; and begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he feared his own voice, considering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth’s behaviour further than was necessary for his own defence, expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow for the event, and reposed himself with the utmost confidence on their lordships’ justice and humanity, and would with cheerfulness acquiesce in the sentence of the noblest and most equitable judicature in the world, whether it were for life or for death. The peers, who amounted in number to two hundred and fifty, then adjourned to their own House, and after some time returned, when they unanimously found his lordship guilty of manslaughter: and as, by an old statute, peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.—‘The witnesses examined on behalf of the crown were the several gentlemen in company at the Star and Garter Tavern when the accident happened, the master and waiters, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Adair, the surgeons who attended Mr. Chaworth, his uncle, and the lawyer who made his will.

‘The council for his lordship were the Honorable Mr. Charles Yorke, and Alexander Wedderburn, Esq.; attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his

lordship, the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Sergeant Glyn, Mr. Stowe, Mr. Cornwall; attorney, Mr. Joynes.'

The public curiosity was so great on this occasion, that tickets of admission were publicly sold for six guineas, and found eager purchasers.

This affair has been very frequently misrepresented, and much censure has been generally thrown upon Lord Byron, which he seems hardly to have deserved. The circumstances of the duel and its fatal termination are very much to be regretted; but the man must be possessed of extraordinary coolness and forbearance indeed, who could feel his adversary's sword entangled in his own coat, and not avail himself of the opportunity which was thus presented to him of putting an end to the combat, and of preserving his own life. The imputation of unfairness is evidently unfounded: from the statement of Mr. Chaworth, it appears that he made the first lunge.

It was, however, an event, which, as might have been expected, clouded the whole of the after-life of the unfortunate survivor. His lordship married Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq. of Besthorp Hall, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he had three sons; but all of them died without issue before their father, who departed this life at Newstead Abbey, May 17, 1798.

Among the many remarkable persons who are to be reckoned among the immediate ancestors of the late Lord Byron was the Honorable Commodore John Byron, who was wrecked in the year 1740 on the coast of Patagonia. This gentleman was the second son of William, the fourth Lord Byron, by his third marriage. He was born at Newstead Abbey, on the 8th of November, 1723; and was sent, while yet a boy, into the navy. In the year 1740 an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of annoying the Spaniards, who were then at war with England, in the South Seas, where an attack would be the least expected. The command of the five ships of which this force was composed was intrusted to Commodore, afterwards Lord, Anson. On one of these ships, the *Wager*, Mr. Byron was rated as a midshipman, he being then seventeen years of age. The *Wager* was a ship in every respect unfitted for the service to which she was appointed. She had been an East Indiaman, and was now used as a store ship. In consequence of her being heavily laden, and moreover a very bad sailer, she soon parted company with the rest of the squadron, after having lost her mizen-mast in a squall off Straits Le Maire, and never again joined the other ships. The island of Soccoro had been appointed as a ren-

devious, and to this place the commander of the *Wager*, Capt. Cheap, endeavored to steer; but, owing to his obstinacy, and to the difficulty of navigating in those unknown seas, he failed in this attempt. The storm continued, while the ship's distress increased, until at length she was blown upon a lee shore, where she struck between two rocks.

The narrative published by Mr. Byron after his return is, perhaps, one of the most interesting books of the kind which the language contains. The late Lord Byron has made ample use of it in the course of his singular poem of '*Don Juan*,' as we shall hereafter take occasion to remark; and has alluded to it by saying that the hardships which his hero suffered were

————— '*Comparative*

'To those related in his grand-dad's narrative.'

The description given by Mr. Byron of the wreck has great power, and conveys with the least effort a striking picture of that appalling event:—

'In this dreadful situation she (the ship) lay for some little time, every soul on board looking upon the present minute as his last; for there was nothing to be seen but breakers all around us. However, a mountainous sea hove her off from thence; but she presently struck again, and broke her tiller. In this terrifying and critical juncture, to have observed all the various modes of horror operating according to theseveral characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger. Instances there were, however, of behaviour so very remarkable, they could not escape the notice of any one who was not entirely bereaved of his senses; for some were in this condition to all intents and purposes; particularly one, in the ravings despair brought upon him, was seen stalking about the deck, flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down. Some, reduced before by long sickness and the scurvy, became on this occasion, as it were, petrified, and bereaved of all sense, like inanimate logs, and were bandied to and fro by the jerks and rolls of the ship, without exerting any efforts to help themselves.'

This happened in the middle of the night; and, when day broke, the people got the boats out; but Mr. Byron, who, with the captain, went on shore, could not save a single article of his clothes, except what he had on his back. The land was, if possible, more dreadful

than the sea, nothing appearing all around but a wild solitude, alike destitute of animals and vegetation. This dismal-spot lay to the northward of the Straits of Magellan; but whether it formed part of an island or of the continent, the sufferers had no means of determining. The narrative proceeds thus:—

‘It is natural to think,’ says the author, ‘that to men, thus upon the point of perishing by shipwreck, getting to land was the highest attainment of their wishes; yet, all things considered, our condition was but little mended by the change. Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself: on one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea, presented us with the most dreary prospect; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favorable appearance: desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. Exerting ourselves, however, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, to find some wretched covert against the extreme inclemency of the weather, we discovered an Indian hut, at a small distance from the beach, within a wood, in which as many as possible, without distinction, crowded themselves, the night coming on exceedingly tempestuous and rainy. But here our situation was such as to exclude all rest and refreshment by sleep from most of us; for, besides that we pressed upon one another extremely, we were not without our alarms and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, from a discovery we made of some of their lances and other arms in our hut; and our uncertainty of their strength and disposition gave alarm to our imagination, and kept us in continual anxiety.

‘In this miserable hovel, one of our company, a lieutenant of invalids, died this night; and of those who for want of room took shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night. In the morning the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by our attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, were now become too importunate to be resisted. We had most of us fasted eight-and-forty hours, some more; it was time, therefore, to make inquiry among ourselves what store of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others; but the produce of the one amounted to no more than two or three pounds of biscuit-dust reserved in a bag; and

all the success of those who ventured abroad, the weather being still exceedingly bad, was to kill one sea-gull and pick some wild celery.

‘We were in all about a hundred and forty who had got to shore; but some few remained still on board, detained either by drunkenness, or a view of pillaging the wreck. These were visited by an officer in the yawl, who was to endeavour to prevail upon them to join the rest; but, finding them in the greatest disorder, and disposed to mutiny, he was obliged to desist from his purpose, and return without them. The ensuing night proved exceedingly tempestuous; and, the sea running very high, threatened those on board with immediate destruction, by the parting of the wreck. They then were as solicitous to get ashore as they were before obstinate in refusing the assistance we sent them; and, when they found the boat did not come to their relief at the instant they expected it, without considering how impracticable a thing it was to send it them in such a sea, they fired one of the quarter-deck guns at the hut; the ball of which did but just pass over the covering of it, and was plainly heard by the captain and us who were within. Another attempt, therefore, was made to bring these madmen to land; which, however, proved ineffectual. This unavoidable delay made the people on board outrageous: yet one thing in this outrage they seemed particularly attentive to, which was, to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, in order to support them in putting their mutinous designs in execution, and asserting their claim to a lawless exemption from the authority of their officers, which they pretended must cease with the loss of the ship. But of these arms, which we stood in great need of, they were soon bereaved, upon coming ashore, by the resolution of Captain Cheap and Lieutenant Hamilton of the marines. Among these mutineers was the boatswain; who, instead of exerting the authority he had over the rest, to keep them within bounds as much as possible, was himself a ringleader in their riot. Him, without respect to the figure he then made (for he was in laced clothes), Captain Cheap, by a blow well laid on with his cane, felled to the ground. It was scarce possible to refrain from laughter at the whimsical appearance these fellows made, who, having rifled the chests of the officers’ best suits, had put them on over their greasy trowsers and dirty checked shirts. They were soon stripped of their finery, as they had before been obliged to resign their arms.

‘The incessant rains, and exceeding cold weather in this climate, made it necessary to fall upon some expedient, without delay, which

might serve the purpose of shelter. Accordingly the gunner, carpenter, and some more, turning the cutter keel upwards, and fixing it upon props, made no despicable habitation. Having thus established some sort of settlement, we had the more leisure to look about us. We soon provided ourselves with some sea-fowl, and found limpets, muscles, and other shell-fish, in tolerable abundance; but this rummaging of the shore was now becoming extremely irksome to those who had any feeling, by the bodies of our drowned people thrown among the rocks, some of which were hideous spectacles, from the mangled condition they were in by the violent surf that drove in upon the coast. These horrors were overcome by the distresses of our people, who were even glad of the occasion of killing the gallinazo (the carrion crow of that country) while preying on these carcasses, in order to make a meal of them. But a provision by no means proportionable to the number of mouths to be fed could, by our utmost industry, be acquired from that part of the island we had hitherto traversed: therefore, till we were in a capacity of making more distant excursions, the wreck was to be applied to, as often as possible, for such supplies as could be got out of her. The difficulties we had to encounter in our visits to the wreck cannot be easily described; for no part of it being above water except the quarter-deck and part of the fore-castle, we were usually obliged to come at such things as were within reach, by means of large hooks fastened to poles, in which business we were much incommoded by the dead bodies floating between decks.

‘In order to secure what we thus got, Captain Cheap ordered a store-tent to be erected near his hut, from which nothing was to be dealt out but in the measure and proportion agreed upon by the officers; and though it was very hard upon us petty officers, who were fatigued with hunting all day in quest of food, to defend this tent from invasion by night, no other means could be devised for this purpose so effectual as the committing this charge to our care. Yet, notwithstanding our utmost vigilance and care, frequent robberies were committed upon our trust, the tent being accessible in more than one place. The allowance which might consistently be dispensed from thence was so little proportionable to our common exigencies, together with our daily and nightly task of roving after food, not in the least relaxed, that many at this time perished with hunger. A boy, when no other eatables could be found, having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men (whose carcass had been torn to pieces by the force with which the sea drove it among the rocks), was with difficulty withheld from

making a meal of it. It must be observed that on the 14th of May we were cast away, and it was not till the 25th of this month that provision was served regularly from the store-tent.

‘Whenever the weather permitted, which was now grown something drier, but exceeding cold, we employed ourselves about the wreck, from which we had, at sundry times, recovered several articles of provision and liquor: these were deposited in the store tent. Ill humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring subsistence, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, was now breaking out apace. In some it showed itself by a separation of settlement and habitation; in others, by a resolution of leaving the captain entirely, and making a wild journey by themselves, without determining upon any plan whatever. For my own part, liking none of their parties, I built a little hut just big enough for myself and a poor Indian dog I found in the woods, who could shift for himself along shore at low water, by getting limpets. This creature grew so fond of me, and faithful, that he would suffer nobody to come near the hut without biting them.

‘Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine, which put the rest upon all shifts and devices to support themselves. One day, when I was at home in my hut with my Indian dog, a party came to my door, and told me their necessities were such, that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help using some arguments to endeavour to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness deserved it at my hands; but, without weighing my arguments, they took him away by force, and killed him; upon which, thinking that I had at least as good a right to a share as the rest, I sat down with them, and partook of their repast. Three weeks after that I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin, which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten.’

The use which Lord Byron has made of this incident, in the second canto of ‘Don Juan,’ has exposed him to the charge of plagiarism by some ‘learned Theban,’ whose name we forget. We subjoin the passage:—

———— ‘Hunger’s rage grew wild;
So Juan’s spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill’d and portion’d out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.'

After enduring hardships, the mere relation of which is frightful, the remnant of the ship's crew, reduced by various desertions to only five persons, were carried by some Indians to the island of Chiloe. Mr. Byron and Captain Cheap were of this party. The apprehensions which they had reasonably enough entertained of rough usage from the inhabitants of Chiloe turned out to be unfounded: they were treated with great humanity, and, for the first time since their shipwreck, had sufficient food to satisfy their hunger. From the island of Chiloe they were taken to Castro, where the Spanish corregidor of the town gave them to understand that they, being Englishmen, were prisoners to the government of Spain. Here, however, they were also kindly treated, and had a plentiful supply of food: but such an impression had their former privations made upon them, that their appetites seem to have increased to an ungovernable degree, and to have overcome all notions of decency and propriety, even in men whose education and habits had taught them to observe the customs of civilized life. Such a strange thing is human nature, and so nearly do its mere passions ally it to the brutes that perish! Mr. Byron says, speaking of the extraordinary quantity which he and his companions ate, 'It is amazing that our eating to that excess we had done, from the time we first got among these kind Indians, had not killed us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities for some months after of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves. Capt. Cheap used to declare that he was quite ashamed of himself.' At Castro, Mr. Byron seems to have made an impression on the niece of a rich old priest, of whom she was the reputed heiress. 'This young lady,' he says, 'did me the honour to take more notice of me than I deserved; and proposed to her uncle to convert me, and afterwards begged his consent to marry me. As the old man doted upon her, he readily agreed to it; and, accordingly, on the next visit I made him, acquainted me with the young lady's proposal, and his approbation of it, taking me at the same time into a

room where there were several chests and boxes, which he unlocked ; first showing me what a number of fine clothes his niece had, and then his own wardrobe, which he said should be mine at his death. Amongst other things, he produced a piece of linen, which he said should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this last article was a great temptation to me : however, I had the resolution to withstand it, and made the best excuses I could for not accepting of the honour they intended me ; for by this time I could speak Spanish well enough to make myself understood.'

The confession which he makes of the difficulty he had to withstand the temptation of the shirts is a proof how far the love of clean linen will carry a man.

At length the prisoners, whom the death of two had reduced to Captain Cheap, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Hamilton, were taken to Chili in the beginning of 1743, where Mr. Byron was hospitably entertained for nearly two years in the house of Don Patricio Gedd, a physician of Scotch family, settled at that place. On the 20th of December, 1744, they were put on board the *Lys*, a French frigate belonging to St. Malo, and, after a voyage of twelve months, were landed in Brest harbour. They thence obtained a passage in a Dutch vessel ; and, being boarded by the boat of an English ship, they were carried to Dover. The narrative concludes in the following manner:—

' Captain Masterson immediately sent one of the cutters he had with him to land us at Dover, where we arrived that afternoon, and directly set out for Canterbury upon post horses ; but Captain Cheap was so tired by the time he got there that he could proceed no farther that night. The next morning he still found himself so much fatigued that he could ride no longer ; therefore it was agreed that he and Mr. Hamilton should take a post-chaise, and that I should ride : but here an unlucky difficulty was started ; for, upon sharing the little money we had, it was found to be not sufficient to pay the charges to London ; and my proportion fell so short, that it was, by calculation, barely enough to pay for horses, without a farthing for eating a bit upon the road, or even for the very turnpikes. Those I was obliged to defraud, by riding as hard as I could through them all, not paying the least regard to the men, who called out to stop me. The want of refreshment I bore as well as I could. When I got to the Borough I took a coach and drove to Marlborough Street, where my friends had lived when I left England ; but, when I came there, I found the house shut up. Having been absent so many years, and in all that time

never having heard a word from home, I knew not who was dead or who was living, or where to go next, or even how to pay the coachman. I recollected a linen-draper's shop, not far from thence, which our family had used: I therefore drove there next, and, making myself known, they paid the coachman. I then inquired after our family, and was told my sister had married Lord Carlisle, and was at that time in Soho Square. I immediately walked to the house, and knocked at the door; but the porter not liking my figure, which was half French, half Spanish, with the addition of a large pair of boots covered with dirt, he was going to shut the door in my face; but I prevailed with him to let me come in.

'I need not acquaint my readers with what surprise and joy my sister received me. She immediately furnished me with money sufficient to appear like the rest of my countrymen: till that time I could not be properly said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes which a series of unfortunate adventures had kept me in for the space of five years and upwards.'

The sister of whom he speaks was Isabella Countess of Carlisle—a lady who was distinguished more for that eccentricity of manners which seems to have run in the family than for her poetical talent, of which she was somewhat proud. She wrote the Answer to Mrs. Greville's ingenious 'Prayer for Indifference,' which is published along with that poem in some of the collections: she is said also to have been the author of some clever letters on the Education of Daughters. The present Earl of Carlisle is the son of this lady, and the author of some tragedies which are sufficiently bad; but not so bad as to justify his noble relative, the subject of our work, in putting his kinsman and guardian among such company as occupy the following lines in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers':—

'Let Stott, *Carlisle*, Matilda, and the rest—
Of Grub Street and of Grosvenor Place the best—
Scrawl on till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.'

To return, however, to Commodore Byron—the perils which he had passed, great as they were, could not turn him from the profession of his choice. He continued in the service, and was promoted to the rank of captain. In the year 1758 the command of a small squadron was given to him, and he sailed for North America with the rank of Commodore of the British Ships off Louisbourg. He was employed

to destroy the fortifications of that place, and to remove the stores to Halifax, which commission he executed.

In 1764, when the project of ascertaining whether there actually existed a southern continent became popular, Commodore Byron was thought the person best qualified to conduct an expedition for that purpose. He bent his course towards the coast where he had suffered so much before, and there had a friendly interview with some of the gigantic people who inhabit it. He afterwards took possession of the largest of Falkland's Islands; and having satisfactorily fulfilled his mission, and circumnavigated the globe, he returned home.

He was afterwards promoted to the rank of admiral, and employed in the American war; but such was the singular fatality which attended him, that the weather always prevented his bringing the enemy to an engagement. His talents and his courage were beyond all question; but his ill luck was so constant and so notorious, that the nickname of 'Foul-weather Jack' was bestowed on him throughout the fleet. It was for this reason that the sailors in general were unwilling to sail with him; and notwithstanding his kindness to all their wants and interests, which engaged their affection and respect for him, they had so strong a superstition that foul weather must attend him wherever he went, that they would scarcely ever willingly enter his ships.

It was not, however, in his professional career that he was only unhappy: his domestic connexions were productive of the greatest affliction to him. One of his daughters married William, the fifth Lord Byron, whose fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth we have already mentioned, and by whom she was treated with the greatest brutality. They had no children, and it was in failure of their issue that the late Lord Byron succeeded to the title.

The admiral's eldest son was another source of misery to his father, and, indeed, to every one with whom he was in any degree connected. He was born in the year 1751; and after having passed through Westminster school, where he was educated, with the reputation of having excellent parts, but very little disposition to cultivate them, his father bought him a commission in the Guards. He devoted himself to that irregularity and debauchery, which was even then more common among young men of fashion than it is at the present day. He was shunned by all sober men, feared even by his associates, and of course loved by all the ladies of high rank and light character in town. He seems, indeed, to have been eminently qualified to catch the hearts of

the fair, for he was handsome, brave, and a libertine. Without one atom of feeling or principle, he pursued his amours for the two-fold purpose of satisfying his passions and supplying his purse. It was not the beauty of his fair *innamorate* that contented him, but he levied pecuniary contributions on them also; and thus made his intrigues of the back stairs supply the frequent draughts which the gaming-table made on his finances. Husbands in high life have in general so much regard for their own throats, and such laudably philosophical notions respecting their wives' chastity, that they wink at 'chartered libertines' like Jack Byron. They knew that he would be quite as ready to fight them as to lie with their wives; and being unquestionably very valiant, but not less discreet, they thought fit to suffer him to hold on in his career unchecked. In the mean time, however, it was ruin to a young man to associate with him; and no women but those whose reputations were already beyond suspicion could suffer even his acquaintance with impunity.

His amour with the ill-fated Lady Carmarthen excited a great share of the public attention, and so much indignation against him, that instead of being feared by one description of persons, and reprobated by others, he became universally hated and despised. The poor lady, who paid the penalty of her crime by a broken heart and early death, commanded the sympathy of every feeling mind, notwithstanding the folly and the fault she had committed.

Lady Carmarthen was the only daughter of the Earl of Holderness, and was married at the age of nineteen to the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, he being then only two-and-twenty years old. It appears that the marriage was one purely of affection; the equality of age and rank gave every promise of future happiness, and for some years after their union this promise was fulfilled. They had three children between November, 1773, when they were married, and 1778, when Lady Carmarthen unfortunately became acquainted with Captain Byron. Up to the latter period there can be no doubt that the affection of Lord and Lady Carmarthen was entirely reciprocal. Her ladyship, indeed, gave one proof of it on her own part, which is calculated to cause still greater pity for the suffering which her guilty yielding to her seducer afterwards brought upon her. The Marquis was seized with a violent fever, in consequence of which his life was in imminent danger. Her ladyship, during the whole of his illness, never left his bedside; to her unremitting assiduity he was indebted for the preservation of his life, and her own was placed in great peril in conse-

quence of the fatigue she had undergone. This instance of her affection, while it increased his lordship's regard for her, induced him to be very reluctant in believing the reports which her subsequent misconduct gave rise to; and it was not until he received absolute conviction of her guilt and his own dishonour that he resorted to the only means that were left him of wiping off the stain.

If it did not invariably happen in affairs of this description that the husband is the last person to hear of the injury which has been done him, we should wonder that the Marquis of Carmarthen could have remained ignorant of a fact which not only every servant in his own house knew, but which was the town-talk. Captain Byron was in the habit of going to the house of the marquis whenever the latter happened to be out of town. He does not seem to have taken the most common precautions against a discovery. The servants found him, on one occasion, fast asleep in her ladyship's chamber; and on another he walked down stairs whistling a tune after he had passed the night in the same place. Her ladyship was in the habit of writing frequently to her paramour; and it was by means of one of these billets that her intrigue was discovered. The servant who was intrusted with the delivery of it did as all servants do by all the letters that fall into their hands; that is to say, he read it; and, being seized with a sudden fit of virtue, he told the housekeeper, an old servant of Lady Holderness's, who thought she should best consult the honour of the family by disclosing the affair to her former mistress. Lady Holderness was a person of such strict propriety and inflexible principle, that she was hardly disposed to conceal the affair from the Marquis of Carmarthen; believing, perhaps, also, that, after the length to which affairs had gone, it would be impossible to reclaim her daughter from the fatal passion which had taken possession of her. The old lady had, however, an interview with Lady Carmarthen, in which her own maternal feelings and her daughter's apparent repentance, and assurances that she would renounce Captain Byron for ever, so far prevailed on her, that she consented the matter should be hushed up. The servant who had made the discovery was bribed to silence, and for a short time it seemed that the danger was over.

Some of the Marquis of Carmarthen's friends, however, now thought it necessary to represent to him that his lady's conduct was the theme of the scandalous world, and prevailed upon him to have her movements watched. Her imprudence soon furnished them with unequivocal proofs of her guilt. Her paramour was absent from London, and, having occasion for a supply of money, he wrote to the mar-

chioness, requesting her to send him as much as she could. She who had loved him too well to hesitate at the surrender of her honour and her character, did not pause upon the application, but immediately sent him bank-notes to the amount of one hundred pounds, and with them a letter in which she begged him to come to her. She expressed in this letter the most boundless love for him, and informed him that, the marquis being out of town, they could again enjoy each other's society without the fear of detection. This letter never reached its destination, being intercepted by the agents of the marquis. Captain Byron came to town full of wonder at receiving no answer to his very urgent application; and the *eclaircissement* which took place on his seeing her ladyship of course convinced them that their connexion was no longer a secret. They learnt that the servants had been examined; and Lady Carmarthen immediately left her own house, and went to that of Admiral Byron. A suit for a divorce was then commenced by the marquis, to which no defence was offered on the part of his lady; and sentence was pronounced of a separation between them, *a mensa et thoro*.

Lord and Lady Holderness and the old admiral exerted themselves to bring about a marriage between the guilty parties, as the only means of repairing the lady's character: in this they succeeded, but her happiness was blighted for ever. Her new husband was brutal and unprincipled; his passion for her, which was never, perhaps, very ardent, had now entirely subsided; and after lingering out two years of uninterrupted misery, during which she bore him a daughter, the wretched lady died of remorse, and the incurable pains of a broken heart.

Captain Byron was married a second time, to Miss Gordon, of Gight, in 1785. This lady was of one of the most ancient families in Scotland, and possessed in her own right of a very considerable estate in Aberdeenshire. She, however, experienced the fate of every one who came in contact with Captain Byron: he dissipated the whole of her property, and, soon after the birth of his only son, the late Lord Byron, he totally abandoned her: he went to live at Valenciennes, where death put an end to his powers of doing mischief in 1791. He was one of those beings who seem to possess the active principles of evil alone, and who are permitted to exist for no other purpose, as far as human knowledge can penetrate, but to work out the punishment of others. The death of the fifth Lord Byron's eldest son having taken place in the same year as the late Lord Byron was born, the latter became on his father's death the heir apparent to the honours and estates of the family, which were limited on the heirs male.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born on his mother's estate in Aberdeenshire, on the 22d of January, 1788. The extravagance of her husband soon afterwards reduced her income to little more than a bare competence; and his subsequent desertion, which compelled her to retire to lodgings in the city of Aberdeen, left her no care nor employment but that of educating her son. Her amiable temper and accomplished mind qualified her for this task, so far as it could be effected by a female; but the infirmity of her child's constitution during his earlier years rendered any thing like application inconsistent with the preservation of his health. A lameness, the consequence of the malformation of one of his feet, and some symptoms indicating a tendency towards consumption, induced his mother to suffer him to spend his time at this period of his life with very little restraint. He was permitted to roam at will through the romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; and perhaps it was this practice that first cherished those sparks of genius which afterwards burst into so brilliant a blaze. The effect which the objects of Nature, in her wildest and most sublime forms, (and such are those which she presents in Aberdeenshire,) can produce upon a mind in which the principles of poetry lie hid are little short of inspiration; that Lord Byron's was such a mind, and that such were the habits of his infancy, being beyond doubt, seem to prove irrefragably the truth of the position, and to give an air of prophecy to Beattie's delightful poem:—

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
 And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine!
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.

* * * *

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the cloud advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn:
 Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound—
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

The following account of Lord Byron's early days, by a school-fellow, is characteristic, and, we have every reason to believe, quite faithful:—

'As soon as circumstances permitted, he was sent to the Grammar School, and there, though he did not show any symptoms of talent superior to that of his fellow-students, he was among the boldest and bravest of them all. Though weak in body, he was invincible in mind; and in all sports and amusements which were of a manly nature he took the lead among his schoolfellows. Riding upon horses, fishing, sailing, swimming, and all those occupations which had something of spirit in them, were congenial to his mind; and in all these he conducted himself with a dignity far surpassing what could have been expected from one of his years. Although by no means the strongest either in frame or in constitution, he was exceedingly brave; and in the juvenile wars of the school he generally had the victory. Upon one occasion, a boy who had been attacked, rather without just cause, took refuge in his mother's house; and he interposed his authority to say that nobody should be ill used while under his roof and protection. Upon this the aggressor dared him to fight; and, though the boy was by much the stronger of the two, the spirit of Byron was so determined, that, after they had fought for nearly two hours, the combat had to be suspended, because both were out of breath.

'The most remarkable circumstance of Byron at this time was extreme sensibility of mind; and he was exceedingly attached to the customs of the remote place in which he was born, and deeply impressed by the legends and sayings which were common among the people.

'One of his schoolfellows had a little Shetland pony; and, one day, the two together had got the pony to take an alternate ride, or to "ride and tie," as it was vulgarly called, along the banks of the Don. When they came to the old bridge, Byron stopped his companion, and

insisted that he should dismount, while he himself rode along the bridge; "for," said he, "you remember the prophecy—

"Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be thy wa',

Wi' a widow's ae son, an' a mare's ae foal,

Down thou'lt fa'!

"Now who knows but the pony may be a 'mare's ae foal;' and we are both 'widows ae sons;' but you have a sister, and I have nobody to lament for me but my mother." The other boy consented; but, as soon as young Byron had escaped the terrors of the bridge, the other insisted upon following his example. He, too, rode safely across, and they concluded that the pony was not the only production of its mother.

As an instance of his sensibility, it may be mentioned that, when his name was first called out in the catalogue as "Georgius Dominus de Byron," the boys set up a shout, which the master could not suppress; and this had such an effect upon him, that it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed upon to continue at the school. His elevation seemed to give him no great pleasure; and the distance which many of his old companions felt it proper to keep from him, upon its being made generally known, gave him so much pain that he sometimes burst into tears.

'At that time, though he was occasionally a moody and thoughtful boy, he was the foremost and gayest in all the more manly sports; but he was extremely kind-hearted, and would not be guilty of any act of cruelty or injustice. All who knew him at that time must hold his memory in the greatest respect.'

The death of his noble relative, in 1798, altogether changed the prospects of the subject of these memoirs. His right to the family honours was acknowledged; the Earl of Carlisle undertook the office of his guardian; and he was sent to Harrow School, to receive an education more suitable to his rank and fortune than could be procured at the humble Grammar School of Aberdeen. In his progress through this justly famous seminary he seems to have differed little from ordinary boys; and perhaps, indeed, at this period, he was but an ordinary boy. The restraint was, of course, hateful to him, because it was repugnant to his temper, and totally opposite to the habits in which he had, up to this time of his life indulged. The nature of the studies to which he was compelled do not seem to have been very congenial with his feelings or his temper; and, although he had every disposition to

be a student, he had no affection for being a scholar. He has said

———‘I abhorr’d

Too much to conquer for the poet’s sake
The drill’d dull lesson, forced down word by word,
In my repugnant youth with pleasure to record.’

It was for this reason, probably, that he neither distinguished himself much at Harrow nor at Trinity College, Cambridge, whither he went on his leaving the former school. His impatience of every kind of domination exposed him to frequent squabbles with the persons having authority in collége; and he quitted Cambridge without having excited in the minds of those persons any suspicion that he possessed either talents, or a disposition to cultivate them, beyond those of the ‘mob of gentlemen’ who fill that university. A thousand absurd stories are told of his extravagancies at college, in which, like those of gentle Master Shallow, ‘every third word is a lie, more religiously paid than the Turk’s tribute,’ and which, if they were true, are not worth retailing. From the fact of his having, for a short time, kept a young bear in his rooms at Trinity College, many fruitful inventions have sprung. Among others, it is said he told the master of Trinity that he intended his bear should ‘sit for a fellowship.’ This is untrue; and, if it were otherwise, it would be only a bad attempt to imitate the brutal madman, Lord Camelford, who threatened to return his black servant to Parliament for one of his boroughs; or that better story of Rabelais, who had his mule entered as a member of the Sorbonne, under the title of ‘Doctor Johannes Caballus.’

Although, however, Lord Byron, either from waywardness or pride, did not choose to take a part in the strife for college distinctions, his life was not quite an idle one. His devotion to poetry had long been manifested; and he had occasionally written verses, which, being far superior to the compositions of young men in general, had received the too flattering approbation of his friends. Having quitted college at nineteen, he was induced soon afterwards to publish some of these poems at Newark, under the title of ‘Hours of Idleness.’ This first step which he made in the career of literature decided his fate for life, and he became, as Voltaire said to a young man of genius, whose premature death disappointed the hopes which had been formed of him, ‘a poet and a man of letters; not because he chose to be so, but because Nature had so decreed.’ There was no evading the destiny

which had been allotted him ; and although he, perhaps, never dreamed, when he published the works of his boyhood, that he should step from them to the highest and most noble place in the literature of his country, yet it is to this circumstance alone that he owes his celebrity.

Whatever has proceeded from the pen of so highly gifted a genius as Lord Byron possesses an interest beyond its own intrinsic merit. Feeble as these poems are when compared with his subsequent writings, they serve to mark, however, indistinctly, the progress which the human mind can make under certain circumstances ; and, although they do not amount to proofs, they furnish very important data for those who delight to inquire into the nature of our being, and the exertions which intellect is capable of making. It is for this reason, as well as because the poems are pleasing in themselves, that we have subjoined the greater and the better part of those contained in the 'Hours of Idleness.' The reader will be enabled, by means of the dates which are annexed to many of the pieces, to ascertain the age of the poet at the period of their composition.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall ? son of the winged days ! Thou lookest
from thy tower to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert
comes ; it howls in thy empty courts.---OSSIAN.

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
In thy once-smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly in battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
Near Askalon's towers John of Horistan* slumbers—
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

* Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy ;
 For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;
 My fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
 How you fought ! how you died ! still her annals can tell.
 On Marston* with Rupert † 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field ;
 For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.
 Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant, departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.
 Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret :
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation ;
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.
 That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish ;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown :
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ασπὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλκεταις ἐνὶ ζῶοισιν ἔως.—LAERTIUS.

Oh ! friend for ever lov'd for ever dear !
 What fruitless tears have bath'd thy honour'd bier !
 What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death !
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks the couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep ;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
 Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring sooth his anguish here :
 But who with me shall hold thy former place ?
 Thine image what new friendship can efface ?
 Ah ! none ! a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

When to their airy hall my father's voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
 When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
 Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
 Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
 To mark the spot where earth to earth returns :
 No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
 My epitaph shall be—my name alone :
 If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay :
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;
 By *that* remember'd, or with *that* forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

When friendship or love
 Our sympathies move,
 When truth in a glance should appear,

The lips may beguile
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mark detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death
For a fanciful wreath,
In glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of friendship and truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year.

Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour
To my Mary no more—
My Mary to Love once so dear—
In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess'd,
May she live ever bless'd !
Her name still my heart must revere :
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near :—
If again we shall meet
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear !

When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb
Where my ashes consume,
Oh ! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of Vanity rear !
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name ;
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF 'THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE' AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

Since the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;
Since taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek.
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek ;
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame !
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect ;
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old ;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear ;
To-night you throng to witness the *debut*
Of embryo actors, to the drama new.
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try,
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly :
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise ;
But all our *dramatis personæ* wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward ;
For these each hero all his power displays,
Each timid heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find ;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind :
Whilst youth and beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail ;
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail ;
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

STANZAS TO A LADY,
WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.

This votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! from me thou'lt prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream—
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid—
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl!—with feeling read.
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee, in vain, I shall not plead
In pity for the Poet's woes.

He was, in sooth, a genuine bard;
His was no faint fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward;
But not thy hapless fate the same!

TO M * * *.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild, affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love more than mortal would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
How'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own;—

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once-celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze;
 Thy beauty must enrapture all,
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
 In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
 But they would ne'er permit thee there,
 Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For, did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister lights would scarce appear;
 Even suns, which systems now control,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO WOMAN.

Woman! experience might have told me
 That all must love thee who behold thee;
 Surely experience might have taught
 Thy firmest promises are nought;
 But, placed in all thy charms before me,
 All I forget but to adore thee.
 Oh, Memory! thou choicest blessing,
 When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
 But how much cursed by every lover
 When hope is fled, and passion's over!
 Woman! that fair and fond deceiver,
 How prompt are striplings to believe her!
 How throbs the pulse when first we view
 The eye that rolls in glossy blue;
 Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
 A beam from under hazel brows!
 How quick we credit every oath,
 And hear her plight the willing troth!
 Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
 When, lo! she changes in a day.
 This record will for ever stand—
 'Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.'*

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

TO M. S. G.

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive ;
 Extend not your anger to sleep ;
 For in visions alone your affection can live—
 I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

'Then, Morpheus ! envelop my faculties fast,
 Shed o'er me your languor benign !
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
 What rapture celestial is mine !

They tell us that Slumber, the sister of Death,
 Mortality's emblem is given ;
 To Fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
 If this be a foretaste of Heaven !

Ah ! frown not, sweet lady ! unbend your soft brow,
 Nor deem me too happy in this ;
 If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
 Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
 Oh ! think not my penance deficient ;
 When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
 To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

When I rov'd, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh ! Morven of snow ;*
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below ;†
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear—
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you ?

* Morven ; a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire : 'Gormal of snow' is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains ; it is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning ; while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name ;
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child ?
 But still I perceived an emotion the same
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild :
 One image alone on my bosom impress'd—
 I lov'd my bleak regions, nor panted for new :
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd ;
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.
 I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide ;
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;
 I breasted* the billows of Dee's† rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view ;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.
 I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone ;
 The-mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more :
 As the last of my race I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witnessed before.
 Ah ! splendour has raised, but imbitter'd, my lot !
 More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew :
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot ;
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.
 When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
 I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen ;‡
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
 I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene :
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
 That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
 I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold—
 The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

* 'Breasting the lofty mountain.'—SHAKESPEARE.

† The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

‡ Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
 Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow :
 But, while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
 Will Mary be there to receive me ? Ah, no !
 Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred !
 Thou sweet-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
 No home in the forest shall shelter my head ;
 Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but with you ?

—
 TO ———

Oh ! yes, I will own, we were dear to each other ;
 The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true ;
 The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion—
 The attachment of years in a moment expires ;
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
 And bless'd were the scenes of our youth, I allow :
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
 The wonted delights of our childhood retrace :
 When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear S——, (for I still must esteem you—
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid)
 The chance which has lost may in future redeem you
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain ; and, though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live :
 My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,——but away with the vain retrospection!
The bond of affection no longer endures:
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present we part——I will hope not for ever,
For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissensions we both should endeavour—
I ask no atonement but days like the past.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;
The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips which made me Beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
But where's the beam, so sweetly straying,
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling, as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there
 Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer;
 My hope in gloomy moments raise:
 In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
 And meet my fond expiring gaze.*

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,* and in years a boy;
 In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
 From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
 Versed in hypocrisy while yet a child;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;—
 Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal when others just begin!
 Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of Pleasure's bowl;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

TO MARION.

Marion! why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?
 Change that discontented air;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'Tis not love disturbs thy rest;
 Love's a stranger to thy breast:
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire!
 Some will love, and all admire:

* In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile, at least, or seem to smile :
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse :
She blushes, courtesies, frowns—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me ;
And, flying off in search of Reason,
Brings Prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think is neither here nor there)
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering.
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested ;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free :
Counsel like mine is as a brother's—
My heart is given to some others ;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu !—Oh ! pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not ;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion :—
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation ;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us ;
Howe'er those beauties may distract us ;
Still, fickle, we are prone to rove—
These cannot fix our souls to love.
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture

But, wouldst thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

—
OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies
The lamp of Heaven on Lora's shore,
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more !

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low ;—

While many an eye, which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray !

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They bless'd her dear propitious light ;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And grey her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan ?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man—
They echo to the gale alone.

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of ' Jeronymo and Lorenzo,' in the first volume of the ' Armenian, or Ghost-Seer.' It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of ' Macbeth.'

And, when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall :
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note :
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that, one day, the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the Tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son :
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind
The boys in childhood chas'd the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But, ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave,—the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell;
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arriv'd a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall!
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands—
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the band,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride.

'Why comes not Oscar?' Angus said.

'Is he not here?' the youth replied;

'With me he rov'd not o'er the glade.'

'Perchance, forgetful of the day,

'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;

Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;

Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow.'

'Oh, no!' the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,

'Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;

Would he to Mora seem unkind?

Would aught to her impede his way?

'Oh! search, ye Chiefs! oh! search around!

Allan, with these, through Alva fly;

Till Oscar, till my son, is found—

Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply!

All is confusion—through the vale

The name of Oscar hoarsely rings;

It rises on the murmuring gale

Till Night expands her dusky wings.

It breaks the stillness of the Night,

But echoes through her shades in vain;

It sounds through Morning's misty light,

But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief

For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;

Then hope is lost in boundless grief,

His locks in grey torn ringlets wave.

'Oscar! my son!—thou God of heaven!

Restore the prop of sinking age;

Or, if that hope no more is given,

Yield his assassin to my rage.

'Yes, on some desert rocky shore

My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;

Then grant thou, God! I ask no more,

With him his frantic sire may die.

‘ Yet he may live,—away, despair !
 Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live ;
 To arraign my fate, my voice forbear ;
 O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

‘ What if he live for me no more ?
 I sink forgotten in the dust ;
 The hope of Alva’s age is o’er :
 Alas ! can pangs like these be just ?

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
 Till time, who soothes severest woe,
 Had bade serenity return,
 And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope surviv’d
 That Oscar might once more appear :
 His hope now droop’d, and now reviv’d,
 Till time had told a tedious year.

Days roll’d along, the orb of light
 Again had run his destined race ;
 No Oscar bless’d his father’s sight,
 And sorrow left a fainter trace :—

For youthful Allan still remain’d,
 And now his father’s only joy :
 And Mora’s heart was quickly gain’d,
 For beauty crown’d the fair-hair’d boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
 And Allan’s face was wondrous fair ;
 If Oscar lived, some other maid
 Had claim’d his faithless bosom’s care.

And Angus said, if one year more
 In fruitless hope was pass’d away,
 His fondest scruples should be o’er,
 And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll’d the moons, but bless’d, at last,
 Arrived the dearly destined morn ;
 The year of anxious trembling past,
 What smiles the lovers’ cheeks adorn !

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !

Hark to the swelling nuptial song !

In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall ;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
' Grooms in the midst of general mirth ?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red ;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd ;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger Chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd ;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

' Old man ! ' he cried, ' this pledge is done ;
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me :
It hails the nuptials of thy son ;
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

' While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy ?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot ?

' Alas ! ' the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
' When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

- 'Thrice has the Earth revolved her course
 Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
 And Allan is my last resource
 Since martial Oscar's death or flight.'
- 'Tis well,' replied the stranger, stern,
 And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye:
 'Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
 Perhaps the hero did not die.
- 'Perchance, if those whom most he loved
 Would call, thy Oscar might return;
 Perchance the Chief has only roved—
 For him thy Beltane* yet may burn.
- 'Fill high the bowl, the table round—
 We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
 With wine let every cup be crown'd—
 Pledge me departed Oscar's health.'
- 'With all my soul,' old Angus said,
 And filled his goblet to the brim—
 'Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
 I ne'er shall find a son like him.'
- 'Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
 But why does Allan trembling stand?
 Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
 And raise thy cup with firmer hand.'
- The crimson glow of Allan's face
 Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
 The drops of death each other chase
 Adown in agonizing dew.
- Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
 And thrice his lips refused to taste;
 For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
 On his with deadly fury plac'd.
- 'And is it thus a brother hails
 A brother's fond remembrance here?
 If thus affection's strength prevails,
 What might we not expect from fear?'

* Beltane-Tree, a Highland festival on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
'Would Oscar now could share our mirth!'—
Internal fear appall'd his soul—

He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!

Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form:

'A murderer's voice!' the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone;—amidst the crew
A form was seen in Tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eyes so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a Chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole
The thunders through the welkin ring;
And the gleaming form, through the midst of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased:
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus's breast;
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

'Away, away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes.'
His sand is done—his race is run;
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low—
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move;
She bade his wounded pride rebel:
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand;
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand—
His harp in shuddering cords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air;
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan, echoes there.

TO THE DUKE OF D.

In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H——. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighboring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

D—r—t! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
 Whom still affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command*
 Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
 The gift of riches, and the pride of power;—
 Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
 Yet, D—r—t, let not this seduce thy soul
 To shun fair Science, or evade control;
 Though passive tutors,† fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
 To Wealth, their golden idol, not to thee;
 (And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn;)
 When these declare 'that pomp alone should wait
 On one by birth predestined to be great;
 That books were only meant for drudging fools;
 That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;

* At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but, after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

† Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant; I merely mention generally what is too often, the weakness of preceptors.

Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name :
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong ;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart ; 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear,
For *well* I know that Virtue lingers there.

Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away ;
Yes ! I have mark'd, within that generous mind,
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah ! though myself, by nature, haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favorite child ;
Though every Error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone :
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour,
To swell some Peerage page in feeble pride ;
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside ;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the Herald's roll,
(That well emblazon'd, but neglected, scroll,)
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.—
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies and their faults ;
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too ;

Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day,
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display;
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.*
Another view, not less renown'd for wit,
Alike for courts and camps, or senates, fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.†
Such were thy fathers: thus preserve their name,
Not heir to titles only, but to Fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of time now warns me to resign
Shades, where Hope, Peace, and Friendship, all were mine;
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell—
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding, slowly, through the dark blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—r—t, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;

* 'Thomas S—k—lle, Lord B—k—st, created Earl of D— by James the First, was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama.'—ANDERSON'S *British Poets*.

† Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D—, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve.—*Vide ANDERSON'S British Poets*.

The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
 Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
 And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
 Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere;
 Since the same senate—nay, the same debate—
 May one day claim our suffrage for the state;
 We hence may meet, and pass each other by
 With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
 For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
 A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
 With thee no more again I hope to trace
 The recollection of our early race;
 No more, as once, in social hours, rejoice,
 Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
 Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
 To veil those feelings which, perchance, it ought;
 If these—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,
 Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
 The Guardian Seraph who directs thy fate
 Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

Animula! vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque, corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
 Friend and associate of this clay!
 To what unknown region borne,
 Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
 No more with wonted humour gay,
 But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

Equal to Jove that youth must be,
Greater than Jove he seems to me,
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms;
That cheek which, ever-dimpling, glows,
That mouth from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly—
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres;
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head;
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse their cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION.

OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS, BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who, sublime, in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's* unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

* The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

‘Luctus de morte passeris.’

Ye Cupids droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,

Whom dearer than her eyes she loved :
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm, he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd :

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirup'd oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.

Now having passed the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief, I mourn,
Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.

Oh ! curs'd be thou, devouring grave !
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away :
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire ;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss ;
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss, and cling to thee ;
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss and kiss for ever ;

Even though the numbers did exceed
 The yellow harvest's countless seed,
 To part would be a vain endeavour;
 Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
 To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
 To echo from its rising swell
 How heroes fought and nations fell;
 When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
 Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
 But, still to martial strains unknown,
 My lyre recurs to love alone.
 Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name:
 The dying chords are strung anew;
 To war, to war, my harp is due:
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again;
 Alcides, and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds:
 All, all in vain, my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs, renown'd in arms!
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal
 To tell the tale my heart must feel;
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven;
 Böotes, only, seemed to roll
 His Arctic charge around the pole;

While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep.
At this lone hour the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force :
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,
'What stranger breaks my bless'd repose ?'
'Alas !' replies the wily child,
In faltering accents sweetly mild,
'A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home :
Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast,
The nightly storm is pouring fast :
No prowling robber lingers here,
A wandering baby who can fear ?'
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale ;
My breast was never Pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe :
I drew the bar, and, by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight :
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung :
(Ah ! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart !)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast :
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring :
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now, reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow :
'I fain would know, my gentle host,'
He cried, 'if this its strength has lost ;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse.'
With poison tipp'd, his arrow flies—
Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;

Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd,
 ' My bow can still impel the shaft ;
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it ?'

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,
 FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Great Jove, to whose Almighty throne,
 Both gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey !
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain
 'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

* * * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When placed aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side,
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled ;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor, yet, thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. 9:

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
 Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood ;
 Well skill'd, in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
 Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field :
 From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
 And sought a foreign home, a distant grave,
 To watch the movements of the Daunian host ;
 With him Euryalus sustains the post :
 No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
 And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy.

Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
 As yet a novice in the martial strife,
 'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
 A soul heroic, as his form was fair :
 These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
 In peace, in war, united still they move ;
 Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
 And now, combined, they hold the nightly guard.

‘ What god ! ’ exclaim’d the first ! ‘ instils this fire ?
 Or, in itself a god, what great desire ?
 My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress’d,
 Abhors this station of inglorious rest ;
 The love of fame with this can ill accord,
 Be’t mine to seek for glory with my sword.
 Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
 Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb ?
 Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
 And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign ?
 Then hear my thought :—In deep and sullen grief,
 Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief ;
 Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine,
 (The deed, the danger, and the fame, be mine,)
 Were this decreed ;—beneath yon rising mound,
 Methinks, an easy path perchance were found ;
 Which passed, I speed my way to Pallas’ walls,
 And lead Æneas from Evander’s halls.’
 With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
 His glowing friend address’d the Dardan boy :
 ‘ These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone ?
 Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own ?
 Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
 As one unfit to share the toils of war ?
 Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught,
 Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought ;
 Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
 I track’d Æneas through the walks of fate :
 Thou know’st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
 And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear ;
 Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
 And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *glory* spurns :

Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath;
The price of honour is the sleep of death.
Then Nisus,—'Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms;
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall (and he who dares advance,
Through hostile legions, must abide by chance);
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low;
Live thou! such beauties I would fain preserve—
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse:
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep,
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore?'
'In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,'
Replied Euryalus, 'it scorns control!
Hence let us haste,'—their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.
Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;

Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
 And poised with easy arm his ancient shield,
 When Nisus and his friend their leave request,
 To offer something to their high behest.
 With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
 The faithful pair before the throne appear :
 Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,
 The elder first address'd the hoary band.

‘ With patience’ (thus Hyrtacides began)
 ‘ Attend, nor judge, from youth, our humble plan ;
 Where yonder beacons, half expiring, beam,
 Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
 Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
 Between the ocean and the portal placed ;
 Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
 Whose shade, securely, our design will cloak !
 If you, ye chiefs, and Fortune, will allow,
 We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow ;
 Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
 Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night ;
 Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
 While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;
 And Latian spoils, and purpled heaps of dead,
 Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread :
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray ;
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam.’

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,
 ‘ Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
 Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy !
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
 In gallant youth my fainting hopes revive,
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive :
 Then, in his warm embrace, the boys he press'd,
 And quivering strain'd them to his aged breast ;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd :—

' What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize,
 Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
 Our deities the first best boon have given,
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
 Doubtless await such young exalted worth;
 Æneas and Ascanius shall combine,
 To yield applause far, far, surpassing mine.'
 Iulus then: ' By all the powers above!
 By those Penates,* who my country love!
 By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
 Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
 Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown;
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey.
 Two massy tripods also shall be thine,
 Two talents polished from the glittering mine;
 An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave;
 But, when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed,
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
 Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past;
 Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
 To sooth thy softer hours with amorous flames,
 And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
 The labours of to-night shall well repay.
 But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
 Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
 Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
 Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
 Without thy dear advice, no great design;

* Household gods.

Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in my peace my joy.'

To him Euryalus, 'No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim :
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy, nor King Acestes' realms, restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown, the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;
By gloomy Night, and thy right hand, I vow,
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now :
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again ;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame.
Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow,
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
'All thou hast ask'd, receive,' the prince replied—
Nor this alone, but many a gift beside ;
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's* style but wanting to the dame ;
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life, my sire's most sacred oath,
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd.
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew ;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel ;
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows :
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain :
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place ;
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale ?

The trench is past, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight !
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er ?
Alas ! some slumber who shall wake no more !
Chariots and bridles mix'd with arms are seen,
And flowing flasks and scatter'd troops between ;
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine,
A mingled chaos this, of war and wine.
'Now,' cries the first, 'for deeds of blood prepare !
With me the conquest and the labour share ;
Here lies our path—lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies ;
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow.'
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast :
Stretch'd at his ease, the incautious king reposed ;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed ;
To Turnus dear, a prophet, and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince :
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer hapless fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell ;

The charioteer, along his courser's sides,
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides ;
 And, last, his lord is numbered with the dead,
 Bounding convulsive flies the gasping head ;
 From the swollen veins the blackening torrents pour,
 Stain'd are the couch and earth with clotting gore.
 Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire ;
 Half the long night in childish games was pass'd—
 Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last ;
 Ah ! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
 And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
 His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep ;
 'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he prowls,
 With murder glutt'd, and in carnage rolls ;
 Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
 In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
 But falls on feeble crowds without a name :
 His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
 Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;
 His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
 And vainly in the weak defence confides ;
 Full in his heart the falchion search'd his veins,
 The reeking weapon bears alternate strains ;
 Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
 The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
 Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way,
 Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray ;
 There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed :
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm :
 'Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd,
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last ;
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn—
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn.

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd,
 What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,

They leave regardless ! Yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes ;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt ;
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears ;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destin'd course ;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped ;
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls ;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens, with questions loud, the pair alarms—
'Stand, stragglers ! stand ; why early thus in arms ?
From whence, to whom ?' He meets with no reply ;
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly ;
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene ;
Euryalus, his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead ;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze ;
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend—
On every side they seek his absent friend.
'O God, my boy,' he cries, 'of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left !'
Listening he runs—above the waving trees
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.

Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise ;
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys :
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound ;
Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare ?
Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share ?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him, for whom he wish'd to live ?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :
' Goddess serene, transcending every star !
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
By night Heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove ;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
Speed, speed my dart, to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud.'
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung ;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay :
He sobs, he dies,—the troop, in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze ;
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven :
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes ;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall :
' Thou youth accursed, thy life shall pay for all.'
Quick from the sheath his flaming glave he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew :
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals ;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :

' Me, me, your vengeance hurl on me alone—
 Here sheath the steel, my blood is all your own ;
 Ye starry spheres ! thou conscious Heaven attest !
 He could not !—durst not !—lo ! the guile confess'd !
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend,
 He only loved, too well, his hapless friend ;
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage remove—
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love.
 He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
 Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower ;
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
 And lingering Beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
 Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide ;
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost ;
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe,
 Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every blow ;
 In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds ;
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies ;
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved ;
 Then, on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace !

Celestial pair ! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame !
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire ;
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome !
 And vanquish'd millions hail their Empress, Rome !

TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

When fierce conflicting passions urge
 The breast where love is wont to glow,
 What mind can stem the stormy surge
 Which rolls the tide of human woe?
 The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
 Can rouse the tortured breast no more ;
 The wild desire, the guilty flame,
 Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But, if affection gently thrills
 The soul, by purer dreams possess'd,
 The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
 In love can sooth the aching breast ;
 If thus thou comest in disguise,
 Fair Venus ! from thy native heaven,
 What heart unfeeling would despise
 The sweetest boon the gods have given ?

But never, from thy golden bow,
 May I beneath the shaft expire,
 Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
 Awakes an all-consuming fire !
 Ye racking doubts ! ye jealous fears !
 With others wage internal war ;
 Repentance ! source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
 The holy calm of sacred love !
 May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
 Which hover faithful hearts above !
 Fair Venus ! on thy myrtle shrine,
 May I with some fond lover sigh !
 Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
 With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil ! beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless banish'd wretch to roam !

This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath,
 Nor quit my silent, humble bower;
 A doom to me far worse than death!

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
 And seen the exile's silent tear?
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
 A pensive, weary, wanderer here;
 Ah! hapless dame!* no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key†
 The milder treasures of his soul;
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And Ocean's storms between us roll!

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.†

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
 Magnus his ample front sublime uprears;

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The Chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original is 'καθαραν ανοιξαγτι Κληιδα φρενων:' literally 'disclosing the bright key of the mind.'

‡ No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod :
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead ;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France ;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta ;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid ;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await ;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But, lo ! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope ;
Not that our Heads much eloquence require,
Th' Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try, by speaking, to convince ;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd :
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan ;
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;
Whilst every staring Graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promis'd cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up ;

Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
 No matter what, so it can *not* be heard :
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest ;
 Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best :
 Who utters most within the shortest space
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of Science these, who, thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
 Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for die :
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls ;
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise ;
 Yet prizing Bentley's,* Brunck's,* or Porson's† note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote ;
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
 'To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
 When Self and Church demand a Bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 Whether 'tis Pitt or P—tty rules the hour : ‡
 To him with suppliant smiles they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But, should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard—
 Such is their practice, such is their reward ;
 This much, at least, we may presume to say—
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

* Celebrated critics.

† The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge ; a man whose powers of mind and writings may perhaps justify their preference.

‡ Since this was written Lord H. P—y has lost his place, and, subsequently, (I had almost said consequently,) the honour of representing the University: a fact so glaring requires no comment.

TO THE EARL OF _____.

*Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat Imago.*

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

Friend of my youth ! when young we roved,
Like striplings mutually beloved,
With Friendship's purest glow ;
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as Pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems, alone,
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you ;
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, Adieu !

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever ;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams, which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain ;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main !

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before ;
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till Death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels ;

Disdaining humbler rural sports, —
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
 And shine in Fashion's annals.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of Reason;

For Sense and Reason (critics know it)
 Have quitted every amorous poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor Little! sweet melodious bard!
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,
 That he who sang before all;

He who the lore of love expanded,
 By dire Reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.*

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine!

Repine not at thy lot;
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
 And, though myself may be the next
 By critic sarcasm to be vex'd,
 I really will not fight them.†

Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely-sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner;
 He, who offends at pert nineteen,
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,
 A very hardened sinner.

* These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a Northern Review on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

† A bard (Horresco referens,) defied his reviewer to mortal combat: if this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the River Styx, for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

Now, —, I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due ;

Accept, then, my concession :
In truth, dear —, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right—
My Muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state—

May regal smiles attend you !
And, should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet, since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,

From snares may Saints preserve you !
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure unerring way !

May no delights decoy !
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy !

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,

And virtues crown your brow ;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me—
Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,

To me were doubly dear ;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd wave at once a poet's fame,
To prove a prophet here.

GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

Αργυρείς λογχαίσι μαχέται πάντα Κραταις.

Oh! could Le Sage's* demon's gift
Be realized at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift,
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows, who dream on lawn, or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
P—tty and P—lm—s—n survey;
Who canvass there, with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men;
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom, now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

Now, from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view unheeded, and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

* The 'Diable Boiteux' of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for his inspection.

He, surely, well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardy to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge;—
 Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan, precisely, metres Attic;
 Or agitates his anxious breast
 In solving problems mathematic;—
 Who reads false quantities in Sele,*
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
 In barbarous Latin† doom'd to wrangle;—
 Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage
 The square of the hypotenuse.‡
 Still harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent;—
 Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine;
 When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.
 Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay;
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray;—
 Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

* Sele's publication on Greek metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity; but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

'Tis morn : from these I turn my sight ;
What scene is this which meets the eye ?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,*
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell ;
'Tis hush'd—what sounds are these I hear ?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is joined the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy, now, must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his Psalms had ne'er descended—
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were asked to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease—
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But, if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read ;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low—
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires !
No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
No more thy theme my Muse inspires—
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

* On a Saint's day the students wear surplices in chapel.

LACHIN Y. GAIR.

Lachin y. Gair, or, as it is pronounced in the Gaelic, Loch na Garr, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain : be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our 'Caledonian Alps.' Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y. Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas :

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war ;
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;*
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

'Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?'
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

* This word is erroneously pronounced 'plad ;' the proper pronunciation, according to the Scotch, is shown by the orthography.

' Ill starr'd,* though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?'
 Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,†
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
 Still, were you happy, in death's earthy slumber,
 You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar;‡
 The pibroch§ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr!

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic—
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

TO ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
 Auspicious queen of childish joys!
 Who lead'st along in airy dance
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;
 At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, 'the Gordons,' many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stewarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James I. of Scotland; by her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, 'pars pro toto.'

‡ A tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a castle of Braemar.

§ The bagpipe.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll ;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue ;
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even Woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend ;
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades* in every friend ;
 But leave, at once, thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves ;
 Confess that Woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves ?

With shame I own I've felt thy sway ;
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
 No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool ! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to Truth was dear—
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear !

Romance ! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy motley court I fly, ;
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility ;
 Whose silly tears can never flow
 For any pangs excepting thine ;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

* It is hardly necessary to add that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments which, in all probability, never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
 And call thy sylvan female quire
 To mourn a swain for ever gone,
 Who once could glow with equal fire,
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
 On all occasions swiftly flow;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and frenzy glow;
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train?
 An infant bard, at least, may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
 Even now the gulf appears in view,
 Where, unlamented, you must lie:
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas! must perish altogether.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

'I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me.'

MACBETH.

'Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.'—VIRGIL.

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
 Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;
 When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
 And flies with every changing gale of spring;
 Not to the aching frame alone confin'd,
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
 What grisly forms, the spectre train of woe!
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,

With Resignation wage relentless strife,
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life!
 Yet less the pang, when, through the tedious hour,
 Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
 When Love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven;
 Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
 Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
 As when, through clouds that pour the summer storm,
 The orb of day unveils his distant form,
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dew of rain,
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
 The Sun of Memory, glowing through my dreams,
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays,
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for, and unsought;
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields;
 Scenes of my youth develop'd crowd to view,
 To which I long have paid a last adieu!

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA,

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

Dear are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance
 through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours
 of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. 'Not thus feebly
 did I raise the steel before my fathers!' Past is the race of heroes!
 but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the
 wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice
 in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar! The grey stone marks his

* It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in
 the catastrophe, is taken from 'Nisus and Euryalus,' of which episode a transla-
 tion is already given in the present volume.

narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief—a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood; Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear: but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks; they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul; his thoughts were given to friendship, to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla; gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean; their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies. But the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept; their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear, in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his looks, but strong was the arm of the king: age withered not his powers. 'Sons of Morven,' said the hero, 'to-morrow we meet the foe; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes; they are thunderbolts of war: speak, ye chiefs, who will arise?'

'Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed,' said dark-haired Orla, 'and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty; but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar.' 'And shalt thou fall alone?' said fair-haired Calmar. 'Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger. Ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar.' 'Calmar,' said the Chief of Oithona, 'why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy: but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the

heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say "Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow." Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise.' 'Orla,' said the son of Mora, 'could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high; the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar.' They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed; they frown in sleep, their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade: his spear is raised on high. 'Why dost thou bend thy brow, Chief of Oithona?' said fair-haired Calmar; 'we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?' 'It is a time for vengeance,' said Orla of the gloomy brow. 'Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise! Mathon! rise! The son of Connal calls; thy life is his; rise to combat!' Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. 'Fly! Calmar, fly!' said dark-haired Orla; 'Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night.' Orla turns; the helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of Ocean on two mighty barks of the North, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the North, so rise the Chiefs of Morven

on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield: his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of Ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar! he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. 'Rise,' said the king, 'rise, son of Mora! 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven.'

'Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla,' said the hero: 'what were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning; to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark.'

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The bards raised the song.

'What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla, the brown Chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! Thy fame will not perish. Nor thine! Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.'*

* I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Mac-

TO E. N. L. Esq.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HOR. E.

Dear L——, in this sequestered scene,
 While all around in slumber lie,
 The joyous days, which ours have been,
 Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye:
 Thus if, amidst the gathering storm,
 While clouds the darkened noon deform,
 Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
 I hail the sky's celestial bow,
 Which spreads the sign of future peace,
 And bids the war of tempests cease.
 Ah! though the present brings but pain,
 I think those days may come again;
 Or if, in melancholy mood,
 Some lurking envious fear intrude,
 To check my bosom's fondest thought,
 And interrupt the golden dream—
 I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
 And still indulge my wonted theme.
 Although we ne'er again can trace,
 In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
 Nor through the groves of Ida chase
 Our raptured visions as before;
 Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
 And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
 Age will not every hope destroy,
 But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
 Will shed around some dews of spring;
 But, if his sithe must sweep the flowers
 Which bloom among the fairy bowers,

pherson's Ossian might prove the Translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults; particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favorite author.

Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell ;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone—
Oh ! may my bosom never learn,
To sooth its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutored, wild,
And, even in age, at heart a child.
Though now, on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame :
But, hence, ye hours of sable hue !
Your frowns are gone, my sorrow's o'er :
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more !
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lulled by Zephyr to repose.
Full often has my infant Muse
Attuned to love her languid lyre ;
But now, without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire :
My youthful nymphs, alas ! are flown,
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother ;
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another ;
And Cora's eye, which rolled on me,
Can now no more my love recall ;
In truth, dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.

And though the Sun, with genial rays,
 His beams alike to all displays,
 And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
 These last should be confined to one.
 The soul's meridian don't become her,
 Whose sun displays a general *summer*.
 Thus faint is every former flame,
 And Passion's self is now a name.
 As, when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improved their light,
 And made them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their sparks in night;
 Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
 As many a boy and girl remembers,
 While all the force of love expires,
 Extinguished with the dying embers.
 But now, dear L——, 'tis midnight's noon,
 And clouds obscure the watery moon,
 Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
 Described in every stripling's verse;
 For why should I the path go o'er,
 Which every bard has trod before?
 Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
 Has thrice performed her stated round,
 Has thrice retraced her path of light,
 And chased away the gloom profound,
 I trust that we, my gentle friend,
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend
 Above the dear loved peaceful seat,
 Which once contained our youth's retreat;
 And then, with those our childhood knew,
 We'll mingle with the festive crew;
 While many a tale of former day
 Shall wing the laughing hours away;
 And all the flow of soul shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO ———.

Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appeared a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe—
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures;

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seemed to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorred deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys—

To think would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these a thought will steal,

In spite of every vain endeavour ;

And fiends might pity what I feel,

To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I would I were a careless child,

Still dwelling in my Highland cave,

Or roaming through the dusky wild,

Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave :

The cumbrous pomp of Saxon* pride

Accords not with the freeborn soul,

Which loves the mountain's craggy side,

And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,

Take back this name of splendid sound !

I hate the touch of servile hands,

I hate the slaves that cringe around :

Place me along the rocks I love,

Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar ;

I ask but this—again to rove

Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel

The world was ne'er designed for me :

Ah ! why do darkening shades conceal

The hour when man must cease to be ?

Once I beheld a splendid dream,

A visionary scene of bliss :

Truth ! wherefore did thy hated beam

Awake me to a world like this ?

I loved—but those I loved are gone ;

Had friends—my early friends are fled ;

How cheerless feels the heart alone,

When all its former hopes are dead !

* Sassenagh, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still.
 How dull! to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour :
 Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boisterous joy is but a name.
 And Woman! lovely Woman, thou!
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.
 Fain would I fly the haunts of men ;
 I seek to shun, not hate, mankind ;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind :
 Oh! that to me the wings were given,
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.*

**LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCH-
 YARD OF HARROW ON THE HILL.**

SEPTEMBER 2, 1807.

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky,
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;

* Psalm lv. verse 6.—‘ And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest.’ This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before;
 Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still.
 Thou drooping elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
 And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
 Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
 But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine;
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 'Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last, farewell!'

When Fate shall chill, at length, this fevered breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought 'twould sooth my dying hour
 (If aught may sooth, when Life resigns her power)
 To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.
 With this fond dream methinks 'twere sweet to die,
 And here it lingered, here my heart might lie;
 Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose:
 For ever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
 Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
 Blessed by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,
 Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremembered by the world beside.

Now, although we are not so much enamoured of Lord Byron's genius as to contend that these poems are the best that ever were written, we do not hesitate to assert they are better than the greater part of those which men, of whatever powers, can write, or have written, at the age of nineteen. They might have been suffered to pass without a very harsh censure from the critics of our own time; and, bearing the stamp of mediocrity, they had been sufficiently damned by Horace's

Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ.

But the Edinburgh reviewers thought otherwise. The year 1808 was a time when they had every thing pretty much their own way. Radicalism was a more thriving plant then than it is now, because the people were more heavily burdened, and the government deservedly less popular. A spirit of levelling, and the most ferocious abuse, distinguished the 'Edinburgh Review' from its periodical compeers then, as much as its dulness does now. Some one of the mercenaries—report says it was the *Condottiere* himself—resolved to divert the public with the edifying spectacle of a young lord's flagellation; and it must be confessed the critic did not spare the lash.

If he had chosen only to ridicule the poems, they afforded a sufficient opportunity to a man who was bent upon that design. There was even an air of boyish dignity about the young author which might have been fairly laughed at; but there was nothing which could justify the flagrant insolence and malignity with which this Scotch Zoilus handled his victim. As the critic is condemned to everlasting disgrace by the failure of his attempt, and the revenge which it provoked, we have thought fit to add his review of 'Hours of Idleness.' He is wedded to Lord Byron's fame, and must go down to posterity, chained to the wheels of his lordship's triumphant chariot.

'The poesy of this young lord,' says he, 'belongs to the class which neither gods nor man are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name, like a favorite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but as he now

makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare say so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!"—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

'His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors; sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes: and, while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that, when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged.'—And here we are obliged, however unwillingly, to break in upon the thread of the learned reviewer's critique, that we may call our readers' especial attention to the passage which immediately follows. We have caused it to be printed, as it deserves to be, in large letters; and, if the task of passing sentence on the poor rogue who wrote it were intrusted to us, we would decree only that he should have written over the door of his house (if he has one) while he lives, and upon his grave (if some provision which may supersede the necessity of a grave should not be made for him) when he shall have died—**IN TRUTH, IT IS THIS CONSIDERATION ONLY THAT INDUCES US TO GIVE LORD BYRON'S POEMS A PLACE IN OUR REVIEW; BESIDE OUR DESIRE TO COUNSEL HIM THAT HE DO FORTHWITH ABANDON POETRY, AND TURN HIS TALENTS, WHICH ARE CONSIDERABLE, AND HIS OPPORTUNITIES, WHICH ARE GREAT, TO BETTER ACCOUNT.'**

'With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet—nay, although (which does not always happen) these feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers—is not the whole art of poetry.

We would entreat him to believe that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem; and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806? and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it?

“ Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting

New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,

'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:

Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;

The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;

When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own!”

‘ Now we positively do assert that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor’s volume.

‘ Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master’s) are odious. Gray’s Ode to Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas on a distant view of the village and school at Harrow.

“ Where Fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance

Of comrades in friendship or mischief allied,

How welcome to me your ne’er-fading remembrance,

Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.”

‘ In like manner the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, “ On a Tear,” might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:

“ Mild Charity’s glow,

To us mortals below,

Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
 Compassion will melt
 Where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.
 The man doomed to sail
 With the blast of the gale,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave,
 Which may soon be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

' And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, "Adrian's Address to his Soul," when Pope succeeded indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it:

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
 Friend and associate of this clay!
 To what unknown region borne,
 Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
 No more with wonted humour gay,
 But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

' However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favorites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79 a translation, where *two* words ($\theta\epsilon\lambda\omicron\ \lambda\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\iota\upsilon$) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81, where $\mu\iota\sigma\omicron\nu\kappa\tau\iota\omicron\iota\varsigma\ \pi\omicron\theta\prime\ \delta\rho\alpha\iota\varsigma$ is rendered by means of six hobbling verses?—As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges; being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla, the brown Chief of Oithona. He was," &c. After detaining this "brown

chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and to "smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

'It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being "an infant bard"—("The artless Helicon I boast is youth")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem, above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it;" but really "the particular request of some friends," &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of the noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent a part of his youth, and might have learnt that *pibroch* is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

'As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas:

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.
Who reads false quantities in Sele,*
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doomed to wrangle;—

* This alludes to the 'Analysis of Greek Metres,' by J. B. Sele, D. D. of Christ's College; a standard work on the construction of the Greek poetry, and which Lord Byron ought to have studied, and made himself master of before he tried his wit upon it.

Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use ;
 Preferring to the lettered sage
 The square of the hypothenuse.
 Still harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent."

'We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the College Psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas :

"Our choir would scarcely be excused,
 Even as a band of raw beginners ;
 All mercy, now, must be refused
 To such a set of croaking sinners.
 If David, when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his Psalms had ne'er descended—
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em."

'But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content ; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus ; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets ; and, "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication ; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice ? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful ; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.'

Such was the bitter draught which these professors of the 'gentle craft' of reviewing had prepared for the young poet, and which they were themselves soon afterwards compelled to drain to the very dregs.

Up to this period Lord Byron's life had been like that of most young men of fashion. He had not plunged very deeply into the

excesses of the metropolis, but his forbearance had rather been in consequence of his limited means than of any want of inclination to gaiety. His connexions were of the best description; and the Earl of Carlisle, who, though a bad poet, is a very good man, had every disposition to make his kinsman's *entrée* into the great world such as befitted his rank. His kind intentions were, however, frustrated: Lord Byron chose to be independent of the 'great vulgar;' and neither at this, nor indeed at any period of his life, formed very extensive acquaintance with the aristocracy of the country. He lived more at Newstead than in London; and indulged much of that sullen eccentricity which was unquestionably a part of his character, and perhaps of his constitution.

Many strange stories are told of him at this period, the greater part of which are the fruitful inventions of his friends and acquaintances, founded perhaps upon some slender fact, which has been so much exaggerated and altered that it bears no longer any resemblance to the truth. His fondness for the Newfoundland dog, to whose memory he wrote the epitaph at page 8, is of this description. In consequence of his having taught the dog to plunge into the water at a signal, it is said that he used to throw himself in for the sake of being brought to shore. Another tale, of a skull converted into a drinking-cup, is equally true. The skull, which was discovered accidentally in what had been the old Abbey cemetery, happened to be of a remarkable whiteness. Lord Byron had it mounted, for the purpose of preserving it; and he afterwards wrote the following verses on it as a mere *jeu d'esprit*: but he never used it to drink out of, nor can it be adduced as a proof of that misanthropy of which he has been so often accused, and of which he had not the slightest particle:—

Start not!—nor deem my spirit fled :
 In me behold the only skull
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived—I loved—I quaffed like thee;
 I died—let earth my bones resign.
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit perchance hath shone,
 In aid of others let me shine ;
 And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
 What nobler substitute than wine ?

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
 When thou and thine like me are sped,
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not ? since, through life's little day,
 Our heads such sad effects produce,
 Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

Of his amours, too, many accounts are afloat, equally fabulous. He was deeply enamoured of a lady who was his relation, through the unfortunate gentleman whom his ancestor killed in a duel ; but the passion was by no means reciprocal. The lady loved another gentleman better than her noble relative : she afterwards married that gentleman, and is at this moment his wife, and the mother of a beautiful family. Lord Byron took his disappointment to heart, or fancied that he did so, and announced his intention of leaving England as soon as he should have attained his majority. In the mean time, however, he solaced himself by flirtations, more or less serious, with several other ladies, whose names it is not worth while to remember. His manners, which were highly fascinating, and the beauty of his face, rendered him a general favorite with the sex ; but we are induced to believe, as he often said himself, that his heart was not capable of either a very pure or a very lasting passion. The follies of one of the ladies who made love to him at this time have rendered her so remarkable that we cannot avoid alluding to her in this place, and speaking of her at greater length hereafter. The authoress of 'Glenarvon' had, perhaps, at this period of Lord Byron's life, reason to believe that he was attached to her ; but, as it was at a subsequent period that she amused

the town with her despair and extravagance, we shall at present postpone the particulars relating to her very whimsical conduct.

The critique in the 'Edinburgh Review' had the effect of rousing the young nobleman from his dreams : Newfoundland dogs, skulls, and mistresses, all gave place to the desire of revenge, which now filled his mind ; and he resolved not to endure tamely the insult which had been put upon him so wantonly and unjustly ; he resolved to throw a brave defiance in the teeth of that formidable band of marauders by whom he had been attacked.

However great may be the disgust which the perusal of the malignant diatribe of the Edinburgh Reviewers cannot fail to excite in the mind of every candid and honest man, it must be remembered that it produced at least one good effect for the world ; its venomous sting roused in Lord Byron the consciousness of his own strength, and gave to us the greatest poet of our age. Thus it is that, in the economy of this world's affairs, the basest and meanest things are made to produce the most glorious and beneficial results.

Lord Byron fell upon his insulting critics as suddenly, and made nearly as much havoc among them, as an avalanche could have done, by publishing an imitation of 'Juvenal's first Satire,' under the title of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' with the following mottos :

'I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.'

SHAKESPEARE.

'Such shameless bards we have ; and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad abandoned critics too.'

POPE.

He expected not only that the poem would make a noise, but that he should be called to a personal account by some of the persons who were attacked in it, and who, as it should seem, had given him no cause of offence. The preface shows that he was at least in expectation of this result from his Satire.

PREFACE.

All my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be 'turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,' I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none *personally* who did not commence

on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavored to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavored in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner—a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure: but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger; and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual canterbury can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh reviewers*, it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely 'bruising one of the heads of the serpent,' though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse * Fitzgerald bawl
 His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
 And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
 Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
 Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong :
 Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift, my grey-goose quill !
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
 Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
 That mighty instrument of little men !
 The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
 Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
 Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
 The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
 What wits, what poets, dost thou daily raise!
 How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
 Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
 With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
 But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !
 Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
 Our task complete, like Hamet's † shall be free;
 Though spurned by others, yet beloved by me :
 Then let us soar to-day ; no common theme,
 No Eastern vision, no distempered dream,
 Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;
 Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,
 And men, through life her willing slaves, obey ;

* IMITATION.

'Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam
 Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?'

JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the 'Small-Beer Poet,' inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the 'Literary Fund:' not content with writing, he spouts in person after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

† Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
 Unfolds her motley store to suit the time ;
 When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
 When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail ;
 Even then the boldest start from public sneers,
 Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears ;
 More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit ! but not belong
 To me the arrows of satiric song :
 The royal vices of our age demand
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
 Still there are follies even for me to chase,
 And yield at least amusement in the race :
 Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame ;
 The cry is up, and scribblers are my game :
 Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
 Ode ! epic ! elegy ! have at you all !
 I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I poured along the town a flood of rhyme—
 A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
 I printed—older children do the same.
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
 Not that a title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
 This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
 Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from shame.*
 No matter, George continues still to write,†
 Though now the name is veiled from public sight.
 Moved by the great example, I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own Review :
 Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
 Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
 Save censure,—critics all are ready made.

* This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

† In the 'Edinburgh Review.'

Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote;
 A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic, hated, yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? No—as soon
 Seek roses in December—ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics who themselves are sore;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bæotian head.*

To these young tyrants,† by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usupers on the throne of Taste;
 To these when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law;
 While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare:
 While such are critics, why should I forbear?
 But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

‡ Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
 The path that Pope and Gifford trod before?

* Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the 'Edinburgh Review;' the others are mentioned hereafter.

† 'Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
 ——— occurras peritura parcere chartæ.'

JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

‡ IMITATION.

'Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
 Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
 Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.'

JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

If not yet sickened, you can still proceed ;
Go on—my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet, in these degenerate days,
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise ;
When Sense and Wit, with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces, flourished side by side,
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;
A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raise the people's as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden poured the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt ;
For Nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feeble bards resign their place ?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page ;
Survey the precious works that please the age :
This truth, at least, let Satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complained of now :
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones ;
While Southey's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's Lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher ;* "nought beneath the sun
Is new ;" yet still from change to change we run :
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
The cow-poc, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail ;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,

* Ecclesiastes, chap. 1.

And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own;
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.*

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review:
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race:
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,
 And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;
 Immeasurable measures move along,
 For simpering Folly loves a varied song—
 To strange mysterious Dulness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels†—may they be the last!
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast;
 While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
 That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
 And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood‡
 Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,

* Stott, better known in the 'Morning Post' by the name of Hafiz. This person is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus:

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

'Princely offspring of Braganza,

Erin greets thee with a stanza,' &c. &c.

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject; and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows:

'Oh! for a lay! loud as the surge

That lashes Lapland's sounding shore.'

Lord have mercy on us! the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was nothing to this.

† See the 'Lay of the last Minstrel,' *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, 'a stark moss-trooper,' videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, 'twas his neck-verse at hairibee,' i.e. the gallows.

‡ The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who

And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
 Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.
 And thinkest thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance
 On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
 Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy Muse just half a crown per line?
 No! when the sons of Song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
 Low may they sink to merited contempt,
 And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long 'good night to Marmion.*

travelled twice as fast as his master's horse without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page; and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

* 'Good night to Marmion'—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now ;
 These are the bards to whom the Muse must bow ;
 While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
 Resign their hallowed bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
 When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung ;
 An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
 While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name :
 The work of each immortal bard appears
 The single wonder of a thousand years.*
 Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As even in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor bards, content,
 On one great work a life of labour spent.
 With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
 Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise !
 To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
 First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England, and the boast of France !
 Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
 Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche ;
 Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
 A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,†
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son ;

* As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Gierusalemme Liberata,' as their standard efforts, since neither the 'Jerusalem Conquered' of the Italian, nor the 'Paradise Regained' of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

† 'Thalaba,' Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. 'Joan of Arc' was marvellous enough, but 'Thalaba' was one of those poems 'which,' in the words of Porson, 'will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.'

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence;
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh! Southey, Southey!* cease thy varied song.
 A bard may chant too often and too long:
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
 A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
 If still, in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,†
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue;
 'God help thee,' Southey, and thy readers too!‡

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favorite May,

* We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: 'Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic.' See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romancers of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but, as Mr. Southey's poem 'disdains the appellation,' allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

† See the 'Old Woman of Berkley,' a ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub on a 'high trotting horse.'

‡ The last line, 'God help thee,' is an evident plagiarism from the 'Anti-jacobin' to Mr. Southey, on his Dactylies:

'God help thee, silly one!'—Poetry of the 'Anti-jacobin,' page 23.

Who warns his friend 'To shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double ;'*
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime :
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy ;'
 A moon-struck silly lad, who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day ;†
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the 'idiot in his glory'
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here
 To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still Obscurity's a welcome guest.
 If Inspiration should her aid refuse,
 To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse,‡
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to eulogize an ass.

* Lyrical Ballads, page 4. — 'The tables turned.' Stanza 1.

'Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double.'

† Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

'And thus to Betty's question he
 Made answer like a traveller bold,
 The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
 And the sun did shine so cold,' &c. &c.

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

‡ Coleridge's Poems, page 11,* Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Fairies : page 42, we have 'Lines to a Young Lady;' and, page 52, 'Lines to a Young Ass.'

How well the subject suits his noble mind !
 ' A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis ! monk, or bard,
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard !
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy Muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibbering spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age ;
 All hail, M. P. !* from whose infernal brain
 Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;
 At whose command ' grim women' throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With ' small grey men,' ' wild yagers,' and what not ?
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott :
 Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;
 Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
 Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
 With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flushed,
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hushed ?
 'Tis Little ! young Catullus of his day,
 As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay !
 Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
 Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns ;
 Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
 She bids thee ' mend thy line, and sin no more.'

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,

* ' For every one knows little Matt's an M. P.'—See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in the ' Statesman,' supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

Hibernian Strangford ! with thine eyes of blue,*
 And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
 Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
 By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
 Mend, Strangford ! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure ; be amorous, but be chaste :
 Cease to deceive, thy pilfered harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-covered volumes view
 Hayley, in vain attempting something new :
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,
 His style in youth or age is still the same—
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see 'Temper's Triumphs' shine !
 At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
 Of 'Music's Triumphs' all who read may swear
 That luckless Music never triumphed there.†

Moravians, rise ! bestow some meet reward
 On dull Devotion—lo ! the Sabbath bard,
 Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime
 In mangled prose, nor even aspires to rhyme,
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;

* The reader who may wish for an explanation of this may refer to 'Strangford's Camoens,' page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoens.

It is also to be remarked that the things given to the public as poems of Camoens are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

† Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are 'Triumphs of Temper' and 'Triumphs of Music.' He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration : viz. 'to convert his poetry into prose,' which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.*

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first great oracle of tender souls—
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy Muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,†
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still bless'd,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To sooth the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
'Awake a louder and a loftier strain,'‡
Such as none heard before, or will again;

* Mr. Grahame has poured fourth two volumes of cant, under the name of 'Sabbath Walks' and 'Biblical Pictures.'

† See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—'Sonnet to Oxford,' and 'Stanzas on hearing the bells of Ostend.'

‡ 'Awake a louder;' &c. &c. is the first line in Bowles's 'Spirit of Discovery;' a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:—

————— 'A kiss
Stole on the listening silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power,' &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook!
 Nor this alone, but, pausing on the road,
 The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;*
 And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous Miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell—
 Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim or larger bribe
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe—
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces feared,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered—
 If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first
 Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst—
 Do thou essay; each fault, each failing, scan;
 The first of poets was, alas! but man!
 Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;†
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page;
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
 Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what Mallet‡ did for hire.
 Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme;§

* The episode above alluded to is the story of 'Robert a Machin' and 'Anna d'Arfet,' a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

† Curll is one of the heroes of the 'Dunciad,' and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of 'Lines to the Imitator of Horace.'

‡ Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke, (the Patriot King,) which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

§ Dennis, the critic, and Ralph, the rhymester.

'Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!'—*Dunciad*.

Thronged with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead ;
 A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.*

Another Epic ! who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
 Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market—all alive !
 Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five !
 Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?
 The precious bargain's cheap—In faith, not I :
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night :
 If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
 And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
 In him an author's luckless lot behold !
 Condemned to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh ! Amos Cottle—(Phœbus ! what a name
 To fill the speaking-trump of future fame !)—
 Oh ! Amos Cottle ! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
 Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
 Had Cottle † still adorned the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisypheus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,

* See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received three hundred pounds: thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another than to elevate his own.

† Mr. Cottle, Amos, or Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics. 'Alfred,' (poor Alfred ! Pye has been at him too !) 'Alfred,' and the 'Fall of Cambria.'

So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves
 Dull Maurice* all his granite weight of leaves:
 Smooth solid monuments of mental pain!
 The petrifications of a plodding brain,
 That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale!
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,
 His hopes have perished by the Northern blast:
 Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep:
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!†

Yet, say! why should the bard, at once, resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine,
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl;
 A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way?
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find—these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's Seat?‡

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same:
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,

* Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of 'Richmond Hill,' and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

† Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius: his 'Wanderer of Switzerland' is worth a thousand 'Lyrical Ballads,' and at least fifty 'degraded Epics.'

‡ Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

And given the spirit to the world again,
 To sentence letters as he sentenced men;
 With hands less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack;
 Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.
 Since, well instructed in the patriot school
 To rail at party, though a party tool,
 Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?
 Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
 And, greeting thus, present him with a rope:
 'Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
 Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 This cord receive! for thee reserved with care,
 To wield in judgment, and at length to wear.'

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
 And guard it sacred in his future wars;
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever-glorious, almost fatal, fray;
 When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?*

Oh! day disastrous! on her firm-set rock
 Dunedin's castle felt a sacred shock;
 Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North;
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;†

* In 1806 Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggyery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—(for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man)—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms: *
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:
Strēwed were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
That of his valour showed the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deemed the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore,
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favorite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower;
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
'My son,' she cried, 'ne'er thirst for gore again;
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
For, long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.

* This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh,) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 The travelled thane! Athenian Aberdeen.*
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,† and sometimes
 In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
 Smug Sydney‡ too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic Hallam,§ much renowned for Greek.
 Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry Pillans|| shall traduce his friend.
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,¶
 As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway;
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay!
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
 To Holland's hirelings and to Learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution, ere thy next 'Review'.
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,

* His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of 'Gell's Topography of Troy.'

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a 'Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:' the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

'Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 The hammer's bruises were her lot,
 Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

‡ The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymney's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's 'Taste,' and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

The said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance I am glad, because it must have been painful to read and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, Hallam must stand, for want of a better.

|| Pillans is a tutor at Eaton.

¶ The Honourable G. Lambe reviewed 'Beresford's Miseries,' and is moreover author of a Farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore, and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled 'Whistle for it.'

Beware lest blundering Brougham* destroy the sale,
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail.
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kissed
 Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist.†

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot!
 Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blessed be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work;
 And, grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate at least!‡
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight;
 They write for food, and feed because they write:
 And lest, when, heated with th' unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;

* Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the 'Edinburgh Review,' throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay:—So be it.

† I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national 'kelpies,' &c. are too unpoetical; and the 'brownies' and 'gude neighbours' (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

‡ Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope De Vega, inserted in his Life of the Author: both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole.*

Now to the Drama turn—oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,†
And Dibdin's nonsense, yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these?
While Reynolds vents his 'dammes,' 'poohis,' and 'zounds,'‡
And common place and common sense confounds?
While Kenny's World, just suffered to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed;
And Beaumont's pilfered Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?§
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent, gone?
Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?
Awake, George Colman! Cumberland, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell, let Folly quake!
Oh! Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy resume her throne again;
Abjure the mummery of German schools,
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial, to the age
One classic drama, and reform the stage.

* Certain it is her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the 'Edinburgh Review': however that may be, we know, from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

† In the melo-drama of 'Tekeli,' that heroic prince is clapped into a barrel on the stage—a new asylum for distressed heroes!

‡ All these are favorite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

§ Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury-lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of 'Bonduca' of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire or of himself?

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
 Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
 On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
 While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame!
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
 Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renowned alike; whose Genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;*
 Nor sleeps with 'Sleeping Beauties,' but, anon,
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,†
 While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now: ah! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship Catalani's pantaloons;‡
 Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

* Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the 'Sleeping Beauty;' and some Comedies, particularly 'Maids and Bachelors:' *Baculaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.*

‡ Naldi and Catalani require little notice—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trowsers.

Then let Ausonia, skilled in every art
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction vice and hunt decorum down :
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
 And bless the promise which his form displays :
 While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
 Of hoary marquisses and stripling dukes ;
 Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle
 Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil ;
 Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
 Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe ;
 Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng !
 Raise not your sithe, Suppressors of our Vice !
 Reforming Saints ! too delicately nice !
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave ;
 And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
 Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail, at once the patron and the pile
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle !*
 Where you proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,
 Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
 Behold the new Petronius† of the day,
 The arbiter of pleasure and of play !

* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state that it is the Institution, and not the Duke, of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon : it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say that some degree of disapprobation was manifested ; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes ? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those, who are blessed or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room and the dice in another ! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

† Petronius, 'arbiter elegantiarum' to Nero, 'and a very pretty fellow in his day,' as Mr. Congreve's 'Old Bachelor' saith.

There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords, combine;
Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of Trade,
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made:
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of Poverty, except 'en masque,'
When, for the night, some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropped, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap:
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfettered limb:
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair,
With art, the charms which Nature could not spare;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh, blessed retreats of infamy and ease!
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the blithe youngster, just returned from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—'Done! a thousand on the coming trick!'
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powel's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, a Paget for your wife:
Fit consummation of an earthy race,
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,
While none but menials o'er the bed of death
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;

Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius,* and like Falkland† fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I, least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal:
Although some kind censorious friend will say,
'What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?'
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle—a moralist—in me.
No matter: when some bard, in virtue strong,
(Gifford, perchance,) shall raise the chastening song,
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,
From silly Hafiz‡ up to simple Bowles,

* Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.

† I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant unsuccessful officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor; as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for, had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

‡ What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the Oriental Homer and Catullus, and behold his name assumed by one Stott, of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

Why should we call them from their dark abode
 In Broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond Street or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
 Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
 Lords, too, are bards; such things at times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle:
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer! *
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage;
 But managers for once cried 'Hold, enough!'
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf;
 Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin† on those recreant lines.

* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage, except his own tragedies.

† 'Doff that lion's hide; and hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.'

SHAK. *King John.*

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:

'The rest is all but leather and prunella.'

With you, ye druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread—
 With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
 Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On 'All the Talents' vent your venal spleen;
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.
 Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle* prove a blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
 And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note, in blessed repose.
 Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.†
 Though Bell has lost his nightingales and owls,
 Matilda snivels still, and Hafiz howls;
 And Crusca's spirit, rising from the dead,
 Revives in Laura, Quiz, and X. Y. Z.‡

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,
 Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
 How ladies read! and literati laud!
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill nature; don't the world know best?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And Capel Lofft§ declares 'tis quite sublime.

* 'Melville's Mantle,' a parody on 'Elijah's Mantle,' a poem.

† This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K——, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels, in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

‡ These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

§ Capel Lofft, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !
 Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade !
 Lo ! Burns and Bloomfield,* nay, a greater far,
 Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemmed the rude storm, and triumphed over Fate.
 Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 Bloomfield ! why not on brother Nathan too ?
 Him too the mania, not the Muse, has seized ;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
 And now no boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed, without an ode.
 Oh, since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
 Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic and mechanic soul !
 Ye tuneful cobblers ! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song ;
 So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland weavers† boast Pindaric skill,
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill !
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected Genius ! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, oh Campbell !‡ give thy talents scope ;
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope ?
 And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past.
 Arise ! let blessed remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tunes thy hallowed lyre ;

* See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of 'Honington Green.'

† Vide 'Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire.'

‡ It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' and 'The Pleasures of Hope,' the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's 'Essay on Man : ' but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers have become strange.

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
 What! must deserted Poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
 No! though contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly or for food,
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still effect the most;
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness, Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.*
 'Why slumbers Gifford?' once was asked in vain:†
 Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
 Are there no sins for Satire's bard to greet?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
 Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the law's and Muse's wrath?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
 Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claimed,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.
 Unhappy White!‡ while life was in its spring,
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

* Gifford, author of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

Sotheby, translator of Wieland's 'Oberon' and Virgil's 'Georgics,' and author of 'Saul,' an epic poem.

Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular; particularly 'Scotland's Scaith, or the Waes of War,' of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad' should not be his last original works; let him remember, 'Mox in reluctantes Dracones.'

‡ Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science 'self destroyed her favorite son!
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit—
 She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
 So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened days,
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
 That strained invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern bard to sing.
 'Tis true that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Trite:
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires:
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest—
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee* and genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
 To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,
 And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
 While honours doubly merited attend
 The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blessed is the man who dare approach the bower
 Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour;
 Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked afar,
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
 The scenes which glory still must hover o'er;
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore!

* Mr. Shee, author of 'Rhymes on Art' and 'Elements of Art.'

But doubly blessed is he whose heart expands
 With hallowed feelings for those classic lands ;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
 Wright,* 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
 And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards !† who snatched to light
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight ;
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
 And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
 Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone :
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the Muse's violated laws ;
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme ;
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now, worn down, appear in native brass ;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around
 Evaporate in similes and sound :
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
 False glare attracts, but more offends, the eye.‡

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,

* Mr. Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published : it is entitled 'Horæ Ionicae,' and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

† The translators of the 'Anthology' have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

‡ The neglect of the 'Botanic Garden' is some proof of returning taste: the scenery is its sole recommendation.

Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd:*
 Let them—but hold, my Muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain far, far, beyond thy humble reach;
 The native genius with their feeling given
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.
 And thou, too, Scott!† resign to minstrels rude
 The wilder Slogan of a Border feud:
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire!
 Enough for Genius if itself inspire!
 Let Southey sing, although his teeming Muse,
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
 And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
 Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
 To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
 Let Moore be lewd; let Strangford steal from Moore,
 And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore;
 Let Hayley hobble on; Montgomery rave;
 And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
 Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
 Let Stott, Carlisle,‡ Matilda, and the rest
 Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

* Messrs. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

† By-the-by, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to 'Gramarye,' and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

‡ It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but, as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a 'discerning public' (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere

Scrawl on 'till death release us from the strain,
 Or Common Sense assert her rights again ;
 But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
 Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.
 Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For outlawed Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood ?
 Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best, reward !
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give ;
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
 And tell the tale of what she was before ;
 To future times her faded fame recall,
 And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope ?
 To conquer ages, and with Time to cope !
 New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
 And other victors* fill th' applauding skies ;
 A few brief generations fleet along,
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song :
 E'en now what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
 The transient mention of a dubious name ?
 When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last ;

recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :

'What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards ?

Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards !'

So says Pope. Amen !

* 'Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora,'—VIRGIL.

And Glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? Ah no! she flies,
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle:
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.*
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously 'to please,'
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.†

Oh, dark asylum of a Vandal race!‡
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;
So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson§ scarce redeem thy fame!

* The 'Games of Hoyle,' well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the 'Plagues of Egypt.'

† This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the 'Art of Pleasing,' as 'Lucus a non lucendo,' containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the 'Satirist.' If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

‡ 'Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals.'—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, page 83, vol. ii. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

§ This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who, in translation, displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave
 The partial Muse delighted loves to lave;
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
 To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove,
 Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
 And modern Britons justly praise their sires.*

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell
 My country what her sons should know too well,
 Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
 The host of idiots that infest her age.
 No just applause her honoured name shall lose,
 As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
 Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
 And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name,
 What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
 What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
 'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
 Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen:
 But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
 And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main;
 Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurled,
 And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
 But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
 With warning ever scoffed at, till too late;
 To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
 And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blessed
 The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
 Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense;
 While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame Portland† fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's‡ adverse height,
 And Stamboul's§ minarets, must greet my sight:

* The 'Aboriginal Britons,' an excellent poem by Richards.

† A friend of mine, being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman, replied, 'he supposed it was because he was past bearing.'

‡ Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

§ Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

Thence shall I stray through Beauty's * native clime,
 Where Kaff† is clad in rocks, and crowned with snows sublime;
 But, should I back return, no lettered rage
 Shall drag my common-place-book on the stage:
 Let vain Valentia‡ rival luckless Carr,
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar;
 Let Aberdeen and Elgin§ still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of Virtu;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Misshapen monuments, and maimed antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art:
 Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to classic Gell;||
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose,
 To stun mankind with poesy or prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear:
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
 My voice was heard again; though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavowed;
 And now at once I tear the veil away:—
 Cheer on the pack! the Quarry stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne House,
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.

* Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

† Mount Caucasus.

‡ Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of the 'Stranger in Ireland.'—Oh fy, my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? but 'two of a trade,' they say, &c.

§ Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias: 'Credat Judæus!'

|| Mr. Gell's 'Topography of Troy' and 'Ithaca' cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel they too are 'penetrable stuff:'
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been when no harsh sound would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes;
 But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
 I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth;
 Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
 I too can hunt a poetaster down;
 And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
 To Scotch marauder and to Southern dunce.
 Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
 Hath wronged these righteous times, let others say:
 This let the world, which knows not how to spare,
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

The poems went through three editions with great rapidity; and to the last the author, being then about to proceed on his travels, added the following postscript:—

POSTSCRIPT.

I have been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

'Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!'

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Anthony Aguecheek saith, 'An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality

towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by 'lying and slandering,' and slake their thirst by 'evil speaking?' I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there 'persons of honour and wit about town;' but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke, (Subaudi, Esquire,) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cotemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the 'Satirist,' for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed I am guiltless of having heard his name coupled with the 'Satirist.' He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the editor of the 'Satirist,' who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the endgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and, whatever he may say or do, 'pour on, I will endure.' I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher; and, in the words of Scott, I wish

'To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.'

The severity of this satire it is impossible to justify. Nothing can be more true than that many of the persons who were the objects of it deserved the worst treatment that could be inflicted on them. The mere critics by profession could not be handled with any severity which they had not merited by their merciless attacks upon all who fell in their way. But Lord Byron did not confine his blows to these critics; he assailed with a wanton rage all the writers of the age, with one or two exceptions, which are hardly creditable to his judgment; and, although he excited the astonishment of his adversaries, and the applause of that portion of the public to whom calumny and abuse are always acceptable, the judicious could not but grieve at the ill taste and ill temper, which were, at least, as remarkable as the vigour, of the young poet. In the admiration which this display of his talents so universally excited we most warmly and willingly concur; but we regret that he did not confine his vengeance within the bounds of justice; that there was more of aggression than of retaliation in his poem; and that he did not hesitate to violate truth, and to outrage feelings which were entitled to respect from all men, and even to something more from him. It is one among many proofs which his life furnished, that, although he possessed genius and talents which have never been surpassed in our times, he was too fond of indulging the waywardness of an eccentric and ill-regulated temper.

He expected, it is said, that some of the persons whom he had attacked would have called him to a personal account for the liberties he had taken with their names. No such application was, however, made to him. The critics knew it would not be wise for them to set an example of which they might soon be made to feel the effects; and the other persons had too much good sense to notice an angry versifier, who might, perhaps, have turned upon them the stock excuse for lampoons, that he only 'poisoned in jest;' and might have asked them, with Prior,

'Gadzooks, must one swear to the truth of a song?'

Lord Byron published nothing after this until he went abroad; but he wrote a good deal of poetry, chiefly of the amatory kind, and had got a reputation among the fashionable blue-stockings as being the best maker of verses of all the young gentlemen upon town: and when it is recollected that at this period there was a great rage for rhyming among the sprigs of nobility, and that Lord Nugent and Lord Thurlow were competitors with him, this will be considered no unenviable distinction.

His love-poetry was of that lachrymose dirge-like kind most liked by literary ladies, and gave occasion to a joke which is not very good, nor very true, because the poems alluded to have never been, nor are they likely to be, published; for this reason—that nobody would read them :

‘ The mortality among Lord Byron’s mistresses is really alarming,’ said the late Lady A—ll; ‘ I think he generally buries a first love every fortnight.’ ‘ Madam,’ replied Curran, the Irish barrister, ‘ mistresses are not so mortal, as every one who has to do with them unhappily knows. The fact is, my lord weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public.’

The noble poet was, however, destined for more honorable exertions. He himself felt that it was no less degrading to his talents, than it had become irksome to his feelings, any longer to waste his time in the fashionable follies, of which he had tasted to satiety. He resolved, therefore, to snap the bonds which held him to the scene of idleness and frivolity, where he had wasted too much time, and prepared for a long tour in foreign countries. Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, now the Member for Westminster, and who had also been a fellow-student of Lord Byron’s at Trinity College, accompanied him. They proceeded first to Lisbon, and, after staying there for a short time, entered Spain, and went as far as Seville. Thence they travelled to Cadiz, from which latter place they embarked for the Mediterranean, and made a journey of considerable extent, and which occupied a long space of time. The most important of its results was that it gave birth to the poem of ‘ Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage,’ the best of the noble author’s productions.

Without pausing at present to observe at greater length upon his lordship’s travels, we proceed to notice the poem which relates to them. ‘ It was written,’ says the author, ‘ for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author’s observations in those countries.’ Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece.’

The appellation of ‘ Childe’ is taken from the elder English poets, who commonly applied it to their heroes. As it was fancied by some of those clever persons, who flatter themselves they are good at guessing riddles and unravelling mysteries, that Lord Byron proposed to give a sketch of his own character in that of the ‘ Vagrant Childe,’ his

lordship found it necessary distinctly to disclaim any such intention in the following terms :—

‘A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, ‘Childe Harold,’ I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; *but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.*

It had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.’

Notwithstanding this positive assertion, and the well-known fact that nothing in the ‘Childe’s’ character was like Lord Byron’s, the belief perhaps still prevails that they are the same person. All that we can say is, if people will deceive themselves, they must.

The poem begins with an apostrophe to some imaginary lady, whom the bard calls Ianthe; and, after this preliminary courtesy, he then introduces his hero.

Whilome in Albion’s isle there dwelt a youth

Who ne in virtue’s ways did take delight :

But spent his days in riot most uncouth,

And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.

Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,

Sore given to revel and ungodly glee ;

Few earthly things found favour in his sight,

Save concubines and carnal companie,

And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day :
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time ;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

Childe, Harold basked him in the noon-tide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly ;
Nor deemed before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
He felt the fulness of satiety :
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seemed to him more lone than eremite's sad cell.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
'Tis said at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congealed the drop within his ee :
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,
And e'en, for change of scene, would seek the shades below.

Having formed this resolution the Childe embarks, and bids farewell to his native land in the following beautiful ballad :—

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon Sun, that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night !

A few short hours, and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother Earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
 My dog howls at the gate.

‘Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along.’

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and One above.

‘My father blessed me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.’—
 ‘Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.’

‘Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?’—

‘Deem’st thou I tremble for my life?

Sir Childe, I’m not so weak ;

But thinking on an absent wife

Will blanch a faithful cheek.

‘My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,

Along the bordering lake,

And, when they on their father call,

What answer shall she make?”

Enough, enough, my yeoman good,

Thy grief let none gainsay ;

But I, who am of lighter mood,

Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs

Of wife or paramour ?

Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes

We late saw streaming o’er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near ;

My greatest grief is that I leave

No thing that claims a tear.

And now I’m in the world alone,

Upon the wide, wide sea ;

But why should I for others groan,

When none will sigh for me ?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,

Till fed by stranger hands ;

But, long ere I come back again,

He’d tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go

Athwart the foaming brine ;

Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,

So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !

And, when you fail my sight,

Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !

My native land, good night !

The description of the approach to Lisbon is not less remarkable for its strict accuracy than for its beauty :

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
 New shores descried make every bosom gay ;
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay ;
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores, where yet few rustics reap.

Oh, Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land !
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !
 But man would mar them with an impious hand ;
 And, when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford ;
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick, yet loath, the hand that waves the sword,
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

The scenery of the shore is painted in the most vivid colours :

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep ;

The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at our 'Lady's house of woe ;'
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell :
 Here impious men have punished been, and, lo !
 Deep in yon cave Honourous long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path ;
 Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath :
 For, wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
 Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;
 And grove and glen with thousands such are rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.*

The note which is subjoined to the last line was somewhat exaggerated at the time it was written, and is certainly untrue at the present moment.

The allegorical description of the Spirit of Battle is among the finest things which the poem contains, and is perhaps the first attempt Lord

* It is a well-known fact that, in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen ; but that Englishmen were daily butchered : and, so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre, at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend. Had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal : in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished !

Byron ever made to reach the sublime. The whole of the extract is full of power:

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—The fires of death,
The bale-fires, flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battte stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcbeth all it glares upon!
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now, anon,
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother, there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.



The Heroine of Saragoza.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools !
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway,
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

Among the many instances of romantic heroism, to which the patriotic war in Spain gave birth, none was more remarkable than that of the young Amazon, who was called the Maid of Saragoza. When Lord Byron was at Seville she was daily walking on the Prado there, decorated with the medals which the Junta had bestowed on her for her exploits. Those exploits have been shortly, but correctly, enumerated by the poet in one of the stanzas which he devoted to this subject. After moralizing, perhaps at too great length, upon the vanity of wars in general, and predicting (falsely enough, as subsequent events have proved) that Buonaparte would subdue Spain, he says :

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsexed, the Aulace hath espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appalled, an owl's larum chilled with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light lively tones in Lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?
 Who can avènge so well a leader's fall ?
 What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost ?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall ?

Interesting and delightful as are the sketches which Lord Byron gives of his journey through Spain, those relating to Greece are infinitely more so. If he had been less of a poet he would have been better qualified than any other man to give a description of this classic land, which has so many claims to the sympathy and veneration of all the free and enlightened nations of the earth. The reflections which the sight of Athens inspired in the poet's breast are expressed in strains entirely worthy of them:

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
 Where are thy men of might—thy grand in soul ?
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won, and passed away—is this the whole ?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour !
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.
 Son of the morning, rise ! approach you here !
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn :
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 E'en gods must yield—religions take their turn :
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds !
 Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to Heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing ! to know
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That, being, thou wouldst be again, and go,

Thou knowest not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?

Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?

Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :

That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound ;

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :*

He fell, and falling nations mourned around ;

But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,

Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps

Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps :

Is that a temple where a god may dwell ?

Why e'en the worm at last disdains her shattered cell !

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,

Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :

Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :

Behold, through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,

The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,

And Passion's host, that never brooked control :

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,

People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !

' All that we know is, nothing can be known.'

Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?

Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.

Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :

There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,

But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

* It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead ; the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease, and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brásidas, &c. and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light!
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

Lord Byron's indignation was excited (and we must say, as it appears to us, rather needlessly) at the proceedings of Lord Elgin, who preserved the remains of the works of art in Athens from the destruction to which they were doomed, and sent them to England. Some angry verses and some bitter notes are devoted to this subject, which we shall be obliged to recur to in mentioning another poem—('Minerva's Curse.')

Lord Byron speaks of Albania with great delight, and seems to have been more pleased with this part of Greece, and its people, than with any other. He thus apostrophizes it:

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

A very long note is subjoined, which is highly characteristic of the author; and its interest will be heightened when the reader learns that it conveys a very true notion of the spirit and tone of Lord Byron's conversation. He was in the habit of speaking exactly in the manner in which this note is written:

'Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in

Macedon ; but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list in speaking of his exploits.

‘Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country “within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America.” Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging : on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness’s birth-place, and favorite Serai, only one day’s distance from Berat : at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters.

‘After some stay in the capital we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier’s secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey, which, on our return, barely occupied four.

‘On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier villages of Epirus and Albania Proper.

‘On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text.

‘The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound; and their hardy habits; all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese : the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory: all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous : the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favorably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople, and every other part of

Turkey which came within my observation ; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius ; the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri : the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us ; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

‘ When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. H. for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli’s prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens ; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.

‘ They had a variety of adventures ; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens ; insomuch that four of the principal ‘ Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette.

‘ Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself ; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered “ Our church is holy, our priests are thieves ; ” and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first “ papas ” who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

‘ When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his

quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found: at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ'αφελες," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para,* melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even "Sterne's foolish fat scullion," would have left her "fish-kettle," to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

'For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection.

'That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow: he spoke not, but sat down, leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavored to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber, I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me: *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread; but by *that* bread! (an usual oath,) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him.

'Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Ro-

* Para, about the fourth of a farthing.

maika, the dull roundabout of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens last winter.

‘The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman: my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.’

In the course of his journey Lord Byron paid a visit to Ali Pacha, by whom he was treated with a kindness and hospitality beyond that which the Old Wolf was in the habit of bestowing upon Europeans, and particularly upon European travellers. The description of his approach to Tepalen, where Ali held his court at that period, is very picturesque:

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation turbulent and bold:
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.*
Monastic Zitza!† from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favored, spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms, are found!

* Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood 30,000 Albanians for eighteen years: the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

† The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalic. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zitza forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acar-



Childe Harold at Zitza, near the Chimariot Mountains.

Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole :
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock, yet please, the soul.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh,
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :
 Here dwells the caloyer,* nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve, away.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,†
 Chimæra's alps, extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
 Nodding above : behold black Acheron !
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none !

nanian and Ætolian may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior ; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad : I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople ; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

* The Greek monks are so called.

† The Chimæriot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veiled by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote*
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

But the most striking picture which the poem presents is that of the
 Serai and dwelling-place of Ali Pacha :

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
 And Laos, wide and fierce, came roaring by ;†
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily,
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and, drawing nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen.

He passed the sacred Harem's silent tower,
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Surveyed the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
 While busy preparation shook the court,
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons, wait ;
 Within, a palace ; and without, a fort :
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
 Circled the wide-extending court below :
 Above, strange groups adorned the corridore ;

* Albanese cloak.

† The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it ; and, immediately above Tepalen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster ; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant ; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

And oft-times through the Area's echoing door
Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away :
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see ;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive ; the lively supple Greek ;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek ;

Are mixed conspicuous : some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great !"

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

The old barbarian himself is thus introduced :

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,

Ali reclined, a man of war and woes ;
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averred,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth ;
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

The particulars of this old man's bloodstained life, and the manner of his death, which befitted such a life, are already before the public. Perhaps, however, as an anecdote which is told by Mr. Hobhouse, in his 'Travels,' is not, we believe, very generally known, and as it serves, as well as a volume could, to illustrate Ali's *façon d'agir*, we may be permitted here to insert it :

One of the traveller's guides was talking of Ali Pacha, and said 'that he had often been engaged in warfare against him, with others of his own tribe.' Among other exploits the man said 'that he went once with a party of marauders to Ali's house, hoping to surprise it ; but, being disappointed, they only broke all his windows by firing on them, and retired.' 'And how was the quarrel at last ended ?' asked Mr. Hobhouse, the guide being at this time a subject of the Pacha's. 'Oh,' replied the man, 'Ali invited our chief to go and see him, which he did ; and, when he was in his power, Ali put him upon a spit, and roasted him—and then we submitted.'

Lord Byron's liking for the Albanians seems to have been very strong: he saw in them a striking resemblance, as he thought, to the Highlanders of Scotland. We must confess that, excepting the circumstance of their both wearing kilts, ('There is a river at Monmouth, look you ; and, moreover, there is a river at Macedon,) we cannot see upon what this supposed resemblance is founded. For his attachment to them he gives much better reasons. Their courage, hospitality,

and fidelity, are highly estimable, and all of these Lord Byron had occasion to prove. He was once driven by stress of weather

On the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
and most warmly received by the people. He afterwards engaged some of them as a body-guard, when to travel alone through the mountain passes of their country would have been dangerous, and was served by them with more honorable fidelity than he would, perhaps, have experienced from a more civilized race. In the following war song Lord Byron has endeavored to convey some idea of the poetry of this singular people :

Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! * thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase ;
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth—
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall sooth ;

* Drummer.

Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired* Giaours† view his horse-tail‡ with dread:
When his Delhis§ come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

Selectar!|| unsheath then our chief's scimitar:
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

The apostrophe to Greece is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful and nervous passages that the poem contains. The picture drawn of the country and the people is, happily, even now changed, and promises to be still further improved, thanks to the exertions of the poet:

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long-accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

* * * * *

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. † Infidel.

‡ Horse-tails are the insignia of a Pacha.

§ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope!

|| Sword-bearer.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with arts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
 Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
 Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough ;
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth :

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh ' Alas !'

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields ;
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields ;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
 Art, Glory, Freedom, fail—but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy, ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.
 The sun—the soil—but not the slave—the same,
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
 The Battle-field—where Persia's victim horde
 First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As, on the morn to distant glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word—
 Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's career!

Subjoined to the two first cantos are some interesting notes, from which we have made the following extracts. Lady Morgan is so fair a subject for quizzing that no one can blame his lordship's fling at one of her heroes:

'Before I say any thing about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga," (who, by-the-by, is not an Aga,) the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw, (except Lord E.) and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birth-place.

‘Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favorite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the east which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July, (1810,) you might “damn the climate, and complain of spleen” five days out of seven.

‘The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

“Athens,” says a celebrated topographer, “is still the most polished city of Greece.” Perhaps it may be of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect, of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterized in that proverb which classes them with “the Jews of Salonica and the Turks of the Negropont.”

Lord Byron spares no one with whom he happens to differ in opinion. Poor Dr. Ponqueville and Mr. Thorton share with Lady Morgan and Lord Elgin, and the Disdar Aga, his aristocratic spleen; and he calls names sometimes as well as if he had been born a commoner. While, however, we do not think it worth while to notice these parts of his notes, we are glad to see there are others where his acute observation and his playfulness of manner are well displayed:

‘The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility, very comfortable to voyagers.

‘It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospi-

tality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor Square.

'On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

'In all money transactions with the Moslems I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c. uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

'With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

'In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honorable, friendly, and high-spirited character, than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country-gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

'The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similiar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

'With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.'

It would be in vain to deny that 'Childe Harold' abounds with

faults; but they are such as might, in any case, be pardoned, on account of the beauties with which they are accompanied. The misanthropic tone which pervades them, if it is not very agreeable, is certainly very striking; and although, alone, it would be intolerable, yet, mingled as it is with the brightest genius, we cannot turn away from the wreath which the poet has woven merely because, in his own words,

Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

Occasionally, indeed, the bard has carried this feeling too far; and, not content with making his hero interestingly melancholy, he has put very rude things into his mouth, and particularly some against the fair sex. It is not in good taste, nor is it generally true, to say that English women are 'famed for sickening prate,' although, in the circles where Lord Byron had moved, it might be an accurate description of certain individuals at whom he aimed. He fancied, as all men do, that he had been ill treated by some ladies whom he could have loved. He might have good cause to think so, but that is no reason why he should libel the whole sex, and call all women 'wanton things;' and, although he might perhaps have found it impracticable to form a matrimonial alliance in the highest families of the nation, because his fortune lay at this time in very narrow limits, it does not therefore follow that

'Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,

And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.'

The following criticism, which appeared, shortly after the publication of 'Childe Harold,' in one of those journals which are as useful to the cause of literature as they are honorable to the country,* is a candid and intelligent estimate of the poem:

'The applause which Lord Byron has received has been very general, and, in our opinion, well deserved. We think that the poem exhibits some marks of carelessness, many of caprice, but many also of sterling genius. On the latter we have forbore to expatiate, because we apprehend that our readers are quite as well qualified as ourselves to estimate the merits of pleasing versification, of lively conception, and of accurate expression. Of those errors of carelessness from which few poems are, in the first instance, wholly exempt, we have not attempted to form a catalogue, because they can scarcely fail to be discovered by the author, and may be silently corrected in a future edition: but it was our duty attentively to search for, and honestly to point out, the

* The 'Quarterly Review.'

faults arising from caprice, or from a disregard of general opinion; because it is a too common, though a very mischievous, prejudice, to suppose that genius and eccentricity are usual and natural companions, and that to discourage extravagance is to check the growth of excellence. Lord Byron has shown that his confidence in his own powers is not to be subdued by illiberal and unmerited censure; and we are sure that it will not be diminished by our animadversions: we are not sure that we should have better consulted his future fame, or our own character for candour, if we had expressed our sense of his talents in terms of more unqualified panegyric.'

Even the Mohocks of the 'Edinburgh Review' found it necessary to treat this poem with civility. They found out that Lord Byron had 'marvellously improved since his last appearance at their tribunal,' and that 'Childe Harold' was 'really a volume of considerable power, spirit, and originality.' Amiable condescension! They cannot, however, continue in the same charitable vein for long together. In one of his notes Lord Byron, having alluded to a mistake of the 'Edinburgh Review,' disclaims any wish to conciliate the favour of the reviewers, and plainly and manfully avows the existence of that resentment which their attacks upon him had excited, and which he had so vigorously pursued. The gentle flayers of authors say they were at first disposed to notice this; but they add, 'Our sense of propriety, however, has determined us to resist this temptation; and we shall merely observe, therefore, that, if we viewed with astonishment the immeasurable fury with which the minor poet received the innocent pleasantry and moderate castigation of our remarks on his first publication, we now feel nothing but pity for the strange irritability of temperament which can still cherish a private resentment for such a cause, or wish to perpetuate the memory of personalities so outrageous as to have been injurious only to their author.'

Did ever beaten bullies roar more harmlessly, or get more scurvily out of a scrape? Their 'innocent pleasantry,' and their 'pity for the strange irritability of temperament,' are amusing to the highest degree; and Lord Byron must have been sufficiently avenged by the mean swaggering with which they took the cudgelling he had bestowed on them.

Subjoined to 'Childe Harold' are several lyrical pieces of great elegance and beauty. Some of them are written in that melancholy strain which Lord Byron was at least as much inclined to, and in which

he succeeded as happily, as in more mirthful efforts. The following, dated September, 1809 are very tender and delightful :

TO * * * .

Oh Lady ! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth :
Yet here amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main ;
A few brief rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again :
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee ;
On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.
Forgive the word in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend ;
And, since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wanderer, and be less ?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress ?
Ah ! who would think that form had passed
Through Danger's most destructive path—
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?
Lady ! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose ;
And Stamboul's oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose ;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame
 That glorious city still shall be
 On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
 As spot of thy nativity :
 And, though I bid thee now farewell,
 When I behold that wond'rous scene,
 Since where thou art I may not dwell,
 'Twill sooth to be where thou hast been.

There are, however, three small poems devoted to some real or imaginary fair, whom the poet called Thyrza, which are still better :

Without a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid ?
 By many a shore and many a sea
 Divided, yet beloved in vain ;
 The past, the future, fled to thee
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !
 Could this have been—a word—a look—
 That softly said, ' We part in peace,'
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
 And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held, and holds, thee in his heart ?
 Oh ! who like him had watched thee here,
 Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere Death appear,
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh
 Till all was past ? But, when no more
 'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.
 Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere called but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours, too, the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand;
 The whispered thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;
 The kiss so guiltless and refined
 That Love each warmer wish forbore;
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
 E'en Passion blushed to plead for more.
 The tone that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;
 The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!
 Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;
 But if, in worlds more blest than this,
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.
 Teach me—too early taught by thee!—
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
 On earth thy love was such to me;
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

 STANZAS.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once-soothing strain!
 Or I must flee from hence; for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days:
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am, on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hushed, and all their charms are fled ;
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem, o'er the dead !
 Yes, Thyrza ! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust ! since dust thou art ;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart !
 'Tis silent all !—but on my ear
 The well-remembered echoes thrill ;
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still.
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake ;
 E'en slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till Consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.
 Sweet 'Thyrza' waking, as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream ;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turned from earth its tender beam.
 But he, who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanished ray
 That scattered gladness o'er his path.

TO THYRZA.

One struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before :
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?
 Then bring me wine, the banquet bring ;
 Man was not formed to live alone :
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.

It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been ; but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
For then I deemed the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
' Now Thyrza gazes on that moon'—
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave !

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
' 'Tis comfort still,' I faintly said,
' That Thyrza cannot know my pains :'
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live.

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new !
How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue !
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still !
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with, the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallowed when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

The talent of Lord Byron, however, delighted occasionally in less lugubrious verse, as the following may serve to show, which were composed 'on passing the Ambracian Gulf:'

Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast;
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.
 And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman;
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman.
 Florence! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung,
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell,)
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young;
 Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.
 Though Fate forbids such things to be,
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled!
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world!

While Lord Byron was on his voyage from Athens to Constantinople, some doubts were expressed by the officers on board the vessel (the *Salsette*, Captain Bathurst) as to the practicability of achieving that feat by which Leander lost his life, and immortalized his memory. Lord Byron, who was a very expert swimmer, thought he could do it; and, accompanied by Lieutenant Ekenhead of the *Salsette*, they

actually accomplished the passage on the 3d of May, 1810. Lord Byron has made this event memorable by the following verses:

If, in the month of dark December,
 Leander, who was nightly wont
 (What maid will not the tale remember?)
 To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
 And thus of old thy current poured,
 Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate, modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of May,
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
 According to the doubtful story,
 To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
 And swam for love, as I for glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
 Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
 He lost his labour, I my jest;
 For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

His lordship gave also the following prose account of the affair:

'The whole distance from Abydos, the place whence we started, to our landing at Sestos, on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across; and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and

landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chavalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan: but our consul at Tarragona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavored to ascertain its practicability.'

A Mr. Turner, who seems to have been one of those persons too much inclined to doubt the possibility of every thing which is to them impossible, in some Travels which he published a few years after, insinuated that Lord Byron had exaggerated his account of this feat. It was, perhaps, not worth while to refute such a doubt; but it produced the following letter from Lord Byron, which we insert, because every thing of this sort breathes of the writer. The letter is addressed to Mr. Murray, the bookseller:

'Dear Sir,—In the 44th page, Vol. I. of 'Turner's Travels,' (which you lately sent me,) it is stated that Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of its practicability, seems to have forgotten that Leander swam both ways, with and against the tide; whereas he (Lord Byron) only performed the easiest part of the task, by swimming *with* it, from Europe to Asia.

'I certainly could not have forgotten what is known to every school-boy—that Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards the morning. My object was to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed at all by swimming, and in this Mr. Ekenhead and myself both succeeded; the one in an hour and ten minutes, the other in one hour and five minutes: the *tide* was *not* in our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current; which, so far from helping us to the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr. Ekenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain (now Admiral) Bathurst downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side, was, that the little Cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view to move towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it. Mr. Turner says, "whatever is thrown into the

stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore." This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago if left to the current, although a strong wind from the Asiatic side might have such an effect occasionally.

'Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed; "after five-and-twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up, from complete exhaustion." This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to between *three* and *four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr. Turner that his success would have given me great pleasure; as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of its practicability.—It is not quite fair in him to infer that, because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed.

'There are still four instances on record—a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr. Ekenhead, and myself: the two last were in the presence of hundreds of English witnesses. With regard to the difference of the current, I perceived none; it is favorable to the swimmer on neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it: it is strong; but, if you calculate well, you may reach land. My own experience, and that of others, bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable: any young man in good health, and with tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the passage of the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming I shall mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mingaldo, (a gentleman of Bassano,) a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend Mr. Alexander Scott and myself: as he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him.—We all three started from the Island of the Lido, and swam to Venice.—At the entrance of the Grand Canal Scott and I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of our foreign friend; which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes, and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out—less from fatigue than *chill*, having been four hours in the water without rest, or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back,—this being the condition of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, com-

prising the whole of the Grand Canal, (beside the distance from the Lido,) and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, four hours and twenty minutes. To this match, and during the greater part of the performance, Mr. Hoppner, the consul-general, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not accurately ascertain; it was of course considerable.

‘I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles; and yet, two years ago, I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers—an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also four hours in the water. Mingaldo might be about thirty years of age, Scott about six-and-twenty. With this experience in swimming, at different periods of age, not only on the spot, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander’s exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than passing the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr. Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible excuse for his failure, lays the blame on the Asiatic side of the strait. To me the cause is evident;—he tried to swim *directly* across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage.—He might as well have tried to fly over Mount Athos.

‘That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt, is neither wonderful nor doubtful.—Whether he attempted it or not, is another question, because he might have had a *small boat* to save him the trouble.

‘I am, yours very truly,

‘BYRON.

‘P. S. Mr. Turner says, that the swimming from Europe to Asia was “the easiest part of the task.” I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the return: however, he had several hours between the intervals.—The argument of Mr. T. “that, higher up, or lower down, the strait widens so considerably that he would save little labour by his starting,” is only good for indifferent swimmers. A man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the stream. If Ekenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the

narrowest point, instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the strait, subsequently to our trajet, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater strength of the opposing stream, by which Mr. Turner palliates his own failure. Our amusement in the small bay, which opens immediately below the Asiatic fort, was to dive for the land tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom: this does not argue any greater violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the modest insinuation, that we chose the European side as "easier," I appeal to Mr. Hobhouse and Admiral Bathurst if it be true or no; poor Ekenhead being since dead.—Had we been aware of any such difference of current, as is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five minutes of Mr. Turner's own experiment.'

With the following stanzas, which perhaps Lord Byron never surpassed, we close our account of his lordship's first poem of real importance:

And thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon returned to Earth!
 Though Earth received them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved and long must love
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away ;
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguished, not decayed ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if could I weep
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

CHAPTER III.

THE success of 'Childe Harold' placed Lord Byron upon a very different footing in the literary world from that which he had occupied before his travels, while even the members of the aristocracy courted his society, and were glad to recognise him as one of their own body. Upon this occasion they had good taste and good sense enough to perceive that genius like that of the noble poet seldom blossomed among them ; and that, when it did, they ought to prize it no less for its intrinsic value than for its rarity. Lord Byron, however, was too deeply penetrated with a sense of other and more really noble pursuits, to catch very eagerly at the temptation which was held out to him. The circle of his acquaintance was but little increased ; he usually lived in comparative retirement ; and, when he mixed in the gay world, it was only by assisting at the parties of his relations and the very limited number of his most intimate friends.

For several years after his arrival in London he occupied chambers in the Albany, where his establishment was extremely quiet, and, in the French sense of the word, *modeste*. His only domestics were a

female servant, and Fletcher, his valet, who had been his servant at college, who had accompanied him on his travels, and who never quitted him from the moment of entering his service until that which, by terminating the life of the master, deprived the follower of his best and kindest friend.

Lord Byron devoted himself almost entirely to literary pursuits, and, among other things, to the completion of some of those poetical sketches which he had made in the East. The first of these which he gave to the public was the tale of the 'Giaour,' which is one of the most original and spirited of his productions.

The story is that of a young Venetian, who, at the time when the Seven Islands were in the possession of the republic of Venice, had become enamoured of Leila, the favorite slave of Hassan, a rich emir. His suit had been prosperous, and he had for a time succeeded in baffling the jealous vigilance of her lord. This, however, could not continue for a very long period. Hassan's discovery of the infidelity of Leila is followed by the infliction of that summary vengeance, which, if it does not make the females of the East more virtuous, at least prevents the frequent repetition of their offences. The lover being beyond his reach, he, according to the most approved eastern method in such cases, had the hapless fair fastened up in a sack, and, carrying her in a boat to where 'the channeled waters' are dark and deep, sunk it into the dark and shuddering flood. The lover of the murdered beauty, distracted at the news of his mistress's fate, resolves at least to avenge that which he could not avert. He leagues himself with a band of Arnauts, and, attacking Hassan and his train, as the latter is on a journey to woo a rich and youthful bride, he slays him in the desert, and tells him it is for Leila that he strikes the blow. After having satisfied his vengeance he retires to a monastery, where, after living some years of agony, he dies; but, before his death, discloses to one of the brotherhood the tale of his love, his grief, and his revenge.

Lord Byron says he heard this story, by accident, recited in a coffee-house in the Levant, by one of those professional story-tellers who abound there, and who partly sing, and partly recite, their narratives. He adds modestly, 'the additions and interpolations by the translator will easily be distinguished from the rest by the want of eastern imagery, and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.'

Perhaps to the impression which this disjointed manner of hearing the story, and the additional beauties which the invention of the poet

supplied, may be ascribed to the broken manner in which the poem is written. The transitions are abrupt, but they are always highly effective; and, although in no place the thread of the narrative is kept up, it is in no place obscure or unintelligible.

The poem opens with a description of modern Greece, which has been so often quoted, and so highly praised, that it is now merely necessary to draw the reader's attention to it :

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,

Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free!
Pronounce what sea, what shore, is this—
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For, Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

The hero of the poem—the vengeful, maddened, Giaour—is thus introduced :

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit and hoof of speed ?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The caverned echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
'The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gathered from the ocean-tide :
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast :
And, though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface :
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt ;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

The manner of the death of the ill-fated Leila is supposed to be told by a mariner, whose boat was employed on the tragic occasion :

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan ;
The foremost of the band is seen,
An emir by his garb of green :
'Ho ! who art thou ?—this low salam
Replies of Moslem faith I am.

The burden ye so gently bear,
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 My humble bark would gladly wait.'

'Thou speakest sooth ; thy skiff unmoor,
 And waft us from the silent shore ;
 Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
 The nearest oar that's scattered by,
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channeled waters dark and deep.
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;
 Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of'— * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank ;
 The calm wave rippled to the bank :
 I watched it as it sank ; methought
 Some motion, from the current caught,
 Bestirred it more ;—'twas but the beam
 That chequered o'er the living stream :
 I gazed, till, vanishing from view,
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to genii of the deep,
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

There are passages of more force, and perhaps of greater originality,
 than the following ; but there are none of greater beauty.

As, rising on its purple wing,
 The insect-queen of eastern spring
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :

So Beauty lures the full grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
 Hath lost its charm by being caught;
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Hath brushed its brightest hues away;
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty, gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone!
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar,
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects, fluttering by,
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own;
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The description of Leila's beauty is more powerful than painting,
 more fascinating than ever poet wrote before:

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell;
 But gaze on that of the gazelle—
 It will assist thy fancy well:
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But soul beamed forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
 Yea, *Soul*; and, should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer Nay;

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his houris beckoning through.
 Oh ! who young Leila's glance could read,
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust ?
 On her might muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye th' Immortal shone ;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new :
 Her hair, in hyacinthine flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As, midst her handmaids in the hall,
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere, from the cloud that gave it birth,
 It fell and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water ;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Frangüestan !
 As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide ;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck :—
 Thus, arm'd with beauty, would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait ;
 Her heart as tender to her mate ;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he ?
 Alas ! that name was not for thee !

* * * *

Hassan and his train have proceeded on their journey to that part where they think all the peril is passed ; and, just as this opinion is expressed by one of the party, a bullet whistling past his head, and strik-

ing that of another, gives a gentle contradiction to the notion. Hassan keeps his horse, and his train prepare to defend themselves. Soon the assailants appear, and the Giaour's sword does justice on his Leila's ruthless murderer. The conflict is thus related :

In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambushed foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand ?

'Tis he ! tis he ! I know him now ;
I know him by his pallid brow ;

I know him by the evil eye

That aids his envious treachery ;

I know him by his jet-black barb :

Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,

Apostate from his own vile faith,

It shall not save him from the death :

'Tis he ! well met in any hour,

Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour !

As rolls the river into ocean,

In sable torrent wildly streaming ;

As the sea-tide's opposing motion,

In azure column proudly gleaming,

Beats back the current many a rood,

In curling foam and mingling flood,

While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,

Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;

Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,

The lightnings of the waters flash

In awful whiteness o'er the shore,

That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;

Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,

With waves that madden as they meet—

Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,

And fate, and fury, drive along.

The bickering sabres' shivering jar—

And, pealing wide or ringing near

Its echoes on the throbbing ear,

The deathshot hissing from afar—

The shock, the shout, the groan of war—

Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When, grappling in the fight, they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith ;
 True foes, once met, are joined till death !

* * * * *

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strained within the severed hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him rolled,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streaked with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,
 His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that sealed his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave ;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.



The Death of Hassan.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, September 24, 1824.



He called the Prophet—but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :
 He called on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool ! could Leila's prayer
 Be passed, and thine accorded there ?
 I watched my time, I leagued with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
 And now I go—but go alone.'

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

The tale then proceeds, after a lapse of years, of which no account is given, to the convent in which the Giaour has sought a refuge, but where he joins in none of the holy offices :

' His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle ;
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch ;
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illuminated wall
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed :
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
 But wears our garb in all beside ;
 And, not from piety, but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.'

All that is known beside of the heart-stricken man is gathered from his broken confession, made before death released him from his woes :

' Father ! thy days have passed in peace,
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;

To bid the sins of others cease,

Thyself without a crime or care,

Save transient ills that all must bear,

Has been thy lot from youth to age ;

And thou wilt bless thee from the rage

Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,

Such as thy penitents unfold,

Whose secret sins and sorrows rest

Within thy pure and pitying breast.

My days, though few, have passed below

In much of joy, but more of woe ;

Yet still in hours of love or strife

I've 'scaped the weariness of life :

Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,

I loathed the languor of repose.

Now nothing left to love or hate,

No more with hope or pride elate,

I'd rather be the thing that crawls

Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls

Than pass my dull unvarying days,

Condemned to meditate and gaze.

* * * * *

' I loved her, friar ! nay, adored—

But these are words that all can use—

I proved it more in deed than word ;

There's blood upon that dinted sword,

A stain its steel can never lose :

'Twas shed for her who died for me,

It warmed the heart of one abhorred :

Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,

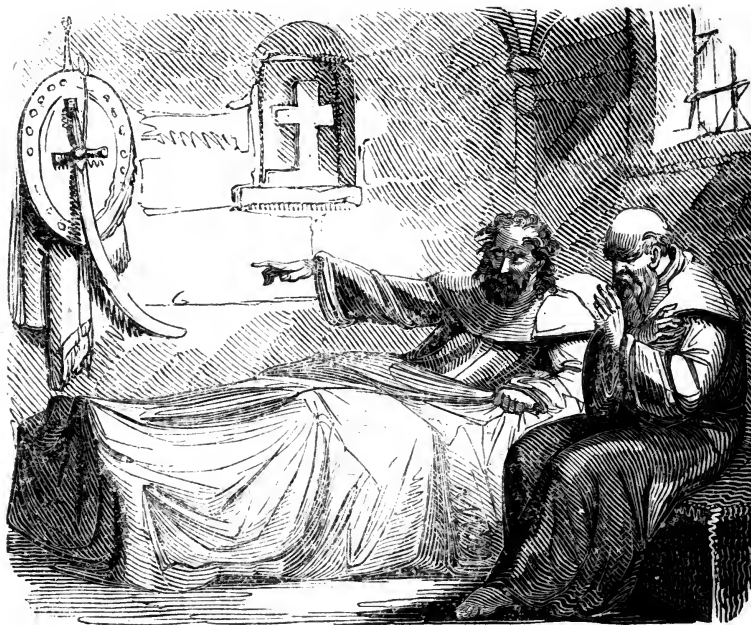
Nor midst my sins such act record ;

Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,

For he was hostile to thy creed !

The very name of Nazarene

Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.



The Giaour relating his History to the Friar.

Ungrateful fool ! since but for brands,
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his houris still might wait
 Impatient at the prophet's gate,
 I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey ;
 And, if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
 But look—'tis written on my brow !
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time :
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one,
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow ;
 But, true to me, I laid him low :
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me ;
 To me she gave her heart,—that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall ;
 And I, alas ! too late to save !
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly ; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

His doom was sealed—he knew it well,
 Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear
 The deathshot pealed of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell !
 He died, too, in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil ;

One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made :
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watched his spirit ebb away :
 'Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I searched, but vainly searched, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind :
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
 Oh, what had vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face !
 The late repentance of that hour,
 When Penitence hath lost her power
 To tear one terror from the grave,
 And will not sooth, and cannot save !

* * * * *

I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain :
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt, and feel,
 Betoken love—that love was mine,
 And shown by many a bitter sign.
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 I knew but to obtain or die.
 I die—but first I have possessed,
 And, come what may, I *have been* blest.
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?
 No—rest of all, yet undismayed
 But for the thought of Leila slain,
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 So would I live and love again.
 I grieve ; but not, my holy guide !
 For him who dies, but her who died :
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
 Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,

This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye
The Morning-star of Memory!

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charmed before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done can'st *thou* undo?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.
My soul's estate in secret guess:
But would'st thou pity more, say less.
When thou can'st bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,

And calm the lonely lioness ;
But sooth not, mock not, *my* distress !

With the following passage this original and touching poem ends :

' Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor ! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.'
He passed—nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day :
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

This poem had the most universal and unequivocal success. The abrupt and dark manner in which the narrative was conducted found many admirers, and the striking novelty of the style made an impression even on those persons who are not usually much interested in the poetry of the day. It can, however, hardly be doubted that a more careful and correct manner of writing would have improved 'The Giaour,' although, perhaps, the effort which it would have required, might not have added proportionately to the author's reputation.

Within a very short period, however, Lord Byron proved that, if he chose sometimes to adopt a singular style, he was not the less capable of succeeding in a more correct and beautiful kind of composition. The publication of another Turkish tale, called 'The Bride of Abydos,' was as conclusive a testimony of the facility and grace of his manner as his other productions had been of his genius and power.

As there is no indication of the source whence the foundation of this tale was derived, it is probably a pure invention of the author, and in this point of view must be regarded as an instance of the power and richness of his mind.

The poem opens with a description of the divan of the aged Giaffir, the Pacha of a Turkish province. The Pacha orders his daughter Zuleika

to be brought before him. His son Selim, who stands by, knowing that Zuleika cannot very promptly obey the summons, tells the old man that he had been wandering with his sister in the cypress grove, contemplating the beauties of Nature; and,

————— beguiled too long,

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song,
they had lingered there until the tambour was heard to announce the divan; when he, Selim, hastened to wait on his father, but that Zuleika is still in the grove.

This apology excites the rage of the Pacha, who is among the most irritable of old men; and the manner in which his son receives his reproof gives him reason to fear and to suspect him:

'Son of a slave—the Pacha said—

From unbelieving mother bred,

Vain were a father's hope to see

Aught that beseems a man in thee.

Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,

Thou, Greek in soul, if not in creed,

Must pore where babbling waters flow,

And watch unfolding roses blow.

Would that you orb, whose matin glow

Thy listless eyes so much admire,

Would lend thee something of his fire!

Thou, who would'st see this battlement

By Christian cannon piecemeal rent—

Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall

Before the dogs of Moscow fall—

Nor strike one stroke for life and death

Against the curs of Nazareth!

Go—let thy less than woman's hand

Assume the distaff—not the brand.

But, Haroun! to my daughter speed—

And hark—of thine own head take heed!

If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—

Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,

At least that met old Giafir's ear,

But every frown and every word

Pierced keener than a Christian's sword—

' Son of a slave !—reproached with fear—
Those gibes had cost another dear.

Son of a slave !—and *who* my sire ?'

Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances even of more than ire

Flash forth—then faintly disappear.

Old Giaffir gazed upon his son,

And started—for within his eye

He read how much his wrath had done,

He saw rebellion there begun—

' Come hither, boy—what, no reply ?

I mark thee—and I know thee too ;

But there be deeds thou dar'st not do :

But if thy beard had manlier length,

And if thy hand had skill and strength,

I'd joy to see thee break a lance,

Albeit against my own perchance.'

As sneeringly these accents fell,

On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed—

That eye returned him glance for glance,

And proudly to his sire's was raised,

Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance ;

And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

The angry glances between the father and son are put an end to by the entrance of the lovely Zuleika. There are few passages in Lord Byron's poems more full of beauty and purity than this :

Fair as the first that fell of womankind—

When on that dread, yet lovely, serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;

Dazzling as that, oh ! too transcendent, vision,

To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,

And paints the lost on earth revived in Heaven—

Soft as the memory of buried love—

Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above—

Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,

Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
 The might, the majesty, of Loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
 The light of love, the purity of grace—
 The mind, the music, breathing from her face;
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole;
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
 Her graceful arms in meekness bending
 Across her gently-budding breast;
 At one kind word those arms extending
 To clasp the neck of him who blest
 His child caressing and carest,
 Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
 His purpose half within him melt;
 Not that against her fancied weal
 His heart, though stern, could ever feel;
 Affection chained her to that heart—
 Ambition tore the links apart.

Old Giaffir tells his child that it is his intention immediately to wed her to a kinsman of the Bey Oglou, by which union he consults not her happiness, but the means of strengthening his own power, so as to defy that of the Sultan. Having announced this purpose to the gentle girl, whose simplicity prevents her understanding the full reason of the grief which it occasions to her, Giaffir departs.

Selim remains in so profound a meditation that he does not perceive Zuleika when she approaches him. The whole of this scene is quite delightful; the pure, innocent, beautiful girl—the means by which she attracts her brother's attention—that mixture of playful affection, which is one of Love's first and fairest shapes—are described with the most fascinating power:

No word from Selim's bosom broke,
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke;
 Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
 Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
 To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
 But little from his aspect learned;

Equal her grief, yet not the same—
 Her heart confessed a gentler flame ;
 But yet that heart, alarmed or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak :
 Yet speak she must—but when essay ?
 ‘ How strange he thus should turn away !
 Not thus we e’er before have met,
 Not thus shall be our parting yet.’

Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watched his eye—it still was fixed :

She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
 The Persian Atar-gul’s perfume,
 And sprinkled all its odours o’er
 The pictured roof and marble floor :
 The drops, that through his glittering vest
 The playful girl’s appeal address,
 Unheeded o’er his bosom flew,
 As if that breast were marble too.

‘ What, sullen yet ? it must not be—
 Oh ! gentle Selim, this from thee !’
 She saw, in curious order set,

The fairest flowers of eastern land :

‘ He loved them once—may touch them yet,
 If offered by Zuleika’s hand.’

The childish thought was hardly breathed
 Before the rose was plucked and wreathed ;
 The next fond moment saw her seat
 Her fairy form at Selim’s feet :

‘ This rose, to calm my brother’s cares,
 A message from the Bulbul bears ;

It says to-night he will prolong
 For Selim’s ear his sweetest song ;
 And, though his note is somewhat sad,
 He’ll try for once a strain more glad,
 With some faint hope his altered lay
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

What ! not receive my foolish flower ?

Nay, then, I am indeed unblest :
 On me can thus thy forehead lower ?

And know’st thou not who loves thee best ?



Zuleika offering a Rose to Selim.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, August 13, 1824.

Oh, Selim dear! Oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest,
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
 E'en from my fabled nightingale.
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn:
 Too well I know he loves thee not;
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?
 Ah! deem I right the Pacha's plan?—
 'This kinsman Bey of Carasman
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
 (If shrines, that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step, admit her vow,)
 Without thy free consent, command,
 The Sultan should not have my hand!
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I severed from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:
 Even Azrael, from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!

This rouses the youth, who, rapt in his own contemplations, had hitherto unheedingly listened to the young beauty's speech:

He lived, he breathed, he moved, he felt—
 He raised the maid from where she knelt:
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt—
 With thoughts that burn, in rays that melt.
 As the stream late concealed
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes revealed
 In the light of its billows—

As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it—
Flashed the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A warhorse at the trumpet's sound—
A lion roused by heedless hound—
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife—
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed.
' Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely, hast thou done—
That vow hath saved more heads than one :
But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness ;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.
This morning clouds upon me lowered,
Reproaches on my head were showered,
And Giaffir almost called me coward !
Now I have motive to be brave,
The son of his neglected slave
(Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave)
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed !—yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am—at least shall be ;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand :
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul,
Holds not a Musselim's control.

Was he not bred in Egripo?
 A viler race let Israel show!
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey,
 I've partisans for peril's day;
 Think not I am what I appear—
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance, near.'

Then, making her promise to meet him on the Haram ramparts at night, when he says he will disclose his purpose to her at greater length, and repeating that he is 'not what he appears,' the brother and sister part.

The second canto opens with this beautiful passage :

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save,
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds, warned him home;
 And clouds aloft, and tides below,
 With signs and sounds forbade to go;
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

Selim comes to Zuleika's chamber at midnight, and carries her to a grotto in the Haram gardens, where he appears in a different character :

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seemed wrought within the grot:
 It might be only that the night
 Disguised things seen by better light :

That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue ;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled—not such as wield
The turbaned Delis in the field ;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt !
Ah ! how without can blood be spilt ?
A cup, too, on the board was set,
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean ? She turned to see
Her Selim—‘ Oh ! can this be he ?’

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crowned turban bore,
But, in its stead, a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore :
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glittered at his waist,
Where pistols unadorned were braced ;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote,
That decks the wandering Candiote :
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast ;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.

Selim explains to the wondering girl that she is not his sister ; that his father was Giaffir’s brother, and was treacherously poisoned by him ; while Selim, then an infant, was spared, and brought up as Giaffir’s son. He adds, that, taking advantage of his reputed parent’s absence, he had broken the bonds which held him at home, and had leagued himself with the daring pirates who infested the neighboring

seas. He who endured Giaffir's taunts, and was held unfit for aught warlike, or even manly, was the bold leader of those not less bold spirits who kept far greater powers in awe. He then endeavours to prevail on Zuleika to go with him to share his fortune, and to shun the hateful union into which her father would force her with Osman Bey, by the following speech :

My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me :
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !
But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou !
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark !
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !
Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call—
Soft as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise—
Dear as his native song to exile's ears—
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride :
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resigned for cares—for joys—like these
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumbered perils—but one only love .
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though Fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream, in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still .
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown ;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own

To sooth each sorrow, share in each delight,
 Blend every thought—do all but disunite !
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide ;
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside :
 Yet there we follow but the bent assigned
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind :
 Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease—
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace !
 I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length :
 Power sways but by division—her resource
 The blest alternative of fraud or force !
 Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come,
 When cities cage us in a social home :
 There e'en thy soul might err—how oft the heart
 Corruption shakes, which Peril could not part !
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
 Or e'en disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
 Away, suspicion !—*not* Zuleika's name !
 But life is hazard at the best ; and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear :
 Yes, fear !—the doubt, the dread, of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
 That dread shall vanish with the favoring gale,
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail :
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest :
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms ;
 Earth, sea, alike—our world within our arms !
 Ay ! let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck,
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !
 The war of elements no fears impart
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human art :
There lie the only rocks our course can check ;
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !
 But hence, ye thoughts ! that rise in Horror's shape—
 This hour bestows, or ever bars, escape.

Few words remain of mine my tale to close ;
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes ;
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline ?
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine ?

Zuleika hesitates ; but her doubts are put an end to by the fatal catastrophe which terminates the story :

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
 Stood like that statue of Distress,
 When, her last hope for ever gone,
 The mother hardened into stone ;
 All in the maid that eye could see
 Was but a younger Niobé !

But ere her lip, or e'en her eye,
 Essayed to speak or look reply,
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch
 Far flashed on high a blazing torch !

Another—and another—and another—

' Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother !'

Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
 The fearful lights are gleaming red ;
 Nor these alone—for each right hand
 Is ready with a sheathless brand.

They part, pursue, return, and wheel
 With searching flambeau, shining steel ;
 And last of all, his sabre waving,
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving :

And now almost they touch the cave—

Oh ! must that grot be Selim's grave ?

Selim endeavours to effect his escape. He reaches the strand, marking his course with the bodies of the slaves, who endeavour to oppose his passage, but in vain—the bullet of old Giaffir strikes him :

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
 Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
 To where the strand and billows met :

There, as his last step left the land,
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—

Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look

For her his eye but sought in vain ?

That pause, that fatal gaze he took,

Hath doomed his death, or fixed his chain:

Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
 How late will lover's hope remain !
 His back was to the dashing spray ;
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay ;
 When, at the instant, hissed the ball—
 ' So may the foes of Giaffir fall !'
 Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang ?
 Too nearly—deadly aimed—to err—
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's murderer !
 The father slowly rued thy hate,
 The son hath found a quicker fate :
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
 If aught his lips essayed to groan,
 The rushing billows choked the tone !

Zuleika dies heart-broken, and the aged despot is left to all the tortures of despair and remorse, loaded with the blood of his brother and his brother's son, and deprived of his daughter, the only being in whom his happiness was placed.

The delicacy and beauty of the concluding stanza are beyond all praise :

Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamped with an eternal grief,
 Like early unrequited love !
 One spot exists which ever blooms,
 E'en in that deadly grove !—
 A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
 It looks as planted by Despair—
 So white—so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high ;
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !

The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower.
Nor woos the summer beam:
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame)
That note, so piercing and profound,
Will shape and syllable its sound
Into Zuleika's name.
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;

For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave :
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turbaned head ;
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the ' Pirate-phantom's Pillow !'
 Where first it lay, that mourning flower
 Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour—
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale,
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale !

In the beginning of 1814 Lord Byron published another poem of the same class as the two which we have lately described. Of 'The Corsair' the author, we believe, thought more highly than any thing he had hitherto written ; and although 'Childe Harold' contains proofs that many of its passages were written entirely *con amore*, and under the influence of feelings which were then present in his mind, yet he is understood to have been better satisfied with his success in a style of versification which it is easy enough to write, but difficult so to master as to make it bend to all the purposes of a narrative.

Preceding the poem is a dedication to Mr. Moore, the author of 'Lalla Rookh.' The whole of this epistle is in a highly adulatory strain, which might have been well enough in a private letter, but is rather too honey-sweet for the public. After the little ceremony, too, with which his lordship had treated Mr. Moore in his 'English Bards,' the excessive commendation of the Irish poet's genius, and the unlimited professions of affection and respect for him in which Lord Byr now indulged, seemed too much like an indiscreet attempt at apologizing for an undeserved outrage. We believe the truth was, that Lord Byron, when he wrote his satire, knew nothing personally of Mr. Moore. There was enough in the character of the latter gentleman's poetry to serve as the foundation for a great many bitter things, when a satirist is resolved to be bitter ; and this is saying no more of Mr. Moore than might be said of every other individual,—for where is there any man who shares so little of the infirmity of human nature, that satire cannot find many ridiculous and even some blameable points in his history ? When, afterwards, Lord Byron knew how much Mr. Moore's character deserved the esteem of all his friends, and, the

moment of passion being over, when he saw how fairly his poetry entitled him to the first place among living authors, he was desirous to make honorable amends for the wrong he had done. In pursuit of this object he committed the mistake so common to fervent and generous tempers—his commendations became as much exaggerated as his censures had been unfounded.

In the same preface is an allusion to his early poems, on which he passes rather too harsh a criticism, because he felt that the lustre or his after-gotten fame was somewhat diminished by them. He also alludes to the perverse habit which the public had fallen into, of believing that, in all the unamiable and repulsive personages he described, he painted his own character, which absurd wilfulness always gave him more pain than seems to have been reasonable. The passage we allude to is the following :

‘ The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly ; but, as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret.

‘ With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity or ‘ drawing from self,’ the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavorable ; and, if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not I have little interest in undeceiving.’

The character of the Corsair is one which is at once admirably adapted for all the purposes of romance, and yet sufficiently true to nature as to create no objection on the score of improbability. There have been frequent instances of men, who, being driven by the consequences of youthful vice and imprudence into perilous and disgraceful courses, have yet retained so much of the nobility of their nature as to dignify by occasional traits of heroism and virtue the degraded tenor of their lives. The arrogance and inexperience of youth are always inclined to favour the erroneous belief that it is possible for a man to be independent of society and of the world. When the punishment which inevitably awaits this mistake begins to be inflicted, the first impulse of a fiery temper is, very naturally, to throw off the yoke.

and to dare a combat, in which enterprise and energy seem to be a match for the sluggish strength of the world. Lord Byron has supposed the hero of his poem—at whose former rank he obscurely hints, and whom he endows with so many noble and manly qualities, that, saving he is a thief and a pirate, he is as much of a hero as can be desired—to have acted under such impulses as we have described. He places him in one of the Egean Isles, the leader of a band of resolute pirates, over whom he has the most absolute sway, and who neither know nor inquire who he is, satisfied that he has a head to plan, and an arm to execute any deed of daring and blood. The manner in which he is described is highly interesting :

His name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command ;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still ;
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too ;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But, while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
' Steer to that shore !'—they sail. ' Do this !'—'tis done :
' Now form and follow me !'—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will ;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

And the sketch of his figure and demeanour is no less striking :

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire :

Robust, but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height ;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men ;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sunburnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen :
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye :
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny ;
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And, where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell !

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought !
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile ;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions ; and, to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.

Then, with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear :
Then, with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart :
That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze, or glow,
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow ;
Then, Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot !
Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years !
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

In the midst of this storm of passions, and the desolation of the heart which it occasions, one fond feeling blossoms like a single flower in an arid desert. The Corsair loves.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart :
Oft could he sneer at others, as beguiled,
By passions worthy of a fool or child ;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And e'en in him it asks the name of Love !
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed them by ;
Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
Yes, it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh, more than all !—untired by time ;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile ;
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret, to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent ;

Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
 Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart ;
 Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove ;—
 If there be love in mortals—this was love !
 He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
 On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
 Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
 Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one !

Having received news from some of his men respecting an attack which he is about to make, and which is not only perilous in itself, but is accompanied by a fatal presentiment, Conrad now hastens to bid farewell to his Medora, the object of his affection. As he approaches her bower, on the tower-crowned hill, he hears her gentle voice—

‘ And these the notes his bird of beauty sung
 ‘ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before.
 There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp,
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen ;
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.
 Remember me—Oh ! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline :
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.
 My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear :
 Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove ;
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
 The first—last—sole—reward of so much love !’

The interview between the pirate and his wife is exquisitely described ; and the contrast between the ardent, but gentle, fondness of Medora, and the fierce love of Conrad, is skilful and beautiful in the extreme :

He passed the portal—crossed the corridore,
 And reached the chamber as the strain gave o’er :

‘ My own Medora ! sure thy song is sad’—
‘ In Conrad’s absence wouldst thou have it glad ?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul, betray ;
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhushed—although my lips were mute !
Oh ! many a night, on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind,
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale :
Though soft, it seemed the low prophetic dirge,
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge :
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;
And many a restless hour outwatched each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view ;
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
At length—’twas noon—I hailed and blest the mast
That met my sight—it neared—alas ! it past !
Another came—Oh God ! ’twas thine at last !
Would that those days were over ! wilt thou ne’er,
My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to roam :
Thou know’st it is not peril that I fear—
I only tremble when thou art not here ;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will !’

‘ Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed ;
Worm-like ’twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them ;

So closely mingling here, that, disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind :
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last ;
But—Oh Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart—
This hour again—but not for long—we part.

‘ This hour we part !—my heart foreboded this :
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away !
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay :
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew.
My love ! thou mockest my weakness ; and wouldest steel
My breast before the time when it must fee ;
But trifle now no more with my distress—
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare ;
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And, where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I gueseds
At such as seemed the fairest : thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ;
Yes ! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow—
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !
The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers ;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears :
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread ; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco’s damp :
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song ,
Or my guitar, which still thou lovest to hear,
Shall sooth or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We’ll turn the tale, by Ariosto told ,
Of fair Olympia, loved and left of old.
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ;

Or e'en that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
 When the clear sky showed Ariadne's isle,
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while :
 And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
 Lest time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main :
 And he deceived me—for—he came again !

' Again—again—and oft again—my love !
 If there be life below, and hope above,
 He will return—but now the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing :
 The why—the where—what boots it now to tell ?
 Since all must end in that wild word—farewell !
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose ;
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes ;
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared :
 Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay ;
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
 Security shall make repose more sweet.
 List !—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
 One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! adieu !

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
 Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
 In all the wildness of dishevelled charms ;
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
 So full—that feeling seemed almost unfelt !
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun !
 It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
 Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed !
 And, tottering, to the couch his bride he bore ;
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more ;

Felt that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone?

He tears himself from his Medora, and departs on his desperate expedition. The manner of his setting out is highly characteristic:

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
Before him Juan stands—‘Are all prepared?’

‘They are—nay more—embarked: the latest boat
Waits but my chief’——

‘My sword and my capote.’

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o’er his shoulders flung.
‘Call Pedro here!’ He comes—and Conrad bends
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends:
‘Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
Double the guard, and when Anselmo’s bark
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return—till then all peace be thine!’
This said, his brother pirate’s hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
Flashed the dipt oars, and, sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves’ phosphoric brightness broke;
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,
Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o’er the parting hour.
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan, his means, and ends.
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art:

They to the midnight watch protract debate;
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
 Mean time the steady breeze serenely blew,
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
 Passed the high headlands of each clustering isle,
 To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
 And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
 Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,
 And anchored where his ambush meant to lie;
 Screened from espial by the jutting cape,
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
 Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
 Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep;
 While leaned their leader o'er the fretting flood,
 And calmly talked—and yet he talked of blood!

In the second canto the cause of Conrad's expedition is made apparent. The Pacha Seyd had promised to attack and destroy the pirates, and Conrad resolved to anticipate him by carrying the war into his own palace. On the night when Conrad left his pirate-isle the Pacha had given a feast. The revels in his palace are well described, and are in progress when the arrival of a Dervise is announced, and a scene ensues which puts a stop to them:

With cautious reverence, from the outer gate,
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait:
 Bows bent his head—his hand salutes the floor,
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
 'A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.'
 He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
 And led the holy man in silence nigh.
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
 Yet worn he seemed of hardship more than years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears,
 Vowed to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone;
 Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned,
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

Whence comest thou, Dervise?"

' From the outlaw's den,

A fugitive'—

' Thy capture where and when?"

' From Scalanova's port to Scio's isle
 The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile
 Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
 The rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
 I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night
 Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight:
 I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
 With thee, most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

' How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
 Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
 Dream they of this our preparation, doomed
 To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

' Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,
 That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
 I only heard the reckless waters roar,
 Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
 I only marked the glorious sun and sky,
 Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;
 And felt—that all which Freedom's bosom cheers
 Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
 This mayest thou judge, at least, from my escape,
 They little deem of aught in peril's shape;
 Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
 That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:
 The careless guard, that did not see me fly,
 May watch as idly when thy power is nigh:

Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves;
Permit my absence—Peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release.

‘Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done—prepare thee to reply
Clearly and full—I love not mystery.’

This, however, seems to be more than the good Dervise had reckoned on. Just as the conversation has ended, and the Pacha is permitting his departure, the palace is found to be in flames from the attack of the pirates. The Pacha discovers the treachery, and calls upon his guards to seize and cleave the Dervise. The conflict now begins:

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appalled the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his sabre’s ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow’s sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems’ eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o’er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha’s angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!
He saw their terror—checked the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since, far too early and too well obeyed,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made:

He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew.
'Tis answered—' Well ye speed, my gallant crew !
Why did I doubt their quickness of career,
And deem design had left me single here ?'
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;
Completes his fury what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head :
E'en Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelmed with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe !
His blazing galleys still distract his sight ;
He tore his beard, and, foaming, fled the fight ;
For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait ;
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows !
The corsairs, pouring, haste to where within
Invited Conrad's bugle ; and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair !
But short their greeting—shorter his reply—
' 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die.
Much hath been done—but more remains to do :
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too ?'

Quick at the word—they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
Of women struck ; and, like a deadly knell,
Knocked at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.
' Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not, on your lives,
One female form—remember—we have wives.

On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;
 Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:
 But still we spared—must spare—the weaker prey.
 Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
 If at my word the helpless cease to live;
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.
 He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door—
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
 His breath choked, gasping with the volumed smoke,
 But still from room to room his way he broke.
 They search—they find—they save: with lusty arms
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
 Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
 With all the care defenceless beauty claims:
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
 But who is she whom Conrad's arms convey
 From reeking pile and combat's wreck away?
 Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

Rapid as is the success of the attack, its defeat is scarcely less so; for, the Pacha and his troops rallying, and finding, when their panic is over, the small number of their foes, attack them in turn, and defeat them. Conrad is overwhelmed by numbers; wounded, but not killed; and thrown into a dungeon, to await a more dreadful fate on the morrow:

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
 It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
 There is a war, a chaos, of the mind,
 When all its elements, convulsed—combined—
 Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
 And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
 That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
 But cries 'I warned thee!' when the deed is o'er.
 Vain voice! the spirit, burning, but unbent,
 May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
 E'en in that lonely hour when most it feels,
 And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,

No single passion, and no ruling thought
 That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
 But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
 All rushing through their thousand avenues.
 Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
 Endangered glory, life itself beset;
 The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
 'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
 The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
 Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
 Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not
 So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
 Things light or lovely in their acted time,
 But now to stern reflection each a crime;
 The withering sense of evil unrevealed,
 Not cankering less because the more concealed—
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
 That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
 Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
 To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
 Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
 All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
 The only hypocrite deserving praise:
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
 But he who looks on Death—and silent dies.
 So steeled by pondering o'er his far career,
 He halfway meets him should he menace near!

Gulnare, the Pacha's favorite, who was saved by Conrad, from a feeling of gratitude, but more because his courage has won her heart, visits him in his dungeon. The description of this scene is highly beautiful, and the opening of it has perhaps never been equalled:

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
 Was hushed so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
 He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends.
 Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
 No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!

Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
 Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
 Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
 And once unclosed—but once may close again.
 That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
 And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair;
 With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
 Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
 Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare,
 Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare?
 She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
 In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
 She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
 Which oft in sport adorned her hand before—
 And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way
 Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
 Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
 And chill and nodding at the turret door,
 They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more:
 Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
 Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

She gazed in wonder, ' Can he calmly sleep,
 While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
 And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
 What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
 True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
 And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
 'Tis late to think—but, soft—his slumber breaks—
 How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!'

He raised his head—and, dazzled with the light,
 His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright:
 He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
 Too harshly told him that he lived again.
 ' What is that form? if not a shape of air,
 Methinks my gaoler's face shows wond'rous fair!'

' Pirate! thou knowest me not—but I am one
 Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done:



Gulnare visiting Conrad the Corsair.

Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatched from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.

‘ If so, kind lady ! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight :
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine !’

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
Is linked a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
‘ That playfulness of sorrow ne’er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles ;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest !
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate’er it was that flashed on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow :
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth ;
Yet ’gainst his nature—for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.
‘ Corsair ! thy doom is named—but I have power
To sooth the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow ;
But all I can, I will : at least, delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both.’

‘ Yes !—loth indeed :—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fallen too low to fear a further fall :
Tempt not thyself with peril ; me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope :
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die ?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.

My sole resources in the path I trod
 Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God !
 The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
 And man but works his will to lay me low.
 I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
 Wrung from the coward crouching of despair ;
 It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
 My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
 That might have better kept so true a brand ;
 My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
 For her in sooth my voice would mount above :
 Oh ! she is all that still to earth can bind—
 And this will break a heart so more than kind,
 And blight a form—till thine appeared, Gulnare !
 Mine eye ne'er asked if others were as fair.'

'Thou lov'st another then ?—but what to me
 Is this ?—'Tis nothing—nothing e'er can be :
 But yet—thou lov'st—and—oh ! I envy those
 Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
 Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
 That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought.'

'Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom
 This arm redeemed thee from a fiery tomb.'

'My love stern Seyd's ! Oh—no—no—not my love—
 Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
 To meet his passion—but it would not be.
 I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
 I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,
 To share his splendour, and seem very blest !
 Oft must my soul the question undergo,
 Oft—"Dost thou love ?" and burn to answer "No !"
 Oh ! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
 And struggle not to feel averse in vain ;
 But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
 And hide from one—perhaps another there.
 He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
 Its pulse nor checked—nor quickened—calmly cold ;
 And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
 From one I never loved enough to hate.'

No warmth these lips return by his impress,
And chilled remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes, had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel:
But still—he goes unmourned—returns unsought—
And oft, when present, absent from my thought.
Or when reflection comes—and come it must—
I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust:
I am his slave; but, in despite of pride,
'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
Or seek another, and give mine release,
But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,
Remember, captive! 'tis to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endeared below,
Who share such love as I can never know.
Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away:
'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,
And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropped, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

While Conrad lies a captive to his relentless foe, the heart-stricken Medora is awaiting his return. At length the news of his defeat and of his captivity, if not his death, reaches her, and she sinks under the intelligence.

Gulnare attempts to procure his liberation, but the Pacha treats her application with scorn and insolent threats against herself. The love which she had begun to feel for Conrad, and the hatred with which this treatment inspires her for the Pacha, have wrought her up to desperate deeds :

The midnight passed—and to the massy door
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more.
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key :
'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she !
Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint ;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame :
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
Which spoke before her accents—' Thou must die !
Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse.'

' Lady ! I look to none—my lips proclaim
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same :
Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear ?
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed.'

' Why should I seek ? because—oh ! didst thou not
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot ?
Why should I seek ?—hath misery made thee blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind ?
And must I say—albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved :
It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—maddened—loved !'
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain ;
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.

If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here :
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam !
What hath such gentle dame to do with home ?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread ;
If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me !

‘ Ay—in my chains ! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head !
Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight ?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight ?

‘ Misdoubting Corsair ! I have gained the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain :
Without some aid how here could I remain ?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time ;
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime :
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd ;
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed !
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wronged—spurned—reviled—and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdained—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained.
Yes, smile !—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear :
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring ; he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer ;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine, too, he threatens ; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will :

When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
 There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea !
 What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
 To wear but till the gilding frets away ?
 I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,
 If but to show how grateful is a slave.
 But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
 (And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife,)
 I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
 Now I am all thine own—for all prepared :
 Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the worst.
 Alas ! this love—that hatred are the first—
 Oh ! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st not start,
 Nor fear the fire that lights an eastern heart,
 'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
 It points within the port a Mainote prow :
 But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
 There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd !

‘ Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
 My abject fortune, withered fame, so low
 Seyd is mine enemy ; had swept my band
 From earth with ruthless but with open hand ;
 And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
 To smite the smiter with the scimitar ;
 Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
 Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
 Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
 Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
 Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast !
 Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest !’

‘ Rest ! rest ! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
 And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
 I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
 If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
 My life—my love—my hatred—all below
 Are on this cast—Corsair ! 'tis but a blow !
 Without it flight were idle—how evade
 His sure pursuit ? my wrongs too unrepaid,
 My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
 One blow shall cancel with our future fears ;

But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gained—one moment all were o'er—
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold and my shroud.'

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued.
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air:
He reached an open gallery—on his eye
Gleamed the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved—a scarcely closing door
Revealed the ray within, but nothing more.
With hasty step a figure outward past,
Then paused—and turned—and paused—'tis she at last!
No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
'Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!'
Again he looked, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopped—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
That nearly veiled her face and bosom fair;
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood:
He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;

He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain :
 But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
 From all his feelings in their inmost force—
 So thrilled—so shuddered every creeping vein,
 As now they froze before that purple stain.
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
 Had banished all the beauty from her cheek !
 Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
 It flowed in combat, or was shed by men !

‘ ’Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
 Corsair ! he perished—thou art dearly won.
 All words would now be vain—away—away !
 Our bark is tossing—’tis already day.
 The few gained over now are wholly mine,
 And these thy yet surviving band shall join :
 Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
 When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.’

Accompanied by Gulnare he reaches his strong hold once more. Filled with detestation for the crime she has committed, Conrad cannot forget that it was for him the blow was struck, and that he owes his preservation to it :

—————And she for him had given
 Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven !
 And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave
 Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave,
 Who now seemed changed and humbled :—faint and meek,
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek
 To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
 That fearful spot which stained it from the dead !
 He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
 So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate ;
 He clasped that hand—it trembled—and his own
 Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
 ‘ Gulnare !’—but she replied not—‘ dear Gulnare !’
 She raised her eye—her only answer there—
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace :
 If he had driven her from that resting-place,





Conrad mourning over Medora.

His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had joined the rest.
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
That asked from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last, that Frailty stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had lavished all his breath,
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As he had fanned them freshly with his wing !

Conrad does not know the sorrow that awaits him. He hastens onward to Medora's bower :

He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within ; and all was night around.
He knocked, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh ;
He knocked—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essayed,
And failed, to frame the question they delayed ;
He snatched the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
He would not wait for that reviving ray—
As soon could he have lingered there for day ;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,
Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor :
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold !

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook :
He gazed—how long we gaze, despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain !
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there ;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained

As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
 And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below—
 Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
 And wished repose—but only for a while;
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
 These, and the pale pure cheek, became the bier:
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

Against this shock Conrad's heart cannot bear up, and the poem concludes with a recital of his sudden disappearance, after describing in beautiful poetry the feelings which the death of Medora occasioned:

His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong;
 Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;
 Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
 Within the grot; like that had hardened too;
 Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
 But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.
 Yet tempests wear and lightning cleaves the rock;
 If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow;
 Though dark the shade, it sheltered—saved—till now.
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both
 The granite's firmness and the lily's growth:
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
 Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell;
 And of its cold protector blacken round
 But shivered fragments on the barren ground!

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
 Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
 He was not there—nor seen along the shore;
 Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er:

Another morn—another bids them seek,
 And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley searched in vain,
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain :
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
 And Conrad comes not—came not since that day :
 Nor trace nor tidings of his doom declare
 Where lives his grief or perished his despair !
 Long mourned his band whom none could mourn beside ;
 And fair the monument they gave his bride :
 For him they raise not the recording stone—
 His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ;
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

Many conjectures have been made as to the origin of this poem. It has been referred to Sir Walter Scott's 'Rokeby,' and to twenty other sources, without the most distant reason upon which to found such arbitrary and unnecessary attempts at a charge of plagiarism. The character of Conrad, not in itself very original, is treated in so powerful and original a manner, that Lord Byron is no less the author of it, in the proper sense of the word, than if none of the resemblance with other characters existed. It would be just as fair and reasonable to say that Shakspeare was a plagiarist, because the characters of Hamlet and Macbeth had been handled before he made them his own.

Lord Byron mentions, in a note to the poem, a curious fact connected with the history of Bishop Blackbourne.

' There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known ; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer : and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is archbishop of York. We are informed that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702 ; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean ; and, in 1714, held with it the archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716 ; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop

he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but, so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics, (particularly of the Greek tragedians,) as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man: this, however, was turned against him, by its being said "he gained more hearts than souls."

In the dedication prefixed to this poem Lord Byron had frightened 'the reading public' out of their wits by a threat that he would not send any other work into the world for a long period. If he really meant to keep his word when he made this announcement, some circumstances which we cannot regret soon induced him to alter his resolution; and he published in the course of the same year a poem, under the title of 'Lara.' It came into the world prefixed to a very beautiful little tale, called 'Jacqueline,' by Mr. Rogers, to which Lord Byron paid the compliment of saying that it ought to have taken place of his own, and 'regretted that the more tenacious courtesy of his friend did not permit him to place it where the judgment of the reader, concurring with his own, would have suggested its more appropriate station.'

'Lara' is supposed, as appears to us with great reason, to be a continuation of the 'Corsair.' It either is or it ought to be so. Abrupt and dark as is the termination of the 'Corsair,' the beginning of 'Lara' is not less so. The former ends with the disappearance of Conrad:

Nor trace nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief or perished his despair!

The latter commences with an account of the return of Lara, after a long absence caused by circumstances which no one can explain, and spent no one can tell how nor where:

The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;

He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exil'd chieftain, is restored :
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall ;
Far chequering o'er the pictured window plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze ;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth

The chief of Lara is returned again :
And why had Lara crossed the bounding main ?
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself ;—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest !—
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime,
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara's daring boyhood governed men.
It skills not, boots not, step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race ;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.

On his return he is accompanied by only one attendant, a page, of foreign birth and tender years. He gives no explanation of his past travel, shows a disinclination to answer questions, and bears on all occasions a lofty and repelling demeanour :

—————'Tis quickly seen,
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been :
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past :
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look ;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;

All these seemed his, and something more beneath
 Than glance could well reveal or accent breathe.
 Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
 Within his breast appeared no more to strive,
 Yet seemed as lately they had been alive;
 And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
 At moments lightened o'er his livid face.

His rank and wealth of course give him a passport to the society
 of the nobles of his country :

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
 Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men ;
 Born of high lineage, linked in high command,
 He mingled with the Magnates of his land ;
 Joined the carousals of the great and gay,
 And saw them smile or sigh their hours away :
 But still he only saw, and did not share
 The common pleasure or the general care ;
 He did not follow what they all pursued,
 With hope still baffled, still to be renewed ;
 Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
 Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain :
 Around him some mysterious circle thrown
 Repelled approach, and showed him still alone ;
 Upon his eye sate something of reproof,
 That kept at least frivolity aloof ;
 And things more timid, that beheld him near,
 In silence gazed, or whispered mutual fear ;
 And they, the wiser, friendlier few, confess
 They deemed him better than his air exprest.

In the mean time his strange habits, his fits of mental abstraction,
 his evident suffering under some mental agony, give rise to whispers
 and suggestions among his household, who deem, in that charitable
 criticism which servants exercise over the actions of those whose
 bread they eat, that it must be some crime 'unwhipped of justice'
 which thus shakes his nature. He is accustomed to walk by night in
 an old dark gallery, hung with the portraits of his ancestors. From
 this gallery the domestics fancy they have heard unearthly voices
 issue, while that of their lord has been in communion with them. At

length an incident occurs which confirms their suspicions. The description of this event is instinct with all the beauty and force which are the strong characteristics of Lord Byron's poetry :

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam :
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away ;
Reflecting far and fairy-like on high
The immortal lights that live along the sky :
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee ;
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
And Innocence would offer to her love.
These deck the shore ; the waves their channel make
In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there ;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night !
It was a moment only for the good :
So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,
But turn'd in silence to his castle gate ;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate :
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze--
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now--
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,
A night of beauty, mocked such breast as his.

He turned within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall ;
There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Save vague tradition ; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults ;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age ;
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.

He wandering mused ; and, as the moonbeam shone
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view—
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber ; the lone light
Dimmed in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
Hark ! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call !
A long, loud shriek—and, silence ! did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear ?
They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save ;
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatched in startled haste unbelted brands.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
Was Lara stretched ; his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropped, it should seem, in more than nature's fear ;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knit his gathered brow ;
Though mixed with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay ;
Some half-formed threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing pride ;
His eye was almost sealed, but not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft, awake, his aspect could disclose,
And now was fixed in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him ;—hush ! he breathes, he speaks !
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks !
His lip resumes its red ; his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild ; each slowly quivering limb
Recalls its function ; but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue ;

Distinct, but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land ;
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas ! that cannot hear !

His page approached, and he alone appeared
To know the import of the words they heard ;
And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
They were not such as Lara should avow,
Nor he interpret ; yet with less surprise
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes ;
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
And in that tongue which seemed his own replied ;
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
To sooth away the horrors of his dream—
If dream it were that thus could overthrow
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

With the ensuing day the dream or vision appears to be forgotten by Lara, while the recollection of it remains indelibly impressed on the minds of his terrified servitors.

This page is of course Gulnare, who has followed the corsair Conrad in his desperate flight from the pirate isle, and who hid her story and her sex under the disguise of a male attendant. The following sketch of the character of Lara's mind is very fine. The ruin which falls upon a haughty and disappointed spirit, and which, although it cannot do away with the nobleness of its nature, turns it all to bitterness and woe, is admirably delineated :

There was in him a vital scorn of all :
As if the worst had fallen which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurled ;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped ;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret :
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth ;

With thought of years in phantom chase 'twas spent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path;
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life:
But, haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will.
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good;
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
Mislead his spirit equally to crime:
So much he soared beyond or sunk beneath
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe
And longed by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state,
His mind, abhorring this, had fixed her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own.
Thus coldly passing all that passed below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,
But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!
'Tis true with other men their path he walked,
And like the rest in seeming did and talked;
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start—
His madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,

He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart :
 It was not love, perchance—nor hate—nor aught
 That words can image to express the thought ;
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,
 And, once beheld, would ask of him again :
 And those to whom he spake remembered well,
 And on the words, however light, would dwell :
 None knew nor how, nor why, but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind ;
 There he was stamped, in liking, or in hate,
 If greeted once ; however brief the date,
 That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound :
 His presence haunted still ; and from the breast
 He forced an all unwilling interest :
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
 His spirit seemed to dare you to forget !

Notwithstanding his frequent abstractions, and the moodiness of his retirement, Lara sometimes mixes even with festive society. A neighboring Baron, Sir Otho, has invited him with other guests of the fairest and noblest in the land to a solemn banquet, at which he does not fail to be present. He stands gazing, 'sedately glad,' at the mirth in which he does not take any share ; and for some time endures, without being conscious of it, the prying glance of a stranger knight, who seems struck by his appearance. Their eyes meet ; and the stranger's belief that he had seen Lara before, and that he knows him, is confirmed. Lara throws back the looks of scorn which the stranger has been darting at him ; and at length the following scene takes place :

' 'Tis he ! ' the stranger cried, and those that heard
 Re-echoed fast and far the whispered word.
 ' 'Tis he ! '—' 'Tis who ? ' they question far and near,
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear ;
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
 The general marvel, or that single look ;
 But Lara stirred not, changed not ; the surprise
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes

Seemed now subsided ; neither sunk nor raised
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed ;
 And, drawing nigh, exclaimed, with haughty sneer,
 ' 'Tis he !—how came he thence ?—what doth he here ?'

It were too much for Lara to pass by
 Such question, so repeated fierce and high :
 With look collected, but with accent cold,
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
 He turned, and met the inquisitorial tone—
 ' My name is Lara ! when thine own is known,
 Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
 The unlooked-for courtesy of such a knight.
 'Tis Lara !—further wouldst thou mark or ask,
 I shun no question, and I wear no mask.'

' Thou shunest no question ! Ponder—is there none
 Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun ?
 And deemest thou me unknown too ? Gaze again !
 At least thy memory was not given in vain.
 Oh ! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
 Eternity forbids thee to forget.'

With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
 They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
 He deigned no answer, but his head he shook,
 And half contemptuous turned to pass away ;
 But the stern stranger motioned him to stay.
 ' A word !—I charge thee stay, and answer here
 To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer ;
 But, as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord,
 If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
 But, as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
 Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
 Art thou not he whose deeds ?'—

' Whate'er I be,
 Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,
 I list no further ; those with whom they weigh
 May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
 The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
 Which thus begins so courteously and well.

Let Otho cherish here his polished guest,
 To him my thanks and thoughts shall be exprest.
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—
 ‘Whate’er there be between you undisclosed,
 This is no time nor fitting place to mar
 The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
 If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
 Which it befits Count Lara’s ear to know,
 To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
 Bescem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
 I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
 Though, like Count Lara, now returned alone
 From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
 And, if from Lara’s blood and gentle birth
 I augur right of courage and of worth,
 He will not that untainted line belie,
 Nor aught that knighthood may accord deny.’

‘To-morrow be it,’ Ezzelin replied,
 ‘And here our several worth and truth be tried;
 I gage my life, my falchion to attest
 My words, so may I mingle with the blest!
 What answers Lara? To its centre shrunk
 His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
 The words of many, and the eyes of all
 That there were gathered, seemed on him to fall;
 But his were silent, his appeared to stray
 In far forgetfulness away—away.
 Alas! that heedlessness of all around
 Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

‘To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!’ further word
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard;
 Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke;
 Yet there was something fixed in that low tone,
 Which showed resolve, determined, though unknown.
 He seized his cloak—his head he slightly bowed—
 And, passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd.

Lara then summons his page, and departs from the castle of the

Baron Otho with a deadly smile on his countenance. A description of the page here follows, in which it is impossible not to recognise the Gulnare of the former poem :

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not marred, though in his beams he grew,
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through ;
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ;
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment fevered there ;
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
 From high, and lightened with electric thought,
 Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge ;
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share :
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;
 And, from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook :
 He seemed, like him he served, to live apart
 From all that lures the eye and fills the heart ;
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara ;—but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;
 In mute attention ; and his care, which guessed
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed.
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did ;
 A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid ;
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.

Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
 To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
 No sympathy with that familiar crew:
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them:
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;
 So femininely white, it might bespeak
 Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek,
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame:
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guessed.
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain shore;
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
 Start to the sound, as but remembered then;
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
 For then ear, eyes, and heart, would all awake.

The page had looked with anxious emotion upon the quarrel between his lord and the stranger. When he sees the smile with which he departs, his perturbation is increased to the utmost:

When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
 As if on something recognised right well;
 His memory read in such a meaning more
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
 Forward he sprung—a moment, both were gone,
 And all within that hall seemed left alone.

The stanza with which this, the first, canto concludes, has been often quoted, and always warmly praised, but never more ardently than

it deserves. The beauty of the expressions gives a novel charm to an idea not very new, and even the melancholy turn of it is an additional beauty :

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
 The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
 Again to that accustomed couch must creep
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
 And man, o'er-labored with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :
 There lie Love's feverish hope, and Cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lulled Ambition's wile ;
 O'er each vain eye Oblivion's pinions wave,
 And quenched existence crouches in a grave.
 What better name may slumber's bed become ?
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
 Alike in naked helplessness recline ;
 Glad for a while to heave unconscious breath,
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
 And shun, though day but dawn on ills increast,
 That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

We could not forgive ourselves, after having called our readers' attention to the beauty of the last stanza, if we did not claim from them scarcely a secondary admiration for that which begins the second canto :

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
 Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little, but his last ;
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal man ! behold her glories shine,
 And cry, exulting inly, ' They are thine !'
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see ;
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee :
 And, grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear ;



Otho wounded in a Conflict with Lara.

Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
 But creeping things shall revel in their spoil;
 And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

The morning on which Sir Ezzelin, the stranger knight, was to redeem his pledge, arrives. Lara repairs to the castle of Otho, and waits in calm but haughty confidence the coming of his accuser. Otho becomes impatient, but firm in his belief of his absent friend's honour and veracity, and pledges himself for his appearance, or offers to 'redeem his knighthood's stain.'

Lara, with the same composed demeanour that has always marked him, requires the baron either to produce his friend or to redeem the pledge he has given with his sword. Otho says the last alternative befits him best, and bares his weapon.

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
 However near his own or other's tomb;
 With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
 Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;
 With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
 Did Lara, too, his willing weapon bare.
 In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
 For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;
 And from his lip those words of insult fell—
 His sword is good who can maintain them well.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
 Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
 He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
 Stretched by a dexterous sleight along the ground.
 'Demand thy life!' He answered not: and then
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue;
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;
 So little sparing to the foe he felled,
 That, when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,

He almost turned the thirsty point on those,
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose ;
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent ;
Yet looked he on him still with eye intent,
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life ;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

The haughty conqueror, thus prevented from taking the vengeance
for which he thirsts, returns to his own towers.

But where was he ? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light ?
Where was this Ezzelin ? who came and went
To leave no other trace of his intent.
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it : near his dwelling lay ;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought
Except the absence of the chief it sought.
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarmed, his murmuring squires distress ;
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath :
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn ;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was ;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonized hands, that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
Some such had been, if here a life was reft ;
But these were not ; and doubting hope is left ;
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame ;
Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared
Again its wonted wondering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

Otho's wounds are healed, and with returning strength grows the desire for revenge on Lara. He hates him no less for the defeat which he has suffered from him than for the wrong which he believes Sir Ezzelin has received at his hands. The valour and high honour of the latter knight were too well known to permit the supposition that he would shrink from a conflict with any one, still less that he would shun such as that he had provoked with Lara. It was not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that he had perished by the hands of that person who could alone have cause to tremble at being confronted with him. At all events, the circumstances were sufficient to found an accusation upon; and Otho, not thinking it wise again to have recourse to the sword, denounces Lara to the tribunals of justice as the murderer of Ezzelin. The power, the wealth, and the reputation of Otho, give weight to his charge; while the mystery which envelops Lara adds to the prejudice already excited against him:

And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

Lara's manner of ruling his own serfs, which was more temperate and reasonable than that adopted by the other feudal lords, had made him very popular among the desperate and discontented. He found that there was a large band of resolute persons willing to take up arms, and able to wield them, at his entire disposal. He saw that in a court of justice he should be exposed to difficulties, perhaps to dangers, which his spirit prompted him to disdain. An account would be required from him of his past life, and this it would at least be highly inconvenient to answer. He resolved, therefore, at once to dispute the authority which it was attempted to exercise over him; and to take his chance of fighting out the battle, though against great odds.

The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought;
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;

Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will—
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill ;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed !

The men which Lara brings into the field at first obtain a victory, under the mere impulse of their new courage and their dawning hopes of freedom ; but this victory is their ruin. Intoxicated with the belief that the prize is won, they rush blindly onward, and are severely checked. Excellent soldiers for the campaign of a day, but utterly unable to encounter all the slow and toilsome duties of a long-continued warfare, they are, after various successes, reduced to a small band, with which Lara seeks to effect a retreat to the frontiers. In this, however, he is disappointed ; he is surrounded on all sides, and reduced to the desperate necessity of attempting to cut a passage through the forces which hedge him round. In this attempt he receives a mortal shot :

His blade is bared, in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair ;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.
He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear ;
Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint exprest
The truth, and not the terror, of his breast.
This Lara marked, and laid his hand on his :
It trembled not in such an hour as this ;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaimed ' We will not part !
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee ;
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee !'

The word hath passed his lips, and, onward driven,
Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven ;
Well has each steed obeyed the armed heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel ;
Outnumbered, not outbraved, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes ;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.



The Death of Lara.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
 Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall,
 Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
 Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
 None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain ;
 But those that waver turn to smite again,
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe.
 Recoil before their leader's look and blow :
 Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
 He foils their ranks, or reunites his own ;
 Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
 Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
 And shook—why sudden droops that plumed crest ?
 The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast !
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
 And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
 The word of triumph fainted from his tongue ;
 That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung !
 But yet the sword instinctively retains,
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins ;
 These Kaled snatches : dizzy with the blow,
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage :
 Meantime his followers charge, and charge again ;
 Too mixed the slayers now to heed the slain !

Kaled leads his lord from the strife to a retired spot, where he
 may die :

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
 Where but for him that strife had never been,
 A breathing, but devoted, warrior lay :
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
 His follower once, and now his only guide,
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
 And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
 With each convulsion, in a blacker gush ;
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
 In feebler, not less fatal, tricklings flow :
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain
 And merely adds another throb to pain.

He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees ;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

A party of the enemy, with Otho at their head, find the dying Lara at this spot. He is conversing with Kaled in that unknown tongue which serves for all their confidential communications.

Their words, though faint, were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone ;
From this, you might have deemed young Kaled's death
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
So sad, so deep, and hesitating, broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke ;
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasped hoarsely near :
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that, when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast ;
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceast,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the east :
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that 'twas chance, or some remembered scene,
That raised his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seemed to know, but turned away,
As if his heart abhorred that coming day.
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
Yet sense seemed left, though better were its loss ;
For when one near displayed the absolving cross,
And proffered to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He looked upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if 'twere with disdain :
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
From Lara's face his fixed despairing view,

With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
 As if such but disturbed the expiring man,
 Nor seemed to know his life but *then* began—
 That life of immortality, secure
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
 His limbs stretched fluttering, and his head drooped o'er
 The weak, yet still untiring, knee that bore ;
 He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
 With the cold grasp ; but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 ' It beats ! '—Away, thou dreamer ! he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

The death of Lara discovers the sex of Kaled :

He gazed, as if not yet had passed away
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay ;
 And those around have roused him from his trance,
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance ;
 And when, in raising him from where he bore
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain ;
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reeled and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
 Than that *he* loved ! Oh ! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe !
 That trying moment hath at once revealed
 The secret long and yet but half, concealed ;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seemed ended, but the sex confest ;
 And life returned, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was womanhood or fame ?

* * * * *

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
 They found the scattered dints of many a scar,
 Which were not planted there in recent war :
 Where'er had passed his summer years of life,
 It seems they vanished in a land of strife ;
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt ;
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
 Returned no more—that night appeared his last.

The dark manner of Ezzelin's disappearance is not satisfactorily explained, but the reader is left to gather it from this recital :

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A serf that crossed the intervening vale,
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veiled in mist her waning horn ;
 A serf, that rose betimes to tread the wood,
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
 Passed by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain :
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burden at his saddle-bow,
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,
 Himself unheeded watched the stranger's course,
 Who reached the river, bounded from his horse,
 And, lifting thence the burden which he bore,
 Heaved up the bank, and dashed it from the shore ;
 Then paused, and looked, and turned, and seemed to watch
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,
 And follow with his step the stream that flowed,
 As if e'en yet too much its surface showed :
 At once he started, stooped, around him strown
 The winter floods had scattered heaps of stone ;
 Of these the heaviest thence he gathered there,
 And slung them with a more than common care.
 Meantime the serf had crept to where unseen
 Himself might safely mark what this might mean ;

He caught a glimpse as of a floating breast,
And something glittered starlike on the vest;
But, ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk :
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappeared : the horseman gazed
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;
Then, turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurred him into panting speed.
His face was masked—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread ;
But, if in sooth a star his bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perished, Heaven receive his soul !
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

The sorrowing Kaled dies distracted and broken-hearted :

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin—are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone !
The first all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been ;
Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious, would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire ;
But, left to waste her weary moments there,
She talked all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee
And, in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp, recall ;

And she had shorn, but saved, her raven hair,
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground;
 As if she staunched anew some phantom's wound.
 Herself would question, and for him reply;
 Then, rising, start, and beckon him to fly
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit;
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
 Or trace strange characters along the sand.
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved;
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

It would be difficult to find any thing more really touching, more full of that irresistible pathos which female sorrow always inspires, than the conclusion of the above stanza.

Nearly at the same period Lord Byron published another poem, of a very different character, which he called an 'Ode to Napoleon Buona-parté.'

The following epigraphe, from 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall,' was prefixed:

'The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the senate, by the Italians, and by the provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues and military talents were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an emperor and an exile, till'——

This poem, like all others written upon subjects passing immediately before the author's eyes, and of a purely personal nature, is far inferior to those on which he devoted the high powers of his invention and genius. There are, however, some fine passages in it:

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
 And armed with kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing
 So abject—yet alive!
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive?

Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.
 Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind,
 Who bowed so low the knee ?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestioned—power to save—
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshipped thee ;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness !

After some feeble comparisons with other conquerors the poem continues thus :

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung :
 All evil spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean ;
 And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !
 And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
 And thanked him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !
 Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain.
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—

But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

The following is the best stanza in the poem :

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem—
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

The prediction in the latter of the two following stanzas has been verified, but hardly so soon as the bard perhaps fancied. Such prophecies are always on the safe side, so rapid is the course of mortality, and the chances were quite as much in favour of the death of one as of the other,—of the soothsayer and of the fallen emperor :

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.
Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—'The world *was* mine :'
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth!

CHAPTER IV.

WE now approach a period of Lord Byron's life, on which it is impossible to expatiate, and which it is difficult even to touch, without wounding feelings which ought to be respected, and inflicting pain on ourselves. He had been long attached to Miss Milbanke, the only child of Sir Ralph Noel Milbanke. He had proposed for her hand, and his offer had been declined, but at the same time with professions of great respect on the part of the lady. This was before Lord Byron went abroad: on his return his intimacy with the lady's family was renewed, and even a correspondence was kept by his lordship with Miss Milbanke, which was solely relating to literary and indifferent subjects, but no mention was made of that affection which his lordship had entertained for the lady.

Perhaps the sentiment which he had professed for her never amounted to passion,—perhaps (although this suggestion may startle those persons who look upon a man's writings as the transcript of his heart) Lord Byron was not capable of a very ardent passion, nor of great constancy. However this may be, the correspondence between his lordship and Miss Milbanke was continued for many months without disturbing their tranquillity, although it was, of course, very agreeable to both parties. Lady Byron's acquirements and her natural abilities are superior to those of most women of her own rank, and Lord Byron, who was penetrated with a great regard for her, found considerable gratification in answering her letters.

In this state affairs remained when, by means which it is not necessary to explain, Lord Byron learned that the reason which had induced Miss Milbanke to refuse the offer he had made her of his hand was the want of competent fortune as well on her own as on his side. The knowledge of such a circumstance was quite enough to induce a man like Lord Byron to renew his pretensions. It was well known that, although his own estate was encumbered, and Sir Ralph Milbanke's was not of that description which enabled him to give his daughter a large fortune, yet that the lapse of a few years must add very considerably to their joint property, and that reversions, of which there was the greatest probability, must make them comparatively rich. In the mean time economy, and the love of quietness, which was common to Miss Milbanke and to Lord Byron, would enable them to bear

the little privations to which they might be exposed with cheerfulness and with very little inconvenience.

Lord Byron lost no time, after he became acquainted with the fact to which we have alluded, in renewing his offer to Miss Milbanke. A short explanation sufficed to ensure his pretensions—already very agreeable—a favorable reception. His lordship went to Seaham, Sir Ralph Milbanke's seat, and, after a residence there of a few months, he was married on the 2d of January, 1815.

Such an union presented as fair a prospect for the happiness of both parties as could be imagined. Without being beautiful, Lady Byron's person is highly agreeable. Good sense, talents—even genius, on the part of the lady, and the corresponding qualities which his lordship was known to possess, might, one should have thought, have ensured domestic felicity; and although that fervent passion, which is of its nature short-lived, was wanting, the more lasting sentiment of esteem might have supplied its place.

Circumstances, however, happened, which disturbed the tranquillity of the *menage*, and put the good temper of both parties to a test which they could not bear. Lord Byron had borrowed money, under the disadvantageous terms upon which minors can alone borrow money. The repayment of such loans is always difficult in proportion to the facility with which they are raised. Jews and attorneys, money agents, and, at last, sheriffs' officers, beset his lordship's house in town. He knew nothing of business; the people who had the management of his affairs did as all such people do,—that is to say, they took care to keep him in their own clutches. His embarrassments, therefore, were never removed, and not always relieved. No man stays at home while bailiffs are billeted on him.—No lady likes to see sheriffs' officers in her servants' hall. Lord Byron, therefore, was a good deal from home, and Lady Byron was discontented. The most important things in the world often begin from very insignificant causes; and from trumpery pecuniary embarrassments in Lord Byron's family sprung first those disagreements which afterwards assumed a growth so fatal to the happiness of both—perhaps to the life of one of the parties.

In the midst of these affairs, however, and in spite of the *res angusta domi*, Lord Byron found time to compose some lyrical poems, of a character very different from any that he had hitherto written, and which, being of a devotional character, were hardly expected from him.

Mr. Nathan and Mr. Braham, who either are or have been Jews, and who, whether they still profess that religion in which they were

born, or have adopted some other, are intimately connected with the Jews in England, had got up some music which they called 'Hebrew Melodies,' and which were intended for the use of the modern Israelites. Lord Byron was asked by his friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, to write some melodies for this music, and he complied. It would be difficult to guess at the motive which induced his lordship to lend his aid to this purpose; but the poetry is not so good, compared with his other productions, as to make the inquiry worth the trouble it would cost.

The following extracts will give our readers an idea of the worthiest poems in the collection :

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by :—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there :
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our country, our God—oh, my sire!
 Demand that thy daughter expire;
 Since thy triumph was bought by the vow—
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!
 And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more:
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow!
 And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below.
 Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent!
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my father and country are free!
 When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
 Let my memory still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:
 And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead:
 Away; we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain,
 Or make one mourner weep the less?

And thou—who tell'st me to forget—
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

The melody called 'My Soul is dark' is not the least happy of the series :

My soul is dark—Oh ! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear ;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again ;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain :

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first :
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst ;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ached in sleepless silence long ;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst.
And break at once—or yield to song.

The following may be called any thing else with just as much propriety as a 'Hebrew Melody :

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall :

Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.
 Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,
 Fixed in its own eternity.
 Above or Love, hope, hate, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

There is something passionate and touching in

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
 Ah, couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
 Though heaven were to my prayer unheeding.
 And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doomed my own despair:
 The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
 But thou art cold, my murdered love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.





By the Waters of Babel

Published by J. Robins and Co London, February 26, 1825.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ;
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming :
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming ;
 And I have earned those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming !

It is not in good taste, to say the least of it, to attempt a paraphrase of the sublime psalm on which the following is founded. We only insert it that it may be seen how difficult it is even for so skilful a poet as Lord Byron to succeed in expressing the pathos and the simplicity of the Holy Scriptures in any other words than their own :

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND
WEPT.

We sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey ;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters !
 Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which rolled on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song ; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be withered for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 Oh Salem ! its sound should be free ;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee :
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me !

The following is a similar instance, and with this we conclude our extracts from a production in every way unworthy of Lord Byron :

FROM JOB.

A spirit passed before me : I beheld
 The face of Immortality unveiled—

Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
 And, there it stood,—all formless—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
 And, as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :

‘ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than he who deems e’en seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom’s wasted light !’

Lord Byron soon afterwards published a poem called the ‘ Siege of Corinth.’ The story relates to the siege of the year 1715, when the Turks conquered the city. The following advertisement contains the historical foundation of the poem :

‘ The grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,* thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought fit to beat a parley : but, while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed ; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war.’

History of the Turks, vol. iii. p. 151.

Lord Byron amply availed himself of that personal knowledge of

* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11 ; and in the course of journeying through the country, from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different : that by sea has more sameness, but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, &c. and the coast of the continent.

the local particulars to which he alludes in the above note; and this gives a very striking air of reality to the whole.

The opening stanza describes, in few but powerful words, the situation of the famed city :

Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below :
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perished there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capt Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

Among the Moslem warriors assembled before the walls of Corinth, and then carrying on a fierce attack upon it, none was more renowned than the hero of the poem, Alp, the Adrian renegade :

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle sires—he drew his birth ;
But, late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear ; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.

Through many a change had Corinth passed
 With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
 And here, before her walls, with those
 To Greece and Venice equal foes,
 He stood a foe, with all the zeal
 Which young and fiery converts feel,
 Within whose heated bosom throngs
 The memory of a thousand wrongs.
 To him had Venice ceased to be
 Her ancient civic boast—' the Free ;'
 And in the palace of St. Mark
 Unnamed accusers, in the dark,
 Within the ' Lion's mouth' had placed
 A charge against him uneffaced.
 He fled in time, and saved his life,
 To waste his future years in strife,
 That taught his land how great her loss
 In him who triumphed o'er the cross,
 'Gainst which he reared the crescent high,
 And battled to avenge or die.

Coumourgi—he whose closing scene
 Adorned the triumph of Eugene,
 When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
 The last and mightiest of the slain,
 He sank, regretting not to die,
 But curst the Christian's victory—
 Conmourgi—can his glory cease,
 That latest conqueror of Greece,
 Till Christian hands to Greece restore
 The freedom Venice gave of yore ?
 A hundred years have rolled away
 Since he refixed the Moslem's sway ;
 And now he led the Mussulman,
 And gave the guidance of the van
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust
 By cities levelled with the dust ;
 And proved, by many a deed of death,
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

The siege is carried on briskly under the direction of the Vizier and

Alp, who has another motive besides his thirst for vengeance to take Corinth. He loves Francesca, the daughter of Minotti, who has been appointed by the Venetian state to defend Corinth; and the maiden is now in the fortress with her father :

But not for vengeance, long delayed;
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
The Moslem warriors sternly teach
His skill to pierce the promised breach:
Within these walls a maid was pent
His hope would win without consent
Of that inexorable sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire,
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,
While unimpeached for traitorous crime,
Gayest in gondola or hall,
He glittered through the carnival;
And tuned the softest serenade
That e'er on Adria's waters played
At midnight to Italian maid.

And many deemed her heart was won;
For, sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remained
Still by the church's bonds unchained:
And, when the Adriatic bore
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
And pensive waxed the maid, and pale;
More constant at confessional,
More rare at masque and festival;
Or, seen at such, with downcast eyes,
Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize:
With listless look she seems to gaze;
With humbler care her form arrays;
Her voice less lively in the song;
Her step, though light, less fleet, among
The pairs on whom the Morning's glance
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace
 Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece :
 And, ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
 With him his gentle daughter came ;
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorned the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

All is prepared for a last and desperate attack, by which the city must be carried. On the preceding night Alp walks out in the clear moon-light, the description of which is a striking example of the picturesque in poetry :

'Tis midnight : on the mountain's brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually, bright :
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray ?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves ;
 The banners drooped along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;

And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And Echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer :
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall :
It struck e'en the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still ;
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

The renegade walks along the shore tormented by conflicting emotions, which at length he overcomes :

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm :
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf ; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime ;
It will not melt, like man, to time :

Tyrant and slave are swept away,
 Less formed to wear before the ray ;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
 While tower and tree are torn and rent,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement ;
 In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her foud abode she fled,
 And lingered on the spot, where long
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.
 Oh, still her step at moments falters
 O'er withered fields and ruined altars,
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
 By pointing to each glorious token.
 But vain her voice till better days
 Dawn in those yet remembered rays
 Which shone upon the Persian flying,
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

The horror of the following scene is not diminished by the poet's assurance that he has witnessed a similar one :

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
 And wooed the freshness Night diffused.
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,*
 Which changeless rolls eternally ;
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ;
 And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
 Heedless if she come or go :
 Calm or high, in main or bay,
 On their course she hath no sway.
 The rock unworn its base doth bare,
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there ;
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
 On the line that it left long ages ago :

* The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean:

A smooth short space of yellow sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguered wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold?
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the sea-ward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words, of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro;
And he saw the lean-dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,*
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,†
All the rest was shaven and bare.

* This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in 'Hobhouse's Travels.' The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

† This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf;
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
 Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

Then comes the event which is the main subject of the poem ; that is, the appearance of Francesca :

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
 And passed his hand athwart his face ;
 Like one in dreary musing mood,
 Declining was his attitude ;
 His head was drooping on his breast,
 Fevered, throbbing, and opprest ;
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Oft his beating fingers went,
 Hurriedly, as you may see
 Your own run over the ivory key,
 Ere the measured tone is taken
 By the chords you would awaken.
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night-wind sigh.
 Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,
 Sent that soft and tender moan ?
 He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be ;
 He looked on the long grass—it waved not a blade ;
 How was that gentle sound conveyed ?
 He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
 And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;
 What did that sudden sound bespeak ?
 He turned to the left—is he sure of sight ?
 There sate a lady youthful and bright !

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near.
 ' God of my fathers ! what is here ?



Alp, the Renegade, surprised by the appearance of Francesca.

Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deemed no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellowed with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought concealed her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm showed white and bare:
And, ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

‘ I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy and he may be blest.
I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high, that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and, if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!

Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy father's creed :
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part.'

' And where should our bridal couch be spread ?
In the midst of the dying and the dead ?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn :
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be joined, and our sorrow forgot.
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quelled the pride
Of Venice ; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes.'

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,
And shot a chillness to his heart,
Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold ;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone
As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue
So deeply changed from what he knew :
Fair, but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

‘ If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost, and never shalt see
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And Mercy's gate may receive thee within :
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of him thou didst forsake ;
And look once more to heaven, and see
Its love for ever shut from thee.
There is a light cloud by the moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged ;
Dark will thy doom be—darker still
Thine immortality of ill.’

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky ;

But his heart was swollen, and turned aside,
 By deep interminable pride.
 This first false passion of his breast
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismayed
 By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply:
 He watched it passing; it is flown:
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
 And thus he spake—'Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling—'tis too late:
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
 What Venice made me I must be—
 Her foe in all, save love to thee:
 But thou art safe; oh, fly with me!
 He turned, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not, he knew not; but nothing is there.

There is a quietness and solemnity about this scene which is admirably suited to a ghost story.

The assault of the next morning is as successful as it is vigorous. The Governor, Minotti, makes a desperate resistance:

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might:
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him, on that day,
 In a semicircle lay;
 Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded:
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurked beneath his corslet bright,

But of every wound his body bore,
 Each and all had been ta'en before :
 Though aged he was, so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him ;
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver gray.
 From right to left his sabre swept :
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipped
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,
 Ere his years could count a score.
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire :
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe ;
 And since the day when, in the Strait,
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeased,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore :
 What of them is left, to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell ?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

Alp comes up to the veteran, and offers to save his life. Now the mystery of the vision is explained to him ; and at the moment he learns it a shot strikes him, which ends his life, his sorrows, and his crimes, together :

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment checked.
 ' Yield thee, Minotti ! quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's, sake.'

' Never, renegado, never !
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever.'

‘ Francesca !—Oh, my promised bride !
Must she too perish by thy pride ?’
‘ She is safe.’—‘ Where ? where ?’—‘ In heaven ;
From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled.’
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.
‘ Oh God ! when died she ?’—‘ Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit’s flight :
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on !’—That challenge is in vain—
Alp’s already with the slain !
While Minotti’s words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion’s point had found,
Had the time allowed to wound,
From within the neighboring porch
Of a long-defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground ;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crashed through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell :
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk ;
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering :
They turned him on his back ; his breast
And brow were stained with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed ;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob ;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath,
Heralded his way to death :

Ere his very thought could pray,
 Unanealed he passed away,
 Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
 To the last a renegade.

The assault is carried on, and the besieged retire to the church, followed by the Turks. Here Minotti springs a mine, and avenges himself and his countrymen, although he cannot save them :

So near they came, the nearest stretched
 'To grasp the spoil he almost reached;
 When old Minotti's hand
 Touched with the torch the train—
 'Tis fired !

Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
 All that of living or dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shivered fane,
 In one wild roar expired !

The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake, although unrent,

As if an earthquake passed—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,

By that tremendous blast—
 Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore :
 Up to the sky like rockets go
 All that mingled there below :
 Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorched and shrivell'd to a span,
 When he fell to earth again,
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain :
 Down the ashes shower like rain ;
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
 With a thousand circling wrinkles ;
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scattered o'er the isthmus lay ;
 Christian or Moslem, which be they ?

Let their mothers see and say !
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more ;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face,
Save a scattered scalp or bone :
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blackened there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappeared :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
Where echo rolled in thunder still ;
The jackal's troop, in gathered cry,
Bayed from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun ;
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

In the same volume with ' The Siege of Corinth ' was printed a poem

called 'Parisina.' The subject of this tale is one which has been rarely attempted, and never approved of, in modern times. It cannot be questioned, that, as it is well calculated to excite pity and terror, it is fitted for the talents of a real poet, and, above all, for such a poet as Lord Byron. He has invented circumstances which lessen the horror of the crime, and which display so much of worth and woe in the guilty persons as excites deep commiseration for their sufferings and their sins. It is in vain that authors who choose such subjects call in, to excuse themselves, the authority of the elder Greek dramatists; the same reasons which justified or allowed the undisguised handling of incestuous love exists no longer. There is another and a better proof of the great mistake which is made by a poet who chooses them in the disgust which they excite. For this reason 'Parisina,' although one of the best of Lord Byron's poems, is one of those least read, and most frequently censured.

The following passage in Gibbon's 'Antiquities of the House of Brunswick' furnished the groundwork of the tale. The name of Azo has been substituted for that of Nicholas, for the sake of euphony. The passage alluded to is as follows:

'Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty; if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent.'

A beautiful description of a tranquil summer's night begins the poem:

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,

And in the heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

The Duchess of Este, Parisina, is waiting in her bower the coming of her lover, who is the gallant Hugo, her husband's illegitimate son. He comes, and is at her feet : their raptures are told in the following passionate stanzas :

And what unto them is the world beside,
 With all its change of time and tide ?
 Its living things—its earth and sky—
 Are nothing to their mind and eye.
 And heedless as the dead are they
 Of aught around, above, beneath ;
 As if all else had passed away,
 They only for each other breathe ;
 Their very sighs are full of joy
 So deep, that, did it not decay,
 That happy madness would destroy
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway :
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
 In that tumultuous tender dream ?
 Who, that have felt that passion's power,
 Or paused or feared in such an hour ?
 Or thought how brief such moments last
 But yet—they are already past !
 Alas ! we must awake before
 We know such vision comes no more.

With many a lingering look they leave
 The spot of guilty gladness past ;
 And, though they hope and vow, they grieve,
 As if that parting were the last.
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
 The lip that there would cling for ever,
 While gleams on Parisina's face
 The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
 As if each calmly conscious star
 Beheld her frailty from afar—

The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
 Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
 But it must come, and they must part
 In fearful heaviness of heart,
 With all the deep and shuddering chill
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

Parisina goes to her injured husband's bed, and betrays her infidelity by murmuring in her sleep the name of Hugo, accompanied by some tender exclamations. The Duke, surprised and enraged beyond measure, checks his first impulse, which was to stab her as she lay by his side. He makes inquiries of her attendants, and soon finds the horrible confirmation of his worst suspicions. His outraged honour and his wounded feelings prompt him to do immediate justice on the guilty pair. He has them summoned before him to receive their doom. The scene which takes place here is in the last degree tragic; and the manner in which the poet has invented circumstances, which, if they do not palliate their crime, at least increase the interest we cannot but feel for the culprits, is exceedingly skilful.

The description of Parisina is full of beauty, and will remind the reader of Burke's celebrated allusion to the unfortunate late Queen of France, the suffering and murdered Maria Antoinette. 'Little did I dream,' said that truly eloquent orator, 'that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that should threaten her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone!'

Lord Byron has made the original idea of Burke much more elegant :

And still, and pale, and silently,
 Did Parisina wait her doom;
 How changed since last her speaking eye
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
 Where high-born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watched to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its queen!

Then, had her eye in sorrow wept,
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
 And made her quarrel all their own.
 Now,—what is she? and what are they?
 Can she command, or these obey?
 All silent and unheeding now,
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
 And folded arms, and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
 Her knights and dames, her court—is there :
 And he, the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couched before her glance,
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gained her liberty ;
 The minion of his father's bride,—
 He, too, is fettered by her side ;
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
 Less for her own despair than him :
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein,
 Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite—
 Now seemed with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below ;
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still.

Hugo stands silently, but filled with despair—not that he dreads the punishment which he too well knows he must expect from his indignant sire, but that he feels more remorse for the wrong he has done him, and still more—a thousand times more—for the ruin which he has brought upon the loving and beautiful Parisina.

Azo addresses the culprits :

——— ' But yesterday

I gloried in a wife and son :
 That dream this morning passed away ;
 Ere day declines I shall have none.
 My life must linger on alone ;
 Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done :

Those ties are broken—not by me ;
 Let that too pass ;—the doom's prepared !
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
 And then—thy crime's reward !
 Away ! address thy prayers to Heaven,
 Before its evening stars are met—
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven ;
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
 But here, upon the earth beneath,
 There is no spot where thou and I
 Together, for an hour, could breathe :
 Farewell ! I will not see thee die—
 But thou, frail thing ! shalt view his head—
 Away ! I cannot speak the rest :
 Go ! woman of the wanton breast ;
 Not I, but thou, his blood dost shed :
 Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give.'
 And here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling vein
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again ;
 And therefore bowed he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng.

Hugo's defence, or rather his reply to his father, is strongly marked with the ungovernable spirit of youth, which fears to die less than aught beside, but which, even in death, cannot endure real or imaginary wrongs without uttering his scorn and hatred of them. He answers the Duke thus :

' It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that, not once, a useless brand,
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine
 Than ere can stain the axe of mine :
 Thou gav'st, and may'st resume, my breath—

A gift for which I thank thee not ;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot—
Her slighted love and ruined name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame ;
But she is in the grave, where he,
Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.
Her broken heart—my severed head—
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care.

'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—

But wrong for wrong—this deemed thy bride,

The other victim of thy pride,

Thou knowest for me was destined long.

Thou saw'st, and coveted'st, her charms—

And with thy very crime—my birth—

Thou taunted'st me—as little worth ;

A match ignoble for her arms,

Because, forsooth, I could not claim

The lawful heirship of thy name,

Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :

Yet, were a few short summers mine,

My name should more than Este's shine

With honours all my own.

I had a sword—and have a breast

That should have won as haught a crest

As ever waved along the line

Of all these sovereign sires of thine.

Not always knightly spurs are worn

The brightest by the better born ;

And mine have lanced my courser's flank

Before proud chiefs of princely rank,

When charging to the cheering cry

Of " Este and of Victory !"

I will not plead the cause of crime,

Nor sue thee to redeem from time

A few brief hours or days that must

At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—

Such maddening moments as my past,

They could not, and they did not, last.

Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race
Disdained to deck a thing like me—
Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face,
And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
From thee in all their vigour came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame:
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
'See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a son!
I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, abhorred control:
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gav'st, and wilt resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow,
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven.
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past;
Yet would I that I then had died!
For, though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begun and ends the same:
As erred the sire, so erred the son,
And thou must punish both in one.
My crime seems worse to human view,
But God must judge between us too!

Parisina falls as if dead; and, although she is restored to life, her reason is gone for ever.

The death of Hugo is thus told :

The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow ;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go !
Hark ! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so !
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll :
He is near his mortal goal ;
Kneeling at the friar's knee ;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the headsman, with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he sets its edge anew :
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the son fall by the doom of the father.

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mocked it with his steadiest ray ;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As, his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution, such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curled half down his neck so bare ;



The Decapitation of Hugo.



But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe, which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter——
Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !
Even the stern stood chilled with awe :
Dark the crime, and just the law——
Yet they shuddered as they saw.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover !
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripped,
His bright brown locks must now be clipped :
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
E'en that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half renewed,
When headsman's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind ;
As if they dared not look on death.
' No—yours my forfeit blood and breath :
These hands are chained—but let me die
At least with an unshackled eye :
' Strike !'—and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bowed his head ;
These the last accents Hugo spoke :
' Strike !'—and, flashing fell the stroke—
Rolled the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stained and heaving trunk,
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain :
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever !

The desolation which falls upon the heart of the father and husband of the guilty pair is such as may be imagined, and such as, if words can convey an idea of such agony, may be supposed to be expressed in the concluding stanza of the poem :

— Never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbended ;
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought ;
'Those furrows which the burning share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there ;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.
He was past all mirth or woe :
Nothing more remained below
But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunned itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which, when it least appeared to melt,
Intently thought—intensely felt :
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
Still was his sealed-up bosom haunted
By thoughts which Nature hath implanted ;
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we banish :
When, struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears, unshed,
But flow back to the fountain head,
And, resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncongealed,
And cherished most where least revealed.
With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft ;

Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain ;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only passed a just decree ;
That they had wrought their doom of ill ;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopped with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free :
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

In Frizzi's 'History of Ferrara' is contained the best account extant of this real tragedy, and one, too, which is divested of all the romantic inventions which subsequent writers have thought fit to interpolate. We add an extract from this History, as well on account of the simplicity and beauty of the narration as that it may be seen in what degree Lord Byron has availed himself of the historian's labours.

'This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it, from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

'By the above-mentioned Stella dell' Assassino, the Marquis, in the year 1405, had a son called Ugo, a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta, second wife of Niccolo, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquis, who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company ; for he hoped by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey,

she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis, named Zoese, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chambermaids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much-deserving minister, Alberto dal Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy; adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

'It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's Tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step whether she was yet come to the spot. She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, "Now, then, I wish not myself to

live;" and, being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

'The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet; who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, "Oh! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!" And then, gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

'On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which, under the auspices of the Marquis, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place, in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

'The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barberina, or, as some call her, Laodamia Romei, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence at the usual place of execution; that is to say, in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were, who did not fail to commend him.'

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Lord Byron was thus adding to his poetical reputation his domestic affairs became gradually more embroiled. From little dissensions complaints and altercations arose; and, without venturing to say whether the fault was on the one side or on the other—or, as is more probable, because it is more common in the disputes of married folks—that the blame should be equally divided between both parties, certain it is that a very considerable share of discord prevailed.

The intervention of friends was talked of, but it was not resorted to. The quarrels were sometimes made up, and sometimes they continued for longer or shorter periods, until Lady Byron's accouchement, which took place at the close of the year in which they were married.

Lord Byron had become concerned in the management of the Drury Lane theatre during the time that a committee of noblemen and gentlemen thought they would be able to conduct it. This was very much as if they had set up the trade of making shoes, and they probably knew as much of the one as the other: some of them (for Mr. Peter Moore was among the number) might have been even better qualified for the latter than for that task which he so rashly undertook. Every body knows that a short period sufficed to dissipate the money of the unlucky subscribers, and to make the committee themselves ashamed of their folly. Lord Byron was among the first to get tired, and renounce the honorable post he had assumed; but not before he had done to his own happiness a wrong far less likely to be repaired than the bankruptcy which he and his wise co-mates had brought upon the affairs of the theatre. A playhouse, like misery, 'acquaints a man with strange bedfellows;' and no man can haunt the green-rooms and the *coulisses* without falling into very bad company. Lord Byron made some acquaintances at Drury Lane, whom, in a moment of indiscretion, he was thoughtless enough to invite to his own house. It is true that this invitation was given and accepted just at the period when Lady Byron was confined to her chamber: it was of course impossible that she could have come in contact with her husband's guests; and, rash and inexcusable as his conduct was, it is quite certain that he never meant she should be acquainted with the circumstance. It was, however, repeated to her with a great many exaggerations. A mere frolic—no doubt a very foolish one, and conceived in the worst possible

taste—was magnified into a premeditated outrage on the decency and decorum of Lady Byron's home. It was represented to her that her lord, not content with indulging his taste for certain companions of a very questionable character, brought them, as it were, insultingly under his lady's nose; and, in short, all that malice and falsehood could invent were brought in to the aid of persons, who, for some reason or other, were assiduously employed to effect a breach between Lord and Lady Byron.

These attempts, unfortunately for the noble pair, succeeded too well. Lady Byron would not forgive the last affront, which she was made to believe had been studiously offered to her; but she was too proud to complain of it. The pecuniary difficulties continued, and it was agreed that her ladyship should go into the country to her father's seat, on her recovery from her confinement, and pass there a short time, until some arrangements for the payment of his lordship's debts, which were then in progress, should be completed. This agreement was carried into effect without either of the parties, or, at all events, without Lord Byron's expecting that their parting on the occasion was to be for any long period—still less that it was to be, as it turned out, for ever.

Her ladyship went to her father's house with her infant. On the road she wrote to Lord Byron one of those letters which the occasion commanded; and which was quite cordial, if not very passionately fond, and was, perhaps, therefore, at once the more sincere and the more sensible. Soon after her arrival, however, at the place of her destination, a very different impression seemed to have been made on her. A formal complaint was made of his lordship's conduct: all his faults and errors, and follies, were drawn out in regular catalogue, and laid before some friends of the family ('damned good-natured friends,' Sir Fretful Plagiary calls them) to advise upon.

It can answer no good purpose at this time to penetrate further into the progress of this painful affair, in which the conduct of neither party seems to have been very wise. The final result was a proposal for a separation, which Lord Byron acceded to. Deeds were drawn up to specify the terms upon which this married pair should for the future live asunder, and they parted never to meet again.

Lord Byron believed—and he continued in that belief to the end of his life—that, although his lady had been more unforgiving than he had expected to find her, and than perhaps his faults, even in the worst shape that was imputed to them, had deserved, yet she was induced to continue in this uncharitable temper in consequence of the

falsehoods and the mischievous influence of some person, whose name it is not worth while to inquire into.

This is the person whom his lordship had in view in the following satire :

A SKETCH.

‘ Honest—honest Iago !
If that thou be’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.’

SHAKESPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress’ head ;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guessed—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabashed,
She dines from off the plate she lately washed.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess ?—
An only infant’s earliest governess !
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind—
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor mastered Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive :

Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below :
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long
The baleful burden of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake ;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will ;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find ;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?
Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-hardened scheming ;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features ! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :

Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged :
 Yet true to ' Nature's journeymen,' who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
 This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crushed affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create :
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust !
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
 The widowed couch of fire—that thou hast spread !
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
 Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
 E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear,
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn, should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers,
 And festering in the infamy of years.

Some of the newspapers took a very unwarrantable and indecent part in this domestic quarrel, and, without knowing any thing of the affair, presumed to censure one or the other party as their caprice dictated. The editor of ' The Morning Chronicle,' among others, took up the cudgels for Lord Byron, and seemed to think that he served the nobleman whom he condescended to patronise by obscurely hinting that Lady Byron was chiefly, if not alone, to be blamed in the dispute. If Lord Byron had really disclosed any of his domestic

secrets to Mr. Perry, it was very indiscreet and unjustifiable : if he had not done so, Mr. Perry's interference was insolent ; in any event, it was impertinent ; and, whether he had or not, the public ought not to have known, as they did not care, where the blame lay.

We are as warm admirers of Lord Byron as Mr. Perry, or any other the best friend he ever had, could be ; but it is too much to believe that he was blameless. Upon his own way of stating the case he confessed that he had committed faults against his wife ; but he thought she would, and he hinted that she ought to have forgiven them. She thought otherwise : she was at least able to judge of the conduct which it became her to pursue, consistent with her reputation and her rank ; and she could hardly stand in need of the counsel of a newspaper editor ;—his censure, of course, she could only despise.

Lord Byron wrote a poetical farewell to his wife, the only fault in which (and a grievous one it is) seems to us the laborious effort which it displays throughout to make his lordship appear more sinned against than sinning :

FARE THEE WELL.

' Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above :
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain :

* * * * *

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

Fare thee well ! and, if for ever,
Still, for ever, fare *thee well* !
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again !

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee;
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound ?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But, by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say ' Father !'
Though his care she must forego ?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed !
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now.
 But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—
 Fare thee well !—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this I scarce can die.

Just at this period a crazy novel, called 'Glenarvon,' made its appearance. It was supposed to be written by a lady of quality, a near relation of Lord Byron's, and to whom it was said he had in his boyhood been tenderly attached. She was, however, now a married woman—we had nearly said an *old* married woman—and ought to have known better than to publish, even though she had been so silly as to write, such a book as 'Glenarvon.' It is such puerile and frantic trash that it effectually baffles criticism. The hero is a sort of maudlin compound of genius, sensibility, and villainy. He deserves sometimes to be hanged, and sometimes only to be sent to the treadmill ; while all the rest of the characters should be consigned to clean straw and dark cells. Never before 'Glenarvon' was any book at once so mad and so dull. It is not because it is understood to be the authoress's intention to describe Lord Byron in the person of her hero, and between whom there is not the slightest resemblance, that we notice it ; we can make all proper allowances for 'a lady's painting ;' but we rescue it for a moment from the oblivion into which it has so deservedly fallen, for the purpose of extracting from it some of Lord Byron's youthful poetry. Whatever has proceeded from such a pen must be interesting ; and, but for this consideration, these *vers de société* would not, perhaps, be worth transcribing :

To the Air of 'Ils ne sont plus.'

Waters of Elle ! thy limpid streams are flowing,
 Smooth and untroubled, through the flowery vale :
 O'er thy green banks once more the wild rose, blowing,
 Greets the young Spring, and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas, at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear first breathed his vows to thee :
'Wear this,' he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
'Near to thy heart, in memory of me.'

Love-cherished gift ! the rose he gave is faded ;
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again !
Weep for thy fault—in heart, in mind, degraded—
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain !

Call back the vows that once to heaven were plighted—
Vows full of love, of innocence, and truth !
Call back the scenes in which thy soul delighted—
Call back the dream that blest thy early youth !

Flow, silver stream ! though threatening tempests lower,
Bright, mild, and clear, thy gentle waters flow ;
Round thy green banks the spring's young blossoms flower—
O'er thy soft waves the balmy zephyrs blow.

—Yet, all in vain ; for never spring, arraying
Nature in charms, to thee can make it fair :
Ill-fated love clouds all thy path, portraying
Years past of bliss, and future of despair.

'Farewell.'

Ah ! frown not thus—nor turn from me ;
I must not—dare not—look on thee :
Too well thou know'st how dear thou art—
'Tis hard, but yet 'tis best, to part :
I wish thee not to share my grief—
It seeks, it hopes, for no relief.

'Farewell.'

Come, give thy hand ! what though we part ?
Thy name is fixed within my heart :
I shall not change, nor break the vow
I made before, and plight thee now ;
For, since thou may'st not live for me,
'Tis sweeter far to die for thee.

'Farewell.'

Thou'lt think of me when I am gone ;
None shall undo what I have done :

Yet even thy love I would resign
To save thee from remorse like mine.
Thy tears shall fall upon my grave :
They still may bless—they cannot save.

There are some other verses in the novel, but they are not by Lord Byron.

Lord Byron's separation from his wife made him resolve again to go abroad, and he put this resolution into practice towards the close of the year 1816. Immediately before his departure he wrote the following little song to his friend Moore :

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But, before I go, 'Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore !

CHAPTER VI.

LORD BYRON'S quitting England excited a very considerable sensation; and perhaps the world, as it is called, never felt, if indeed it can feel, a more general and sincere regret than was experienced at the cause of his self-banishment. To his intimate friends it was a source of great grief. His manners, although somewhat singular, were so delightful and fascinating as to excite an affectionate solicitude for him: not even the abstracted and melancholy moods in which he would indulge occasionally, and which gave an air of repulsiveness to his demeanour, could efface the impressions which, in more cheerful times, he never failed to make upon his associates.

Perhaps no man—certainly no poet—ever enjoyed so large a share of public as well as private estimation; and perhaps none ever so well deserved both. His powers of conversation were of the first order, and astonished and pleased not less by their brilliancy than by their rarity. His features were admirably adapted to give force to his eloquent discourse: they were not such as could be called, by painters, strictly handsome, but they were highly pleasing, and his countenance seemed to be the faithful index of the varied feelings and passions which occupied his mind. The following quotation from a very judicious and elegant article in the '*Quarterly Review*' is at once so happily expressed, and so true a description of Lord Byron's face and manner, that we shall be pardoned for inserting it:

'The predominating expression of his countenance was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this gloom interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the follow-

ing verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety :

“ When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
 And o’er the changing aspect flits,
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—
 Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink :
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;
 Back to my breast the captives shrink,
 And bleed within their silent cell.”

‘ It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament.’

The circumstances of the domestic disagreement which terminated in so harsh and unexpected a manner contributed not a little to draw the public attention to the subject, and it was very much the fashion to pity Lord Byron and to blame his lady, when the publication of the third canto of ‘ Childe Harold’ confirmed the existing prejudice in his favour, while it added highly to his poetical reputation.

On a former occasion we have seen that Lord Byron disavowed the imputation of being himself the character he described in the hero of his poem. He did so either very seriously, or with an air of seriousness so well affected, that no one who read it could doubt his being in earnest, and that he had even been pained by the supposition which had got abroad. In the publication which he now submitted to the world he at once identifies himself with his hero, and teaches us to consider Lord Byron and Childe Harold as one and the same. In the very first stanzas he speaks in his own person, and most unequivocally, by addressing his infant daughter :

Is thy face like thy mother’s, my fair child !
 Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
 And then we parted,—not as now we part,
 But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
 The waters heave around me ; and on high
 The winds lift up their voices : I depart,

Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar !
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

It is this kind of personal allusion that we most object to in the whole of this third canto, and we cannot but think that it forms a considerable drawback from the merit of the poem. After what had passed between Lord Byron and his lady, there was something unfair, almost unmanly, in his putting on, for the public, all the airs of a husband injured, but still forgiving, and who was driven from his home, when, in point of fact, the quitting that home was his own choice; and, of all the blame which either of the parties might have deserved, his shame must in justice have been the larger.

This fault will, however, be, as now it should be, forgotten, and such parts of the poem as describe the author's own feelings will be read by posterity with an interest as intense as that which they have created in his own days. The stanzas which are subjoined are no less remarkable on this account than for their own intrinsic beauty. Never before were the secret workings of the heart of a man of real genius, the dissatisfaction at the cold conventions of the world, and the waywardness which accompanies the heavenly fire with which the bosom of a real poet burns, so truly or so powerfully described. Such passages are worth all the metaphysics that the brains of pedants ever dreamed over :

Something too much of this —but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold re-appears at last ;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal ;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood ; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual ; but in vain !
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not ; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Eutering, with every step he took, through many a scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed
And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind :
And he, as one, might midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation ! such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
To wear it ? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb ?
Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man, with whom he held
Little in common ; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled
In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompelled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled ;
Proud though in desolation, which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
 Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages, glassed by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright
 As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven, which woos us to its brink.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome—
 Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home:
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

After this preliminary burst, in which he relieved the feelings of his heart by expressing them, the 'self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,' and proceeds to give the history of his wanderings, and of the impressions which are made upon him by the objects he saw, and in all of which the bitterness of his own disappointment mingles itself.

He reaches the scene of the greatest battle that has been witnessed by modern times, the

——— 'Place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!

The stanzas with which he introduces the subject breathe that in-

dignant scorn which such a mind as his must feel at a notion then commonly entertained, or said to be entertained, by the party to whose opinions he had in some degree attached himself. He looked upon the result of this last of a long series of fights for freedom's sake as the changing the despotism of one into that of several tyrants, under the title of the Holy Alliance. This notion has been satisfactorily disproved, at least to Englishmen. We should not have noticed the subject but for the sake of observing upon the happy contrast which there is between the passage we have last alluded to and those which immediately follow it, and describe the revelling in Brussels on the night before the battle of Quatre Bras. The sudden alarm and hurrying to the field are given with the utmost power:

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

* * * * *

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, 'The foe! They come! they come!'

* * * * *

And Ardenne waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay—
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife—
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which—when rent,
The Earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

In the two succeeding stanzas the poet repairs in some measure the rude sneers he had launched, in another poem, at the Earl of Carlisle, who, as Lord Byron seems now to have thought, deserved better treatment at his hands:

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!
There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee—
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

The note to these stanzas is curious; the noble poet was a *connoisseur* in battle plains, and, as he was not too fond of praising any thing modern, his opinion of Waterloo must have been sincere.

‘My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle) which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway’s side.—Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is.

‘After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, “Here Major Howard lay; I was near him when wounded.” I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above-mentioned.

‘I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action—though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.’

There is no part of the poem which gives us more real satisfaction, or is more congenial to the interest which we feel for Lord Byron’s character, than this, in which he does himself great honour by handsomely seizing the opportunity of making amends for the rough manner in which he had formerly handled the Earl of Carlisle. His resentment against that nobleman was of a purely personal nature; and, if his noble kinsman and guardian had only written bad poetry, he would probably have remained to this day unwhipped by Lord Byron’s satirical lash. The

first cause of quarrel was that Lord Carlisle either disparaged, or praised too coldly, some of his ward's youthful poetry; but the dissatisfaction which this occasioned was much increased by the unkindness with which the elder nobleman declined to present Lord Byron on his taking his seat in the House of Lords. It required no small effort from a man of Lord Byron's temper, after the opinion he had formed and expressed of Lord Carlisle, to seem to request his countenance and assistance on such an occasion. Lord Byron did, however, make that effort; he wrote to his relation, reminding him that he should have attained his majority at the commencement of the ensuing session of Parliament; and he expected, as one should think naturally enough, that Lord Carlisle would on this have offered to present him. Such a proceeding would have been at once sensible and dignified, and would have proved that, with a proper sense of his own consequence, his lordship had at least enough wisdom and good temper to overlook the boyish failings of one who had many undoubted claims to his protection. Lord Carlisle, however, thought otherwise, and, in reply to Lord Byron's letter, merely pointed out to him the forms commonly observed by Peers upon their taking seats in the House of Lords. This it was, much more than any previous offences, and still more than his bad poetry, that drew upon Lord Carlisle the fierce attack of an enemy whom he too much despised.

The circumstances under which he was thus compelled to take his seat in the House were highly painful to Lord Byron. Having been refused in a quarter where he did not expect it (for, in point of fact, Lord Carlisle, by not offering to present him, did refuse), Lord Byron did not choose to apply to any other person to do that for him which many among his noble acquaintance would most willingly have done. He resolved to go without any introduction, and he put this resolution into practice. We have heard, from the narration of an eye-witness, that Lord Byron went through the whole affair as if he was performing a very unwilling sacrifice.

When he entered the House he looked paler than usual; and, although he was much mortified, his features wore a look which seemed to say that there had never been a prouder spirit within those old walls. A very few Peers were present, for it was quite early in the afternoon. Lord Byron passed by the woolsack without stopping to speak to the Lord-Chancellor, who was occupied in the dispatch of some of the routine business of the House, and went straight to the table, where the oaths were administered to him by the proper officer. When this ceremony was concluded the Lord-Chancellor approached him, and,

with that good-tempered manner which he possesses, congratulated him upon his accession to his place in that House. Lord Byron looked all this time stiff, cold, and even displeased. Lord Eldon put out his hand frankly and warmly; Lord Byron requited his courtesy by merely putting the ends of his fingers into it. The Chancellor went back to the woolsack; and Lord Byron, after lounging for a few minutes on one of the opposition benches, quitted the House. One of the men in whom his talents and virtues had excited a high and disinterested affection, and who witnessed this odd scene with considerable pain, remonstrated with him upon the coolness with which he received the Lord-Chancellor's compliments. Lord Byron said, if he had done otherwise, it would have been thought he meant to join the court party; but that he had resolved to have nothing to do with any of the parties then existing in England. He added, that he should now go abroad; and a very short time elapsed before he put this intention into practice.

Probably Lord Carlisle has regretted that he thought fit to act with so much coldness, upon this occasion, to so near a relative; it is to be hoped that he has; and, without meaning to imply any harsh reflection upon that nobleman, we are justified in adding that it is not the only occasion upon which Lord Byron's conduct has appeared improper for want of kind and careful advisers. In the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' from which this anecdote of Lord Byron's life has induced us to digress—we trust not unpleasingly to our reader—his lordship proved that he had forgiven the unkindness he had experienced; and to that poem we now recur.

The other stanzas, alluding to the grief of those who lost husbands, lovers, parents, children—all that were dearest to their hearts—in the slaughter at Waterloo, are highly beautiful and affecting. Still alluding to Major Howard, he says:

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each,
 And one as all, a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake.
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
 Those whom they thirst for: though the sound of Fame
 May for a moment sooth, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing; and the name
 So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer, claim.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn :
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they intrall ;
 The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :
 Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies, and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do, which not forsakes,
 Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

The apostrophe to Buonaparte is touching and true, and the recollection that the poet and the hero have since abided the common lot of mortality adds to the impression which the verses must necessarily make upon every reader :

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst, of men,
 Whose spirit, anlitethically mixt,
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;
 For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene !
 Conqueror and captive of the Earth art thou !
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
 Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself ; nor less the same

To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

The following stanzas might have been applied perhaps as forcibly to Lord Byron as to the dethroned emperor :

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen; all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings

Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule :

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unused, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

At length the pilgrim tears himself from these gloomy subjects, and turns to the more delightful—and, in spite of his sternness, we believe more congenial—subject of the beauties of nature. The scenery of the Rhine awakes all the feelings which in a heart such as his must start, like the notes from a lyre under the sweepings of a master-hand, at the spell of such an assemblage of the beautiful and sublime—such

A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chieffless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

Of all the poets which England—perhaps which the whole world—has produced, Lord Byron most excels in the power of describing, in a few expressions of intense force, the picturesque and prominent features of local scenes. His lines are like sketches from the hand of a painter, who has at once feeling and skill enough to embody, in a few hasty strokes, an idea of the real picturesque, as true, and far more beautiful, than the most minute and labored transcript of one in whom less of the fire of true genius dwells. A whole volume, describing the scenery of the Rhine, could contain no more than lies in the lines last quoted. An ingot of gold may be beaten into a surface of almost any extent ; but leaf-gold is not, therefore, more valuable than the solid metal.

The pilgrim wanders along the shores of this beautiful river, and devotes some of his verses, as he journeys, to the grey ruins which crown its rocky banks, and to the feudal barons who once inhabited them, and whose wars have often discolored the swift waves. Soon afterwards there occurs a passage which has always seemed to us highly de-

lightful, as well for its own beauty as for the intimation it gives us that the gloomy wanderer was not wholly without consolation ;—a notion which he did not fail to impress upon some of those people in England, who thought he was entirely miserable, and who, he believed, wished him to remain so :

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us ; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath weaned it from all worldlings : thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

And he had learned to love—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood—
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;
But thus it was ; and though in solitude
Small power the nipped affections have to grow,
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal ; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes ;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour !

The tenderness of the epistle is exquisite :

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine ;

And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me !

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent fendal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

After a short tribute to the memory of the young and gallant General Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen, and a notice of the singular and pic-

turesque ruin of Ehrenbreitstein, the wanderer bids adieu to the Rhine in two stanzas full as vivid and infinitely more beautiful than could be achieved by the highest powers of painting :

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !

There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;

The mind is colored by thy every hue ;

And, if reluctantly the eyes resign

Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !

'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise :

More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze

The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom

Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,

The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,

The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,

The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been

In mockery of man's art ; and these withal

A race of faces happy as the scene,

Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,

Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

Childe Harold then wanders to Switzerland, where the solitude of the Alps renews in him his disgust of mankind. 'Then comes his fit again.' But we will pass over this, and give his character of Rousseau, in which he has aptly painted that singular compound of vice, freaks, madness, and vulgarity :

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,

The apostle of affliction, he who threw

Enchantment over passion, and from woe

Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew

The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew

How to make madness beautiful, and cast

O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted ;—for to be
 Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
 But his was not the love of living dame,
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But of ideal beauty, which became
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in *Júlie*, *this*
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
 This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
 Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
 From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast,
 Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat ;
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
 Or friends by him self-banished ; for his mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
 But he was frenzied—wherefore, who may know ?
 Since cause might be which skill could never find ;
 But he was frenzied, by disease or woe,
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

The poet then describes a night scene on the Lake of Geneva, which is not the least happy of his efforts. The skill with which the closing in of the night is told, with an effect so tranquil and lulling, is heightened by the fierce delight which the vigorous description of the subsequent storm occasions :

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear

Precipitously steep ; and, drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

* * * * *

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
 That, in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentrated in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf, is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude where we are *least* alone ;
 A truth which through our being then doth melt,
 And purifies from self : it is a tone,
 'The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

* * * * *

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
 And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

* * * * *

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :
 For, here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings—as if he did understand,
 That, in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

The apostrophe to Clarendon, the scene of Rousseau's romance, which has been far too highly praised, is very beautiful ; but the beauty is that which is imparted by the poet, whose mind transformed the dross of the maudlin sensualist

‘Into something rich and strange.’

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love !
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;
 Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows above
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought :
 By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.
 Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains ; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light—so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown—
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

Lord Byron could afford to compliment Rousseau, but we think he did so without the exercise of his usual good taste. It is for smaller people to admire an author who had only just genius enough to add a dazzling eccentricity to very impudent quackery.

The poet then alludes to Gibbon and Voltaire, who both lived in the neighborhood of the Lake of Lausanne : their characters are given with an accuracy and strength which belong only to such men as Lord Byron :

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name ;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame :
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
 Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.
 The one was fire and fickleness—a child
 Most mutable in wishes, but, in mind,
 A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;

He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents: but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
 The lord of irony—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
 And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes! for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid;
 It is not ours to judge—far less condemn;
 The hour must come when such things shall be made
 Known unto all—or hope and dread allayed
 By slumber, on one pillow—in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

After again indulging in that scorn of the world, which, as it is unfounded, can only be forgiven on account of his stupendous genius, to which the forbearance of mankind is sometimes a due tribute, the bard closes his poem with an address to his daughter. Beautiful as this is, it has acquired a much more touching effect from the circumstances which have since happened; and the voice of the parent and the poet seems to echo from the lone and early tomb which has snatched him from his child's affection, and from the admiration of the world:

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
 My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end:
 I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,

And reach into thy heart—when mine is cold—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation—and a broken claim;
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment—all would be in vain—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

The child of love—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee—but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!

Lord Byron remained in the neighborhood of the Lake of Lausanne for several months. He was very fond of sailing, and the lake afforded him an excellent opportunity for indulging in this recreation. The contemplation of the natural beauties which abound in this spot was a source of high and continual delight to him. He was here so fortunate as to form an intimate acquaintance with several very amiable and highly accomplished persons, whose society was rendered very agreeable to him by their being no less devoted worshippers of the Muses than himself. Among his friends in Switzerland Mr. and Mrs.

Shelley ranked the highest, as well on account of their own merit as for the esteem which his lordship bore to them.

For a time Lord Byron seemed, in this retreat, where all the advantages of solitude and society were at his command, to be as happy as he was capable of being. His health was improved; he studied more regularly than he had done for some years before; and his heart and his manners were both ameliorated by the habits which he had now assumed.

Here it was that he composed his 'Prisoner of Chillon,' the subject of which was suggested to him by the picturesque old-fashioned castle of that name, which stands at the end of the lake nearest to Villeneuve.

The appearance of this castle has now become familiar to almost every reader by means of the numerous paintings and engravings which have been produced since the publication of Lord Byron's poem. It is a low fortress, built on a rock which stands in the lake, and is connected with the shore by means of a drawbridge. On one side of it, and on the shores of the lake, stands Clarens, and on the other side Villeneuve. Near the latter town the Rhone enters the lake. Immediately opposite are the rocks of Melleirie, so celebrated in Rousseau's novel, the catastrophe of which he makes to happen very near the castle. Beneath the walls are several dungeons cut in the solid rock: they were used in earlier times as prisons for state offenders, and, during the protracted contest between the Dukes of Savoy and the citizens of Geneva, were made to hold as many of the latter as the duke could get into his power. The appearance of these cells, even at the present day, is very striking: they are low and gloomy, but of considerable extent. A beam of oak, roughly hewn, and black with age, is pointed out as that upon which many of the judicial murders for which the castle is famous were perpetrated. Seven pillars support the arched vault which forms the top of this dungeon; and to some of them rings are still fastened, which were used for the purpose of confining the prisoners within such limits as their tyrant keepers might choose to assign them. In this prison François Bonivard, one of the earliest and firmest assertors of the liberties of Geneva, was confined for six years. In the hard pavement of the dungeon-floor marks have been worn by the footsteps of some of the victims, and are said and believed to be those of Bonivard.

Lord Byron's visit to the castle of Chillon, and the impressions which he received from viewing this dungeon, inspired him with the design of the poem, which he afterwards wrote under the title of 'The Prisoner of Chillon.' The name of Bonivard being connected with

the cells induced him to choose that vigorous reformer for his hero, and to couple with him events and circumstances which do not properly belong to his history. Lord Byron was himself aware of this after he had completed the work: he did not, however, think that this was any reason why he should divest his poem of the charm which *Bonnivard's* name would give to it; and contented himself with calling it 'a fable.'

The object of the poet seems merely to have been to present an abstracted view of captivity, and to describe the processes by which it encroaches, day after day, upon the victim's heart, like a pestilential vapour, at once dimming its lustre and consuming its very substance. The paralyzing effect of imprisonment, the privation of the air and the sun's light, the witnessing sufferings without the power of alleviating them—in short, all those evils, which, hard as they are to endure, become a thousand times more bitter, as well as more hard, because they are the infliction of man's tyranny upon his fellow-men, are painted in this poem with a force which is admirable although it is painful.

A sonnet to Liberty is prefixed to the fable:

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By *Bonnivard*!—May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The poem is supposed to be the narration of *Bonnivard*. He describes himself and his two brothers as chained to the pillars in the dungeon of Chillon:

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each alone:
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,

But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart—
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each,
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,

A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best—
And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—

(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sun-set till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perished in the foremost rank

With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine ;
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

The two younger victims die in consequence of their imprisonment : first, the free spirit of the hunter yields under it ; and, next, that of the youngest and the favorite. That stanza, in which is related the latter event, is, unquestionably, the finest in the poem :

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and, day by day,
 Was withered on the stalk away.
 Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood :—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood ;
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swollen convulsive motion ;
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :

But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him :—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas ! my own was full as chill ;



The Prisoner of Chillon.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, July 10, 1824.

I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die;
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

Madness comes upon the brain of Bonnivard, and sheathes his senses against the pain of recollection. At length he is awakened from the stupor and delirium by the following natural and affecting incident, in which that power which is so peculiarly a poet's—of making things, in themselves unimportant, beautiful and striking—is delightfully manifested :

A light broke in upon my brain—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of Misery :
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ;
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before ;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done ;
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate ;
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,

And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But, knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile,
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

The prisoner's chain is suffered to remain unfastened, and he uses this slight portion of liberty to pace about the narrow cell to which he is confined. At length he is enabled to catch, through his prison window, a glimpse of the sublime scenery which lies about him. The rapturous and intense delight which this sight occasions to him, and the painful contrast which is forced upon him by his own dark cell, are thus described :

I made a footing in the wall—
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child—no sire—no kin—had I,—
 No partner in my misery :
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;

But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze;
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

At length he is freed ; but by this time his prison had become a hermitage to him, and the boon was hardly acceptable.

With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade—
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learned to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are :—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

The history of Bonnivard will be found to be very different from that which is implied by the poem of which we have been speaking. He had no brothers living at the time of his imprisonment, and was not at all a person of the character of Lord Byron's prisoner. It is surprising that more justice has not been done to so eminent a man ; and the more so as Geneva abounds with third or fourth rate literary people, from almost all the nations of Europe, who might employ themselves profitably in collecting all the particulars respecting this sincere but somewhat eccentric man's life.

François de Bonnivard was born in the year 1496, of a respectable and ancient family, which had been long seated at Luges. He was educated at Turin ; and became, before he was twenty, prior of St. Victor, a sort of fauxbourg to the city of Geneva. This benefice, the revenues of which were very considerable, had been ceded to him by his uncle, the late prior.

Although he had the strongest inducements, as far as his pecuniary interests were concerned, to favour the claims of the Duke of Savoy, he was a strenuous and uncompromising opposer of them. When the progress of the Reformation and the welfare of the city required it, he sacrificed, without hesitation, the whole of his benefice, which might be regarded as his patrimony, and left himself without any other resource than his talents, without any other revenue

——— but his good spirits
 To feed and clothe him.

Lord Byron has added in the shape of a note, written in French, some account of Bonnivard's life, furnished to him, as he says, by a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of freedom. It is as follows :

‘ This great man, (Bonnivard deserves this title by the rectitude of his principles, the nobleness of his intentions, the wisdom of his counsels, the courage of his conduct, the extent of his knowledge, and the vivacity of his mind,) this great man, who must excite the admiration of all persons by whom heroic virtue can be properly appreciated, will inspire also the warmest gratitude in the minds of every Genevese who loves the liberties of his native city. Bonnivard was ever one of its firmest supporters : to secure the freedom of our republic he did not fear to lose his own : he gave up his repose ; he scorned his wealth ; he neglected nothing that could tend to establish the prosperity of a city which he had chosen as his own ; he cherished its rights as zealously as the best and most honest of the citizens ; he served it with the intrepidity of a hero ; he wrote its history with the *naïveté* of a philosopher, and with the warmth of a patriot.

‘ In the beginning of his History of Geneva he says, that, “ from the time he commenced the study of the history of nations, he had felt the deepest interest for republics, the rights of which he always espoused.” This inclination it was, probably, that induced him to adopt Geneva as his country.

‘ While he was still very young Bonnivard openly announced himself as the defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the bishop.

‘ In 1519 he was made to experience the consequences of his boldness, and to suffer for the cause he had taken up. The Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonnivard, who knew he had good reason to fear his resentment, thought it prudent to withdraw to Fribourg. On his journey, however, he was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and delivered into the hands of the duke, by whom he was sent to Grolée, and there kept a prisoner for two years. Eleven years afterwards he was still more unfortunate, for, being met upon the Jura by some robbers, they, not content with plundering him, gave him up to the Duke of Savoy. He was then sent to the castle of Chillon, where he remained until the year 1536 ; when, upon the taking of that fortress by the Bernese, Bonnivard was liberated, and the Pays de Vaud freed for ever from the domination of the Dukes of Savoy.

‘ When Bonnivard returned to Geneva he found it free, as well from

the duke's claims as from the burdensome superstitions and exactions of the Romish clergy. He was treated with great respect by the citizens; and, by way of recompensing the injuries he had suffered in their cause, they conferred upon him the freedom of the city. A house, formerly occupied by the vicar-general, was assigned to him, together with an annual pension of two hundred crowns of gold, so long as he should continue in Geneva. This sum bore no comparison to that which he had voluntarily relinquished; but, perhaps, it was at that period, and in the then present state of Geneva, as large as they were able to afford. In the year following his return he was admitted into the Council of Two Hundred.

Bonnivard's exertions for the welfare of the city did not finish here. He had laboured to make Geneva free; he now succeeded also in making it tolerant. Bonnivard prevailed upon the council by which the city was governed to grant the ecclesiastics and the peasants time to discuss and consider the propositions of the reformed religion, which were now submitted to them. His policy upon this occasion forms a remarkable contrast to the ferocious tyranny which was recommended by the persecuting and sanguinary Calvin, and his brethren, at the same period and in the same place. Bonnivard, the advocate of true religion, succeeded by his mildness. Christianity is always preached with success when it is preached in charity and moderation.

Bonnivard was, moreover, a learned man: his manuscripts, which still remain in the public library, sufficiently show that he was well read in the Roman classics, and that he had studied theology and history profoundly. He was devoted to the sciences, and believed that they would be a means of elevating the glory of Geneva; and, impressed with this idea, he omitted no means of fixing them in this infant city. In 1551 he gave his own library for the public use, and thus laid the foundation of the public library at Geneva. His books consist generally of those rare and valuable editions which were published in the fifteenth century. In the same year he bequeathed to the republic all that he was possessed of, on condition that it should be applied towards completing a college which was then projected.

He died, in all probability, in the latter part of the year 1571; but this is not quite certain, because there is a *vacuum*, in the necrology of Geneva, from July, 1570, to the beginning of the year 1571.

Accompanying the poem last mentioned were several smaller ones, of inferior merit. One of these, called 'Darkness,' is a piece of incomprehensible and disagreeable rant. It is in the worst style of the German school, and means nothing in the world.

Another, called a 'Dream,' is at least more interesting, because it relates more to the poet's own history, which he has taken an opportunity of here exhibiting, covered with a fantastical veil of mystery. To unriddle this mystery it is only necessary to know that Lord Byron had been attached in his youth to a lady who, it was believed, loved him no less, but who, influenced by one of those caprices which ill-natured people say are so very common with the gentle sex, married another. Lord Byron was only a nobleman and a gentleman; the more favored lover had the reputation of being as great a rake as any in the three kingdoms, a sporting man and a spendthrift. Who could blame the lady for preferring the latter?

In the hour of his affliction Lord Byron seems to have reviewed the circumstances of his past life; and they rose upon his memory like a dream—a painful struggling dream—which ended in agony and tears, that could neither be suppressed nor dried up on his awakening.

The lady of his boyish love is thus described :

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had looked

Upon it till it could not pass away ;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
 She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colored all his objects :—he had ceased
 To live within himself ; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all : upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :
 Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
 Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another ; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood,
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

Then he describes his own travels in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the minds of his readers that he means to identify himself with the person of his poem. The sorrow which his betrayed love occasions is not all his own ; the faithless lady finds that misery follows close upon her broken vows :

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
 The lady of his love was wed with one
 Who did not love her better :—in her home,
 A thousand leagues from his—her native home,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
 Daughters and sons of Beauty—but, behold !
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,

And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

Lord Byron then describes his own marriage, and the lamentable change which ensued, still through the seeming dream :

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream —
The wanderer was returned.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood ;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude ; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him ; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sun-shine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light :
What business had they there at such a time ?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
The lady of his love ;—oh ! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind

Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
 They had not their own lustre, but the look
 Which is not of the earth; she was become
 The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things,
 And forms impalpable, and unperceived
 Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
 What is it but the telescope of truth,
 Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real?

If any doubt could be entertained, as to the identity of the dreamer and the bard, the following passage would remove it:

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
 The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation, compassed round
 With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him, until,
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
 Through that which had been death to many men,
 And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe
 He held his dialogues and they did teach;
 To him the magic of their mysteries;
 To him the book of Night was opened wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed
 A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
 It was of a strange order, that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like a reality—the one
 To end in madness—both in misery.

Lord Byron passed his time at Geneva in a very retired manner. Madame de Stael, who was then living at Coppel, had very friendly intentions towards him; but, notwithstanding this feeling, she was the cause of very great pain to him. She interfered in the quarrel between him and Lady Byron; and, as she was not perhaps the fittest person in the world for a mediator, she entirely failed of success. She was rather inclined to take Lady Byron's side, and this, of course, was highly unpalatable to his lordship, who had by this time so often repeated that he was 'more sinned against than sinning,' that he even believed it himself. He had a mortal hatred against blue-stockings—and who can blame him? Madame de Stael, perhaps, united in her own person all the most striking as well as the most disagreeable parts of *blue-stockings*. She invited Lord Byron, upon more occasions than one, to her parties, when they were filled with English people, solely for the purpose of showing him up; and once went so far as to read him a long lecture before such a company on the immorality of his life.

If her charges had been true, this method of preferring them would have been sufficiently injudicious on her part and painful to his lordship; but they were in fact mere inventions—some so absurd that no one could really believe them; others so trifling, that, if they had been true, the schooling might have been spared. Lord Byron could not forgive this. He learned, also, that his actions were watched, and that the absurd reports to which the misrepresentations of these people gave rise were all repeated at Madame de Stael's parties; that himself and his supposed vices formed a principal subject of the conversation there; and that they were afterwards magnified and horrified in all possible shapes for the English markets.

Lord Byron took no other vengeance on Madame de Stael, for all the wrongs of which she had been, perhaps, the unwitting occasion, than by saying that if she had talked less she would have written better, and by praising her husband, M. Rocca, of whom Madame de Stael was a little ashamed, though without the slightest reason, and whose name she declined to bear. He was a very sensible man, and Lord Byron said he could say good things in a very agreeable manner. It was he who, when Lord Byron was regretting that the rocks of Meilleirie (rendered, as his lordship thought, sacred, by Rousseau's having connected with them the loves of St. Preux and his Julie) had been cut away to make a road, replied that 'a good road was better than all the recollections in the world.'

Perhaps Lord Byron would have been content with this revenge, and

would have continued to pursue his amusement of sailing round the beautiful lake of Geneva. Happy in the society of a very few friends, among whom Mr. Shelley and Mr. Hobhouse were the highest in his estimation, he might have bid defiance to the little calumnies of Madame de Stael and her gossips, but that he found their lies reached England, and had found their way into the newspapers. Fond as he was of notoriety—and he was fond of it to a passion—this was not the sort of fame that he coveted. He learned that the senseless stories were believed as well as circulated, and that he was looked upon as little better than a very worthless person, who, after trying all modes of extravagance, had settled down into mere indolence and vice.

No man was more sensitive of the opinion of others than Lord Byron; and perhaps no man ever took greater pains to conceal this disposition, which he himself knew was a weakness. Upon such a mind, therefore, it may be imagined that the repetition of the senseless calumnies which had got abroad in England with respect to him acted with an almost torturing effect. He had been living in perfect retirement, and in a most temperate and harmless manner, when, on a sudden, he learned that all sorts of crime and dissipation were even then imputed to him. His rage was beyond bounds; and he said, in one of those childish transports into which he was sometimes betrayed, that his enemies in England should not say, nor should the people of England believe, these things of him without a cause. He gave orders for removing from Switzerland, and went to Venice, where he executed his threat by plunging into all the excesses for which that city affords such unlimited opportunities.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD BYRON'S going to Venice was a piece of wanton foolery; but it was such as could hardly be surprising in one who, from youth to manhood, had been, in the widest sense of the phrase, an *enfant gâté*.

He threw himself recklessly into all sorts of excesses, and, with the exception of the years immediately preceding his travels into the East, when he was a mad rake upon town, he never gave way to so much profligacy. He gamed, drank, and intrigued, as much at least as any other person in Venice, and this is saying not a little against him.

His reputation had preceded him, and his fame as a poet had been

already sufficiently spread in Italy by means of translations of his best poems. He was a sort of rage, and particularly with old women of fashion—a race as profligate as they are disagreeable—and who in Venice are, if possible, a thousand times worse than in any other place.

Among the many affairs of gallantry in which Lord Byron had the credit of being engaged none made so much noise as that with a woman who was whimsically enough called his *Fornarina*. An engraving of her is about in England, and is well known, although it has never been published. This woman was a baker's wife, and a perfect specimen of Venetian beauty. Her hair and eyes were black; her complexion pale, but quite clear; her teeth of exquisite whiteness; and the usual expression of her face was of that languid melancholy description which bespeaks an intensely passionate temperament. Lord Byron was not very fond of her: he used to say that he liked to make love—not to be made love to. This woman was very ardently attached to him, and not only insisted upon taking up her abode in his house, but in keeping every other woman out of it. She was inconceivably jealous; and being, besides, as great a vixen as ever lived, her passion sometimes led her to very odd vagaries. Of the lowest order of the Venetians, and possessing sentiments which, however strong, were not much more refined than her language, she used to give herself up to abusing every woman who became an object of her suspicion, and this never 'in *choice* Italian.'

One day two English ladies, who were intimate acquaintances of Lord Byron, and who had heard a great deal of this woman—then the town talk, at least among the English residents at Venice—went in their gondola to Lord Byron's palazzo, for the purpose of seeing her. The Fornarina, who was upon the look-out, discovered that the gondola contained ladies; and met the gondolier, who was landing to inquire whether Lord Byron was at home. She answered his questions very vehemently—said his lordship was not at home—and that, if he were, he would not wish to be troubled with visitors. She was proceeding in her own peculiar style, which was rather eloquent than polished, and which the English ladies were so fortunate as not to understand, when the gondolier, whose ears were more familiar with the Fornarina's slang, desired her to desist. She, however, was very much disposed to continue, and seemed inclined to pull caps with her supposed rivals, until the gondolier silenced her effectually, and made her retreat into the house, by telling her that one of the ladies was the wife of a gentleman of high diplomatic authority; and the Venetians have always too great an awe of such persons to enter into a con-

test with them. The Fornarina went into the palazzo, but was by no means convinced that the two ladies did not come with hostile intentions. She believed, and probably remains in the same notion to this day, that they came to cut his lordship out of his own palace, and to carry him off like one of the heroines of Ariosto.

At length her passion became so troublesome that Lord Byron, who was soon sick of having even happiness thrust upon him, resolved to get rid of her, and with no small difficulty effected her expulsion from his house. She, however, returned, like the recollection of a 'pleasant vice,' to scourge him, and surprised him one day by running into the room in which he was dining. Finding that he would not listen to her entreaties to be received again, she caught up a knife and swore that she would kill herself before him. However much he was frightened at her threats, he knew that it would be very unwise to let her see his fear, and he therefore only laughed at her. More enraged than ever at this—and yet not mad enough to kill herself—she flew into the balcony, and jumped thence into the canal, where the coolness of the water somewhat restored her to her senses. It was not very deep: she was soon taken out, by some of the gondoliers who were passing, and carried home to her husband, where—to end this romance as some others end—she lived very happily ever after.

Another adventure of Lord Byron's had like to have brought a more serious termination. In Italy, as in some other places on the Continent, flirtation, *dans toute la force du phrase*, is quietly permitted with married women; but young ladies, who have yet to make their fortunes by establishing themselves, must not be approached excepting with serious intentions;—so different is the interest taken by fathers and brothers for their female relations from that which is felt by husbands for their wives. Lord Byron had been paying civilities to a lady of the former description, and had flattered himself that, by dint of sonnet-teering and serenading, he had made an impression on her, when he was surprised by a visit from a police-officer and a priest, who came to remonstrate with him on the subject.

Lord Byron's disinclination to receive the visits of his countrymen during his stay at Venice has been very absurdly exaggerated and misrepresented. It is true that he has himself been the cause of this in a great measure by the angry note which he published at the end of one of his poems, breathing a contempt for every thing English, which is in itself very foolish, and which, if it had been really felt, would in all probability, for that very reason, never have been expressed.

He was induced, however, to commit this absurdity by an impertinent observation in a book called 'Sketches of Italy,' the author of which said she might have been introduced to Lord Byron, but declined the offer. Perhaps, too, the inconvenient intrusion of persons who forced themselves into his house, and went to look at him as they would at any other wonder, had tried and vexed a temper not the most enduring in the world. Every body who has lived on the Continent knows that the behaviour of a large portion of English travellers is not such as would induce many men to claim or even to acknowledge any connexion with them.

When Lord Byron was properly introduced to persons who had any pretensions to his acquaintance he never failed to treat them with respect, and even cordiality. Even strangers with whom he met accidentally, if they were persons of good breeding and of information, never failed to experience that polite frankness which was fully as much a part of his nature as the habit of his education.

With all his profligacy Lord Byron enjoyed a considerable share of popularity: his sentiments were known to be liberal, and this, of course, recommended him to the groaning people of this once free and flourishing, but now degraded and almost desolate, city. His habits were expensive; he kept many servants, and behaved with the utmost kindness and liberality to all of them. He was charitable and munificent to a degree rather uncommon; for the parsimony of the English in Venice had created an unfavorable opinion against them among the lower orders of the people. Of the instances of his charity probably many might be collected, but that these things are forgotten when all the evil which such men as Lord Byron do is 'writ in brass.'

There is one mark of the goodness of his heart and the generosity of his temper which we could not forgive ourselves if we did not preserve: 'The house of a shoemaker, near his lordship's residence in St. Samuel, was destroyed by fire. The poor man lost every article belonging to him, and was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable condition. Lord Byron, having ascertained the afflicting circumstance of the calamity, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer, the whole expense of which was borne by his lordship, who also presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.'

Lord Byron was attended during the whole of his stay in Venice by his servant Fletcher, who seems to have been as faithful and as foolish a servant as ever man had. This man had been a shoemaker in the

neighborhood of Newstead, and was so much attached to his master that he even found courage enough to accompany him on his travels in the East;—no unequivocal proof of affection in a man who hated foreign parts, and loved a wife whom he left at home. Lord Byron's letters to his mother were full of jokes about Fletcher, who seems to have given him at least as much trouble as he occasioned him amusement. He says that in Turkey the valet used always to be sighing after the delights he had left in England, among which were included beef, porter, tea, and his wife Sally. His fears (for valour was no part of Fletcher's character) were troublesome enough sometimes, when it was necessary for the the travellers to 'assume the virtue of courage if they had it not.' When the letters from Lord Byron to his mother shall be published—and why they are withheld no man can guess—for there is not a word in them to hurt the feelings of any human being—it will be seen that the faithful servant cuts a prominent and always a funny figure. In one of them, if we remember rightly, Lord Byron says something to this effect:

'Fletcher, after having been toasted, roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize; is grown a refined as well as a resigned character; and promises at his return to be an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite. He, Fletcher, begs leave to send half a dozen sighs to Sally, his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill-written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand. As for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know that we are well, and warm enough at this present writing. God knows you must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you.'

Lord Byron used to say that Fletcher vexed him past endurance upon one occasion, when he was so much provoked that he was near shooting him. It was when Lord Byron was visiting the Pantheon; and, while his soul was burning with indignation at the havoc which had been committed there, Fletcher came up to him with a look of ineffable stupidity, and said, pointing to one of the massy fragments of the ruin, 'Law! if we had this *marvel* in England, what nice mantel-pieces we could make out of it, my lord.' It will be admitted this was enough to move the choler of a less irritable person than Lord Byron. Poor Fletcher, however, escaped shooting.

Lord Byron was at all times of his life plagued by female corre-

spondents, some of whose letters breathed the passion with which his lordship's poetry had inspired them in no equivocal language. His lordship did not treat their favours as they deserved, for, if he did not choose to reply to the epistles, he should have consigned them to the flames. He had no secrets himself, and was the worst man in the world to keep those of other people: the letters were tossed about, and fell into Fletcher's hands, who, when he had a love-letter to compose on his own account, availed himself of the passionate expressions of his master's fair correspondents. One of his favorite figures extracted from one of these letters, and that which he used when he wanted to make an irresistible impression upon the object of his passion, was to say, that he was 'a blasted laurel struck by a *metre*.'

The assiduity with which he imitated his master's whimsical extravagances, and which, odd as they were in poor Lord Byron, became in Fletcher's *travestimento* a thousand times more funny, procured him the nick-name of Leporello, by which title Lord Byron usually designated him.

Notwithstanding these and some other oddities Fletcher was a very affectionate and faithful servant to a master who deserved a good servant, and who knew his good qualities too well not to look at his whimsicalities in the right point of view.

The sort of life he led at Venice, however, was not long to Lord Byron's taste. Among his virtues, if, indeed, it be a virtue, constancy was not one: he knew this, and confessed it in 'Don Juan.' He used seriously to excuse his fickleness, and would give (who could not?) many reasons, all excellent and unanswerable, why a man ought to change his enjoyments as soon as they had palled upon his taste. It may be very much questioned whether the dissipations of Venice were ever very much to his lordship's liking.

An event which contributed to wean Lord Byron from the tiresome and degrading frivolities of the life he had been leading at Venice was the arrival there of Mr. and Mrs. Shelley. For that gentleman he had long entertained a profound respect and esteem; and Mr. Shelley had, perhaps, more influence with Lord Byron than any other of his friends. It was not an influence acquired by preaching or advising, but arising from the high and merited opinion which Lord Byron entertained of Mr. Shelley's genius and character. The habits of no two men could be more directly opposite; and yet they were always good friends, and their intimacy was disturbed by none of those storms to which Lord Byron's other friendships were almost constantly ex-

posed. Of Mr. Shelley's critical judgment, and of the rectitude and virtue of his mind, Lord Byron was fully convinced: he knew, as every body who had any knowledge of that gentleman, must have been aware, that he had been misrepresented by the ignorant and dishonest reviews in the most absurd as well as the most wicked manner; and he knew also that, but for the retiring habits and the scorn in which Mr. Shelley held such attacks, their refutation would have been certain and easy. It had been Lord Byron's misfortune to be surrounded abroad by persons who were of an inferior rank to himself, and whose dependent situation prevented their advice from being of that character which, to be valuable, it should always possess—disinterestedness. Mr. Shelley was of as good a family as his own; the heir to a very large fortune, and in the possession of an ample competency: he, therefore, stood in a very different light from some of Lord Byron's Continental associates; and as he knew, too, that friendship, like other things of delicate growth, requires to be constantly cherished, he neither suffered it to be weakened by neglect, nor by a deficiency in those external forms which must always be mutually observed, and which, however valueless they may seem, are often as useful as they are agreeable.

In one of Mr. Shelley's poems,* which has been published since his lamented death, he introduces Lord Byron under the character of a Venetian nobleman. The preface to that poem describes the personages who figure in it; and the sketch of Lord Byron is as vigorous and as faithful a portrait as was ever drawn by the hand of a master, and of a master, too, who knew every lineament of the mind and feelings of his subject:

'Count Maddalo is a Venetian nobleman of ancient family and of great fortune, who, without mixing much in the society of his countrymen, resides chiefly at his magnificent palace in that city. He is a person of the most consummate genius; and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men; and, instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other

* Julian and Maddalo.

strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentrated and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming, than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.'

In the opening of the poem is described a ride on the Lido—Lord Byron's favorite resort—in which the poet accompanied his friend. The untimely deaths of both of them have given an interest to this work in addition to that which its own beauty confers on it:

'I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepared, and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows; and yet more
Than all, with a remembered friend I love
To ride as then I rode;—for the winds drove
The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north;
And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth

Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
 Into our hearts aërial merriment.
 So, as we rode, we talked; and the swift thought,
 Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,
 But flew from brain to brain—such glee was ours,
 Charged with light memories of remembered hours,
 None slow enough for sadness.'

We cannot, as we would willingly, indulge ourselves and our readers by dwelling very long on this beautiful poem, but we should not be thanked, perhaps not forgiven—unless we gave the following extract:

'If I had been an unconnected man,
 I, from this moment, should have formed some plan
 Never to leave sweet Venice: for to me
 It was delight to ride by the lone sea:
 And then the town is silent—one may write
 Or read in gondolas by day or night,
 Having the little brazen lamp alight,
 Unseen, uninterrupted:—books are there,
 Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
 Which were twin-born with poetry;—and all
 We seek in towns, with little to recall
 Regret for the green country:—I might sit
 In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit
 And subtle talk would cheer the winter night,
 And make me know myself:—and the fire light
 Would flash upon our faces, till the day
 Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay.'

The mournful recollection that the spirits which lent light to such scenes are now quenched in the darkness of death forces itself upon us, and damps the feeling of pleasure which the description of these nights would otherwise create. How different such nights from those in which Lord Byron had indulged at Venice, before the arrival of his friend!

In this poem mention is also made of Lord Byron's child, Allegra, who, it will be remembered, is spoken of in a codicil to his will, where the bequest made to her is on condition that she did not marry an Englishman. This child is since dead, and perhaps it is better for the happiness of many persons that she is so. She is said to have been

one of the most beautiful and engaging creatures ever beheld, and exactly as she is described in the following lines :

‘The following morn was rainy, cold, and dim :
 Ere Maddalo arose I called on him,
 And, whilst I waited, with his child I played ;
 A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made ;
 A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being ;
 Graceful without design, and unforeseeing ;
 With eyes—Oh ! speak not of her eyes ! which seem
 Twin mirrors of Italian Heaven, yet gleam
 With such deep meaning as we never see
 But in the human countenance. With me
 She was a special favorite : I had nursed
 Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first
 To this bleak world ; and she yet seemed to know,
 On second sight, her ancient playfellow,
 Less changed than she was by six months or so.
 For, after her first shyness was worn out,
 We sate there, rolling billiard-balls about,
 When the Count entered.’

And with this extract our notice of the elegant and refined poem from which it is taken must end.

In addition to the disgust which he had taken against the profligacies of Venice, which he did not hate the less because he had shared them, other circumstances prompted him to leave it. The Austrian government began to annoy him, by showing, in a more remarkable manner than they had done before, that he was a suspected person, because he was known to be hostile to their domination in that city. His papers and books were stopped at the *Dogana*, and he found himself inconvenienced by the repeated applications which became necessary to procure their delivery. His letters, too, were opened ; and all the petty insolences of office, which it is equally impossible to bear or to resent, were practised upon him ; and the last affront was put upon him by the proscription of his works. For the latter he did not care much, because the prohibition applied only to translations, which were so bad that he was heartily ashamed of them ; and, but that he felt himself obliged to take some notice of it, because it was one among many insults, he would probably have disregarded it.

Lord Byron's desire to see again the Countess Guiccioli, with whom

he had become acquainted in Venice, and who was at this time with her husband and her relations at Ravenna, was not among the least of his inducements to quit Venice. In Captain Medwin's 'Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron' it is said that the following stanzas from his lordship's poem of 'Beppo' describe the countess's beauty, under the pretence of speaking of a picture in the Manfrini Palace :

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty—that fine name—
 But something better still ; so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same ;
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Wer't not impossible, besides a shame :
 The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again :

One of those forms which flit by us when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face :
 And, oh ! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which agree,
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
 Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below.'

The mention of Captain Medwin's book gives us an opportunity, which we gladly avail ourselves of, to bear testimony to its general merits, and, above all, to that of its authenticity. It is just such a book as might have been expected from the author. It is fair, frank, and fearless—written without any aim at authorship—and consisting merely of the memoranda and recollections of conversations which were too vivid to be forgotten, and bearing upon the surface marks of strict, and even scrupulous, veracity. In any other hands than those of Captain Medwin an immense book would have been made out of the materials he possessed. He has, however, with great good taste, and with a proper feeling for himself, as well as for the memory of Lord Byron, chosen only to present to the public such particulars as will enable them to view, for the first time, the mind of a man who has occupied so large a portion of their attention during the last ten years. While the unpretending and judicious manner in which Captain Medwin has executed the task he imposed upon himself is highly creditable

to his own character, it has also the effect of giving a value to his book which all the fine writing in the world could not confer upon it. It has already entitled itself to a place beside 'Boswell's Memoirs of Dr. Johnson,' and will be looked upon by posterity with equal, perhaps superior, respect. It will be always recognised by the style, and by the very faults which it contains, as the description, by a man of honour and feeling, of the mind of a gentleman who was himself 'the soul of honour.'

In the present state of the periodical press Captain Medwin may look for attacks from various quarters for the honest carelessness with which he has used the names of individuals. We do not know how he could have avoided doing so without compromising his own reputation and that of his deceased friend. He will probably care little about either praise or blame, and rest satisfied with the consciousness of having fairly done what he felt to be a duty; and, valueless as it may be to him, we gladly take this opportunity of expressing our opinion of his merit and the worth of his book.

In the preparations necessary for the present work we had collected many of the facts which Captain Medwin's book contains; and as they were all of them drawn, like his, from sources of unquestionable authenticity, we are able to pronounce that they are, in every instance, as far as our information goes, perfectly accurate. The manner of our publication has prevented us from being before this gentleman in the field, but we shall pursue our path with no less satisfaction because he has preceded us.

From Captain Medwin we learn a fact with which we were not before acquainted; viz. that the following sonnet, prefixed to 'The Prophecy of Dante,' was addressed to the Countess Guiccioli:—

Lady! if for the cold and cloudy clime
 Where I was born, but where I would not die,
 Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
 I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
 Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
 Thou art the cause; and, howsoever I
 Fall short of his immortal harmony,
 Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
 Thou, in the pride of beauty and of youth,
 Spak'st; and for thee to speak and be obeyed.

Are one ; but only in the sunny South
 Such sounds are uttered, and such charms displayed,
 So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
 Ah ! to what effort would it not persuade ?

It would be difficult, indeed, to find any adequate apology for that part of Lord Byron's life which relates to his connexion with this lady. We do not live in times when any palliation can be safely offered for an offence against which the opinions of society have been so strongly and so wholesomely pronounced, and we will neither do our readers nor ourselves the injustice to call it a venial one. While, however, we admit so much, we think it is only fair to observe that the state of society in Italy and that which exists in England are happily very different ; and that this difference may ever remain unchanged on our part is the fervent wish of every lover of virtue and of his country !

My Lady Morgan, whose opinion is worth, perhaps, more on this subject than on some of those on which she writes so *fearlessly* (as poor Lord Byron said, in his cutting and sarcastic way), has a passage which fairly describes the deplorable state of society at Venice, and, indeed, in many other of the Italian states. She quotes an extract from M. Daru's 'History of the Republic of Venice,' in which, speaking of the women of that city, he says, 'The corruption of the public morals had deprived them of all their sway in society. After looking through the whole history of Venice during this period, not one instance can be found in which they exercised the slightest influence.' Lady Morgan pursues the subject :

'The society in which woman holds no influence is in the last degree degraded, and even disorganized ; for the influence of woman is a "*right divine*," derived from her high vocations of wife and mother ; and it is only in those false combinations, where the great laws of Nature are set aside, that she *can* forfeit that immunity, blended with

" Her nature's end and being."

And yet, if there ever was a country where beauty and blandishment, and warm hearts and kindly feelings, went together, that country (to judge by appearance) is Venice. The gentle looks and smiling eyes, the female softness and female gaiety, which charm the stranger's observation whenever Venetian women come within its scope, bespeak a race of beings formed for all the best affections—to receive and to

inspire the most intense and tender feelings : but convents and casinos, political tyranny and religious bigotry, are dire foes to the virtues which should belong to aspects so bewitching ; and the graces which, if blended with higher qualities, might have fixed the seat of woman's empire among the lagunes of the Adriatic, have long survived but to render her a slave or a sultana, destined to serve or to sway by the worst of means.'

The lot of unmarried women in Italy is bad enough ; but that of the wives is still more degraded, though it is less slavish. Young women are doomed to a convent until they are of a marriageable age. The discipline of these convents is any thing but rational, and is even less religious : they are, in fact, mere prisons for the confinement of girls whom it is the interest of their relations to keep safe until a fit match has been procured for them.

This is scarcely ever difficult in Italy, where needy people abound, and where a man's establishment is incomplete without a wife, however small the portion of domestic felicity for which the husband looks may happen to be.

For this reason a small dowry is sufficient with a wife ; and, owing to the injudicious provisions of the laws, the portions of the daughters of a man of certain rank are regulated by the amount of his fortune. He therefore marries his daughters as soon and as cheaply as he can, in order either to save some part of the money for himself, or to increase the fortune of his sons.

The tyranny and the monotony of a conventual life are such, that the young ladies would rather embrace age and ugliness, with all their disgusting attributes, than endure any longer than is unavoidable that state of single blessedness to which the laws and their parents' affection condemn them. Elopements from these convents are therefore of frequent occurrence in Italy ; intrigues are still more frequent, the consequences of which are too horrible and inhuman to be for a moment dwelt upon ; and marriages which can produce nothing but disappointment to both parties, and swell the amount of crime, are, unhappily, of still more usual occurrence.

When, therefore, the people of England are prepared, as they must be, to condemn the vices which spring out of such a state of things, let them pause for a moment, and, before they blame, let them pity, as they will, the victims of these cruel regulations, which offer, as it were, a premium for crime. With these observations we dismiss the subject ;—

as we have said, we do not seek to palliate, in the subject of our memoirs, conduct which was unquestionably wrong; but the charity which ought to be exercised towards the dead—the sympathy which we cannot but feel for the woes of the desolate and heartbroken living—compel us to speak tenderly and humanely upon a topic, which, to treat harshly, might be to tear open wounds that time has yet but skinned over, and which eternity can hardly heal.

The Countess Guiccioli had been educated in a convent, and at the age of sixteen was taken from it, and sacrificed—not married—to a man of more than sixty years old. His single qualification for a husband consisted in his being the richest man in the province. His manners were as frigid and austere as his age might lead one to suppose, and he was altogether little calculated to make such a young woman happy.

She was a person of a lively and well-cultivated mind; her education had been carefully superintended, as far as the usual acquirements of females in her country are regarded; she was highly accomplished; and her heart was, like that of all young Italian women, full of fire.

Captain Medwin says Lord Byron told him, that, from the moment of her marriage with the Count Guiccioli, she was accustomed to call him *Sir*, and that they had always separate apartments.

In Italy, as is well known, the practice of married women attaching to their persons some male favorite, under the title of a *cavaliere servente*, is universal, and of course is in perfectly good taste and *ton*. It was impossible, under any circumstances, that a person like the Countess Guiccioli could be happy with the husband to whom her evil destiny had united her. The Count himself neither expected that she would be faithful; nor had he, perhaps, so singular a taste as to wish that she should in this respect differ from the ladies of her own rank. She saw Lord Byron, and the impression which her charms made upon him was quite mutual. Her affection for him could only be equalled by the disgust she felt for her husband; and to hearts thus prepared the road to ruin was already open. To make short a story which we should have been glad to pass over entirely—if that regard for historical truth which we are compelled to observe would permit us to do so—they loved.

Before Lord Byron quitted Venice he wrote the following address to the Po, in which he expresses his passion for the countess. It is printed in Captain Medwin's book, but not for the first time:—

River ! that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me :

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed ?

What do I say—a mirror of my heart ?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong ?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art !
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for ever !
Thou overflowest thy banks, and not for aye ;
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river !
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away ;

But left long wrecks behind them ; and again,
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move—
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
And I to loving one I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet ;
Her eyes will look on thee when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unbarmed by summer's heat.

She will look on thee ; I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream ;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now :
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more :
Will she return by whom that wave shall weep ?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore—
I near thy source, she by thy dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
 Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
 But the distraction of a various lot,
 As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
 Born far beyond the mountains; but his blood
 Is all meridian, as if never fanned
 By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
 I had not left my clime: I shall not be,
 In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
 A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
 Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
 To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
 And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

Lord Byron, upon quitting Venice, hastened to Ravenna, where the countess was staying with her husband. Here he was regularly installed, according to the Italian custom, as the *cavaliere servente* of the countess, and with the approbation—tacit, if not expressed—of the count himself.

Before, however, Lord Byron abandoned himself to the fascinations of Venice, he had produced his first and best tragedy—'Manfred,' which was published in 1817. He had already done enough to entitle him to the throne of poetry, but he had not before made any attempt in the dramatic style of writing. The tragedy of 'Manfred' proved at once that, although he possessed some of the highest and most indispensable qualities for a dramatic poet, there were some others in which he was deficient, and which it did not seem probable that he would be able ever to acquire. In this drama Lord Byron introduced the agency of spirits; and, although the manner of handling this difficult subject is inferior to Shakspeare in sublimity and horror, and to Goëthe in vigour and interest, it is nevertheless highly ingenious, and added another laurel to the poet's brow.

The scene of the tragedy of 'Manfred' is laid in the upper part of Switzerland, and every portion of the poem is marked with the impressions which the stupendous scenery of that country had made upon his mind. In the first scene the hero Manfred is discovered in the

Gothic gallery of his castle, situated among the Bernese Alps. As far as can be gathered from the poem (for this too is enveloped in a mystery which does not always add to its beauty), Manfred is a man whom vices, misfortunes, and a habit of prying into a knowledge of things forbidden to mortality, have made a misanthrope and a wretch. Seated in his gloomy gallery, he conjures the spirits of earth and air, whom he has subdued to his will, and in a very impassioned speech calls before him seven supernatural powers. These are the spirits of Earth, Air, Ocean, Night, the Mountains, the Winds, and of his Nativity.

They are invisible; but their voices ring in his ear, and they reply in wild and unearthly strains to his summons. Their answers are all beautiful, and suited to their various supposed characters. That of the Mountain Spirit runs thus :

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
 They crowned him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand;
 But, ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The glaciers' cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 And quiver to his caverned base—
 And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

The Spirit of the Earth replies thus :

Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillowed on fire,
 And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher;
 Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,
 As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth;

I have quitted my birthplace,
 Thy bidding to bide—
 Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide !

The answer of the Spirit of the Storm is perhaps the most characteristic of the whole :

I am the rider of the wind,
 The stirrer of the storm ;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm.
 To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
 I swept upon the blast :
 The fleet I met sailed well, and yet
 'Twill sink ere night be past.

The Spirit of his Nativity then takes up the song, and thus obey and defies at once the power by which it is compelled :

The star which rules thy destiny
 Was ruled, ere earth began, by me :
 It was a world as fresh and fair
 As e'er revolved round sun in air ;
 Its course was free and regular,
 Space bosomed not a lovelier star.
 The hour arrived—and it became
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe ;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky !
 And thou ! beneath its influence born—
 Thou worm ! whom I obey and scorn—
 Forced by a power (which is not thine,
 And lent thee but to make thee mine)
 For this brief moment to descend,
 Where these weak spirits round thee bend,
 And parley with a thing like thee—
 What wouldst thou, Child of Clay ! with me ?

The seven Spirits then sing this chorus :

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay !
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say ?

Manfred asks them to bestow upon him forgetfulness of what is past, and they reply that this is beyond their power. They say that he may die if he will. He asks if death will bring forgetfulness, but their answer now is not more satisfactory than before. Then he commands them to appear before him in a human shape; and one of them, the Spirit of his natal Star, puts on the form of a beautiful woman, in whom Manfred recognises a person connected with the history of his crime and his misery. He falls senseless, and the scene closes.

The next scene is in the mountain of the Jungfrau, and the effect of the breaking day upon that romantic scenery is accurately expressed in the following beautiful soliloquy of Manfred :

——— My mother Earth!

And thou fresh-breaking Day! and you, ye mountains !
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe—
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed,
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause ?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge ;
I see the peril—yet do not recede ;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm :
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live ;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil.

The whole of this scene is exquisitely beautiful ; and the manner in which the objects of nature work upon the heart of the mysterious being, who has lost all community with his fellow-men, is in the highest degree skilful.

An eagle passes over his head, and elicits from him the following apostrophe :

——— Ay,

Thou winged and cloud cleaving minister,
 Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thy eaglets ; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee ; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself !
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves.
 And trust not to each other.

The effect of a simple melody, heard in the distance from a shepherd's pipe—a sound which never failed to stir man's heart to gentle and kind feelings—is thus described as Manfred continues his soliloquy :

——— Hark ! the note,

The natural music of the mountain reed—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd.
 My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me !



Manfred rescued from Self-Destruction.

The recollection of his misery, the consequence of his own vice, now rushes upon his mind, and he meditates his own destruction :

——— To be thus—

Grey-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise ! Now furrowed o'er
With wrinkles, ploughed by moments, not by years ;
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive !—Ye toppling crags of ice !
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me !
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict ; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live ;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

* * * * *

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned, like pebbles.—I am giddy.

He resolves to leap from the rock on which he stands, and to seek the forgetfulness, in which alone he can find—not happiness, but a respite from his misery, by dashing himself to atoms on the lower crags. As he is about to take this mad leap, a chamois-hunter, whom the wildness of his gestures has attracted, approaches him, and seizes his arm in time to prevent his destruction. Manfred, overcome by his feelings, suffers his preserver to lead him to his *chalèt*.

It has been objected that the introduction of this chamois-hunter, and Manfred's quietly accompanying him to his cottage, are circumstances too trivial in themselves for the purpose of the drama, and, as regards the *actores fabulæ*, not natural. The objection is well enough founded ; but let the critic remember that, while nothing is more easy than to bring a character on the stage, there is a world of trouble very often in getting him off again. Poor Mr. Puff, in the 'Critic,' is

dreadfully perplexed when he discovers that his actors cannot ‘go off kneeling.’ Lord Byron had by no means done with his *Manfred* at this part of the play—he could not afford to let him kill himself, and, when it comes to the point of saving a man’s life, whether a chamois-hunter or the Humane Society’s drags are resorted to is no matter, provided the point is but gained.

Manfred’s narrow escape does not deter him from resorting once again to the unhallowed agents, by his intercourse with whom he has destroyed his happiness.

In the second act a scene is introduced, where he conjures up the Witch of the Alps; and a dialogue ensues, which describes more fully his character, and the unutterable crime which has left its dark shadow upon his heart.

This mystery, as far as it can be unravelled, seems to be that Manfred had conceived an insane passion for his sister Astarte, and that the consequences of their mutual and unnatural guilt had driven her to the commission of suicide. The anguish of this fatal catastrophe induces Manfred to seek the spirits of the lower world at the peril of his own soul.

Lord Byron has mastered many of the difficulties which a story of this description is filled with; but it is still so obscure, so much a subject which must be shrouded in darkness, that, at the best, we can only guess that such is its meaning. The scene with the Witch of the Alps contains some of the most beautiful and impassioned poetry, not only in the tragedy, but even in the whole range of his works.

Without making the intervention of the supernatural agency in any degree horrid, he has filled it with beauty and force, and has given it a melancholy pathos which could be drawn only from the rich and original stores of his own sensitive mind. His Witch is equal to the brightest conceptions of the Greek or any other fabulists:

(Manfred takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the Witch of the Alps rises beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.)

Man. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of Earth’s least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence



Manfred and the Witch of the Torrent.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, July 16, 1825.



Of purer elements; while the hues of youth—
Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rocked by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.

After this exordium, which is equally ingenious in the ideas it contains, and happy in the mode by which they are expressed, the Witch inquires of Manfred what he would ask of her. He replies, merely to gaze on her beauty. The face of earth, he says, has maddened him, and he seeks, for the purpose of stilling the restlessness of his soul, to penetrate the abodes of those spirits who rule the earth. She asks him again what he seeks; and at length, overcoming the reluctance he feels to repeat the story of his misery, he, at the persuasion of the Witch, goes on to describe—if that may be called a description that consists only of dark hints—the events of his life. He confesses the faults into which his pride (that sin by which the angels fell) has led him, his intercourse with forbidden powers, and his horrid crime.

He begins by describing the practices of his youth, and the temper of his mind, which has always been unlike that of ordinary men. The motive of his actions and the object of his ambition were different from those by which the common race of men are governed. He felt like a stranger among his fellows; and, though he was the very creature of passion and feeling, his were always different passions and different feelings from those of others. He had no sympathies with the animated dust about him; and, excepting for one person—but as he comes to this point he checks himself, and turns to a different subject. It was his delight in youth, he says, to roam the wilderness, to climb the rock, and to breathe 'the difficult air of the iced mountain-top,' where never the wing of bird or insect brushed over the barren granite. At other times he would plunge into the torrent, or breast the furious waves of the rapid rivers or the restless sea.

In all this may be traced some of the wayward habits of the author's boyhood, and here, as well as in the more serious actions of his life, may be found the proof that the impressions which those habits made upon him were never eradicated. After pursuing the same strain somewhat further, he says:—

——— And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
 From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped-up dust,
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I passed
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with eternity,
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
 He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
 Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
 As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
 The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
 Of this most bright intelligence.

Manfred lingers on this subject, and dilates upon it to an extent which would seem unnecessary, but that it displays the workings of his mind. He is induced to do it that he may postpone the explanation of that unutterable crime that weighs down his heart. He would gladly talk on any other topic, and the Witch is obliged to urge him to proceed.

The difficulty with which he at length brings himself to speak of the dreadful offence he has committed adds to the almost agonizing interest of the scene:

Man. I have not named to thee
 Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
 With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
 If I had such, they seemed not such to me—
 Yet there was one——

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
 But softened all, and tempered into beauty;
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind

To comprehend the universe : nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
 Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
 And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
 Humility—and that I never had.
 Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
 I loved her, and destroyed her !

Witch.

With thy hand ?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her
 heart—

It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed
 Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
 I saw and could not stanch it.

* * * * *

Daughter of Air ! I tell thee, since that hour—
 But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
 Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me !
 My solitude is solitude no more,
 But peopled with the Furies ;—I have gnashed
 My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
 Then cursed myself till sunset ;—I have prayed
 For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
 I have affronted death—but in the war
 Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
 And fatal things passed harmless—the cold hand
 Of an all-pitiless demon held me back—
 Back by a single hair, which would not break.

This terrific picture of the desolation and horror which reign in the soul of this frantic man is so powerful that it is impossible to read it without shuddering.

The Witch suggests to Manfred that she can relieve him. He eagerly asks by what means. Before she replies she proposes to him, as the condition on which she will grant him her aid, that he shall swear obedience to her will. This offer he rejects with scorn, and refuses to be subservient to powers which he can already command. The Witch, thus baffled, disappears ; and Manfred, left alone, broods over his woes and the vanity of existing longer. At length he makes up his mind to consult the still mightier spirits of darkness, and he goes off to put his resolution into practice.

After a scene in which the Destinies are introduced comparing notes respecting the affairs of mortals, at which these hell-born powers scoff and exult, the hall of Arimanes is discovered. This is quite as fine, if not more so, than the hall of Eblis in the 'Romance of Vathek.' Manfred comes hither in his despair, and bids the dark power that fills the throne call up Astarte. Her phantom rises in the midst of the Fiends and Destinies. Manfred breaks out in a pathetic burst, which is fearfully and finely contrasted by the cold and still silence of the ghost. This scene is one of the most powerful that we ever remember to have read among all the attempts which have been made—and by great men too—to frighten their readers :

(The Phantom of Astarte rises, and stands in the midst.)

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perished leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

Nemesis commands the phantom to speak, but in vain. Arimanes repeats the command, but with no better success; they are then obliged to tell Manfred that the spirit belongs to other and higher powers:

Man. Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.

I know not what I ask, nor what I seek :
 I feel but what thou art—and what I am ;
 And I would hear yet once before I perish
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me !
 For I have called on thee in the still night,
 Startled the slumbering birds from the hushed boughs,
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
 Acquainted with thy vainly-echoed name,
 Which answered me—many things answered me—
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
 Yet speak to me ! I have outwatched the stars,
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
 Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me !
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me :
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
 Speak to me ! though it be in wrath ;—but say—
 I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—
 This once—once more !

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred !

Man.

Say on, say on—

I live but in the sound—it is thy voice !

Phan. Manfred ! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
 Farewell !

Man. Yet one word more —am I forgiven ?

Phan. Farewell !

Man.

Say, shall we meet again ?

Phan. Farewell !

Man. One word for mercy ! Say, thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred !

The spirit of Astarte disappears, and Manfred falls in convulsions to the earth. Recovering soon afterwards, he departs from the hall.

In the third act the Abbot of St. Maurice visits Manfred, to offer him the consolations of that power which alone can sooth his misery—religion. Manfred rejects his offer decidedly, but with thanks for the motive which had induced the old man to make it. The last scene contains the catastrophe, which is that of Manfred's giving up his spirit in a dreadful manner.

This is admirably managed, and Lord Byron has contrived to make

the demons sufficiently terrible without descending to any of the common artifices.

Manfred's opening soliloquy is a very fine piece of poetry. The Abbot enters, and, after a dialogue between him and Manfred, an evil spirit rises in the mist, and claims Manfred as his prey. The baron refuses to obey his summons ; other spirits then arise, but Manfred still mocks and defies them ; and, although he feels his life ebbing from him, scorns to acknowledge their supremacy over him. He says :

——— My past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy : I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye !—

The demons disappear ; and Manfred, exhausted, falls into the Abbot's arms, and expires.

The chief fault in this poem is the ruggedness of the versification. In blank verse there are certain difficulties, which, it seems, are either mastered at once or never. Lord Byron never succeeded in constructing it skilfully, and it is, perhaps, the only description of English verse that baffled his attempts.

The sorrows and sufferings of Tasso furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his next poem. At Ferrara he visited the hospital of St. Anna, in one of the cells of which the illustrious poet was confined by his heartless tyrant Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, under the pretence of his being mad. Over the door of this cell the following inscription, addressed to posterity, was placed by General Miollis :

‘ Respect, O Posterity ! this spot, which has become famous because Torquato Tasso was shut up within its confines, more through sorrow than delirium. After having been detained here seven years and two months, during which period he produced many works both in prose and in verse, he was liberated at the instance of the city of Bergamo, on the 6th day of July, 1586.’

This dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through a grated window from a small yard, which seems to



Manfred, the Abbot, and the Spirits.

have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high.

In this dreary dungeon, for seven long years, was this poet doomed to drag on his existence, the companion of maniacs, whose howlings were constantly ringing in his ears, and exciting a naturally sensitive temper, until the pretext of his imprisonment was almost justified. The supposed cause of his confinement was the anger which the Duke of Ferrara felt at the presumption of Tasso in daring to entertain a passion for the Duke's sister, the Lady Leonora d'Este. Respecting the truth of this fact there is considerable doubt; but there is enough in it to form the foundation of a poem, and of this Lord Byron availed himself.

The 'Lament of Tasso' is supposed to be uttered by the poet in his dungeon, as he sits brooding over his unmerited wrongs in his maniac cell. He alludes to the composition of his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, which he regrets is now finished; and then speaks of his passion for the Lady Leonora:

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done :—
 My long-sustaining friend of many years!
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,
 Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
 But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
 Which, ever playing round me, came and smiled,
 And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such.

He draws a fearful picture of the horrors of his dungeon in the following stanza:

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
 Of minds and bodies in captivity.
 And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
 There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,

Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured mind,
 And dim the little light that's left behind
 With needless torture, as their tyrant will
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill :
 With these and with their victims am I classed,
 'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have passed;
 'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close :
 So let it be—for then I shall repose.

This dreadful description is beautifully and naturally contrasted with the sketch which the poet gives of his youthful feelings. It is like the consolation which such a mind must find—and the only one that it could find—in its worst misery, by looking back to the days of youth and joy, when Hope decked all the future in colours vivid as the rainbow, but not so fleeting, since they endure to the last hour of life :

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,
 Though I was chid for wandering ; and the wise
 Shook their white áged heads o'er me, and said
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow ;
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But curséd them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again
 The visions which arise without a sleep.
 And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was thee ;
 And then I lost my being all to be
 Absorbed in thine—the world was passed away—
 Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !

The whole of the poem is like a long and wild strain of beautiful, but melancholy, music. It is like the waking of an *Æolian* harp—the sweeping of rushing and rapid thoughts—some sad and some exulting, but all wild and tender—over the chords of a heart attuned to the most harmonious sounds, and breathing melody in every note. It closes with a proud and prophetic burst, in which the poet says that the cell in which he is imprisoned shall form in future the first renown of Ferrara, and that the haughty lady of his love shall only enjoy immortality from the breathings of his passion :

———And I make

A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara ! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls !
And thou, Leonora ! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blushed to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go ! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still ;—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this shall be a consecrated spot !
But Thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora ! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late !

Some of the prose letters of Tasso, which have been preserved by his

various biographers, and particularly by Mr. Hobhouse, in his Illustrations of the fourth canto of his noble friend's 'Childe Harold,' are filled with the most touching expressions. In one of them, addressed to Scipio Gonzaga, he says :

'And the fear that my imprisonment may last for ever, and the indignities to which I am exposed, and the illness under which I suffer, and the filthiness of my beard, my hair, and my clothes, and the sorry quality of them, and the vile smells, annoy me dreadfully. Above all, too, the solitude afflicts me, that cruel and natural enemy of mine, by which, even in happier times, I was so much oppressed that I used always to fly from it to society.'

In another, written to his friend Cataneo a few months before his release, he says :

'O, Signor Maurizio, when will the day arrive that I may behold the open heavens, and that I shall be freed from the pain of having a barred door between me and the world, even when I have need of a physician, or a confessor?'

These letters are given in Mr. Hobhouse's 'Illustrations' in the original Italian, from which we have translated them. The following is that gentleman's own translation of a letter, perhaps, more painful to read, although there is less of direct appeal to the feelings of the person to whom it is addressed :

'A thousand traits in the life of Tasso serve to show that genius was considered the property, not of the individual, but his patron ; and that the reward allotted for this appropriation was dealt out with jealous avarice. The author of the 'Jerusalem,' when he was at the height of his favour at the court of Ferrara, could not redeem the covering of his body and bed, which he was obliged to leave in pledge for thirteen crowns and forty-five *lire* on accompanying the Cardinal of Este to France. This circumstance appears from a testamentary document preserved in manuscript in the public library of Ferrara, which is imperfectly copied into the 'Life of Tasso ;' and the following letter is extracted from the same collection of autographs, as a singular exemplification of what has been before said of princely patronage :

'My very magnificent Signor,

'I send your worship *five* shirts, all of which want mending. Give them to your relation ; and let him know that I do not wish them to be mixed with the others, and that he will gratify me by coming one day with you to see me. In the mean while I wait for that

answer which your lordship promised to solicit for me. Put your friend in mind of it. I kiss your worship's hand.

‘Your very faithful servant, TORQUATO TASSO.

‘From S. Anna, the 4th of Jan. 1585.

‘If you cannot come with your relation, come alone. I want to speak to you. And get the cloth washed in which the shirts are wrapped up.

‘To the very magnificent Signor,

‘the Signor Luca Scalabrino.’

‘Such was the condition of him who thought that, besides God, to the poet alone belonged the name of creator, and who was also persuaded that he himself was the first Italian of that divine race.’

Lord Byron, with the appearance of being an idle man, was as hard-working a writer as ever lived. A day never passed without his collecting or arranging materials for composition—perhaps never without his actually producing something. Every step that he had taken upon the classic ground of Italy had awakened some reflection full of interest. Even the time he had passed in riotous indulgence had not been wholly lost; and Venice was associated in his mind with feelings of respect for her past glories, and with bitter and burning indignation for her present degraded condition.

Rome, the eternal city, grand in its desolation, and clothed with majesty even in its ruins, was a rich source of inspiration to him; and his mind thus fraught with deep and fervent feelings, he resolved to embody them in that powerful poetry which was worthy to express them, and to send them into the world. For this purpose he set about the fourth canto of his ‘Childe Harold,’ with which he completed and closed this his finest poem. The canto of which we now speak was worthy to be the finish of such a work. It was a glorious crown to the whole; and, like the sinking sun, it made ‘a golden setting,’ splendid and gorgeous in itself, and casting a parting refulgence upon all that lay beneath its beam.

Lord Byron prefaced this poem with a dedication to his friend Mr. Hobhouse, which is affectionate and eloquent, and an honorable testimony to the feelings and worth as well of the writer as of the person to whom it is addressed. Lord Byron enumerates shortly, but powerfully, the circumstances by which his friendship for Mr. Hobhouse had been cemented, and whom he calls ‘one whom I have known long and accompanied far; whom I have found wakeful over my sickness, and kind in my sorrow; glad in my prosperity, and firm in my adversity;

true in counsel, and trusty in peril ;—a friend often tried, and never found wanting.’

The poem opens with the meditations of the pilgrim on the state of Venice, as he stands upon a bridge communicating between the ducal palace and the prison :

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O’er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion’s marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !
She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.
In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die ;
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

It is not often that Lord Byron condescends in his poems to avow any patriotic feelings : that he entertained them no one who knew any thing of his heart or character can doubt. The following stanzas are delightful for the expression of such sentiments ; and the allusion in the beginning of the second, while it excites emotions deeply painful, conveys the notion (perhaps only a superstition, but still a superstition

of the better sort) that the undying spirits of the dead still inhabit and hallow the places of their affection :

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause ; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language : if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head !
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed :

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.'

He then enumerates all the recollections which are associated with the proud city of Venice. Her old glories, the period when she was the mistress and the ornament of the West, the proud achievements of her warriors, the wealth of her merchant princes, the planters of the Lion, the poetry of her Tasso—all are commemorated. The poet then speaks of those subjects which connect Venice most with England and English hearts—the Shylock and Othello of Shakspeare, the Belvidera of Otway, the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the 'Ghost Seer' of Schiller, which, although not entirely English, has, by means of translations, long been familiar to the people of England.

——— Most of all,

Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

The poet, wearied with his own feelings, and the melancholy remembrances which Venice forces upon him, turns to the contemplation of the beauties of nature. He has often described Night, and always successfully; it seems to come back upon him like a wholesome pleasure, which is renewed every time that it is enjoyed, and in which there is always some fresh delight. The following stanzas are full of beauties he had never before painted in the same colours:

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey.

The little hamlet of Arquà, where Petrarch lived, died, and was buried, draws from the modern poet the homage which he owes to the memory of the 'learned clerke of Padowe.' The chair and other household appointments of Petrarch are shown to strangers, as well as the house in which he lived, and the modest tomb in which he is buried. The people of Arquà have preserved every thing belonging to him with a sort of religious veneration, which is worthy of the poet and honorable to themselves. There is no reasonable doubt of their authenticity. The chair is that in which the poet died, on the eve of the anniversary of his seventieth birth-day. He was discovered by his servants reclining, as if asleep, with his head resting on the book which he had been reading, when his spirit exhaled, as it were, and ceased to animate one of the most amiable and gentle hearts that the world ever knew :

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
 The mountain village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyraid formed his monumental faene.

Beautiful as this poetry is, perhaps the prose description of Arquà, as it is at present, will not be less agreeable to our readers :

'Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear, but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich

with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner, than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain (for here every thing is Petrarch's) springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys; and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà, being asked who Petrarch was, replied, 'that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine.'

The poet passes to Ferrara, where he drops a tear over the sad memory of Tasso, and kneels on the grave of Ariosto, paying by the way an elegant and merited compliment to Sir Walter Scott, by comparing him with the latter.

Florence then engages his attention, and he celebrates the Venus di Medici in strains which, without the aid of that learned jargon in which, as connoisseurs think, a sense of the beautiful can alone be expressed, one worthy of that more than human creation :

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away !—there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :

Blood, pulse, and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

He visits the tombs in the church of Santa Croce, and ponders over the

Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality.

His reflections upon the buried great men—the four minds which, as he says truly, might, like the elements, furnish forth creation—the great Macchiavelli, Michel Angelo, Alfieri, and ‘ the starry Galileo, with his woes’—are profound and powerful in the extreme. After some angry reproaches against Florence, that she does not enjoy the honour of having afforded sepulture to Boccaccio and to Dante, the poet breaks away from cities and men, and plunges into the contemplation of the beauties of nature, in which his spirit more delights.

He passes the defiles of Thrasimene, where the wily Hannibal and his Carthaginian legions triumphed over even the desperate valour of Rome's best general and her most able troops.

The description of the waterfall at Velino is the most true, the most powerful, and the most beautiful, that has perhaps ever been given in this or in any other language :

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
 And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,

Making it all one emerald :—how profound
 The gulf ! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.

In a subsequent stanza the allusion to the rainbow is a felicitous instance of the poet's skill and invention : it is, like the rainbow, a brilliant emanation from a sublime horror.

The pilgrim proceeds towards Rome, and his salutation to that city is in a solemn and lamenting tone, well adapted to the subject. Her past splendour and her present desolation are themes which would inspire even a less sensitive mind than the noble poet's. He pours forth the following gloomy, but grand, apostrophe :

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climbed the capitol ; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,

O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?

The degradation of Italy is a subject which always powerfully excited Lord Byron, and in several succeeding stanzas he utters the feelings of indignation and pity which occupied his heart. He soon turns, however, to a better and brighter subject. The memory of Numa recalls that of Egeria, the real or supposed deity whom he used to woo and worship in the famous grotto which still bears her name :

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art
Or wert—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

* * * * *

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports ? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

There is an intensity of passion in the following stanza which almost approaches frenzy ; but it is not less true than vivid :—

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation :—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?

Melancholy and withering as the reflection is, none, not even the happiest, can deny that disappointment is the only result which, in affairs of passion—in all those pursuits to which the heart alone yields itself—is certain :

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
 Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
 Necessity of loving, have removed
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
 Envenomed with irrevocable wrong ;
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust—the dust we all have trod.

The contemplation of the woes beneath which this great city is bowed to the dust rouses in the memory of the heart-stricken bard the sad and sleepless recollection of his own. He solemnly conjures Time and Destiny to his aid, and to witness him while he pronounces upon those who have wronged him ‘ the mountain of his curse.’ This curse has taken effect perhaps earlier than he meant, and more fatally than those who had provoked it feared. Upon reading it one cannot evade the notion that the poet's voice breaks upon us from his tomb, and that his unearthly lips pronounce ‘ the deep prophetic fulness of his verse :’

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it, Heaven !—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven ?
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away ?
 And only not to desperation driven,

Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do ?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

The Coliseum and its majestic ruins are described ; the statues of the Dying Gladiator, of the Laocoon, and of the Apollo, each receive from the poet a tribute of eloquent praise which should be engraved on their bases, and accompany them in the glorious immortality to which they are all destined.

The fatal accident which robbed this nation of its best hope, the late Princess Charlotte, had happened at the period Lord Byron was engaged in the composition of this poem, and he alludes to it in several stanzas full of beauty and pathos :

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved, head ?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever : with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy.

The pilgrim at length ends his wandering, and the poet his song. One of the most original, and perhaps the most beautiful, of all the productions of the English Helicon—that which forms the brightest wreath its author earned, and which is the pride of the age in which it was produced—terminates thus :

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !

Up to this time Lord Byron's Muse had always worn a grave, if not a sad, garb. She had never indulged in a mirthful sally of any kind, and her gayest moods were only such as arose from a suspension of the griefs which she was so fond of uttering. Not so much as a song or an epigram, of which the public knew any thing, had broken through the gloomy tenor of her strains. In the genial clime of Italy, however, this melancholy was dissipated ; and the birth-place of Pulci, of Berni, and of Ariosto, inspired a kindred spirit with a kindred song.

It is impossible to read the works of the Italian poets—who wrote in the mixed style of the broadest and most unrestrained mirth, and occasionally of the deeply pathetic—without being delighted. The facility which the *Ottava Rima* affords for the expression of these varying emotions recommended it to Lord Byron, who was always impatient of the rules of poetical composition, and never failed to throw them off, or to break through them, whenever he could do so without running too great a risk of injuring his reputation. He saw at once

that he might compose poems in which he could be as discursive as his fancy might incline him; while there was no description of expression of which they would not be capable. The playful well-bred chattering of which he was so fond, and with which his letters and his conversation were filled, he could make run on as smoothly, and with nearly as much ease to himself, in the *Ottava Rima* as in slip-slop prose. For the purposes of satire nothing could be more useful; and Lord Byron was not only inclined naturally to say bitter things as well of his friends as of his enemies, but the public station which he now occupied compelled him to use as a weapon of defence that which he had only handled before as an exercise or amusement for his wit. The similarity which it bears in its construction to the Spenserian stanza, the difficulties of which he had so nobly mastered, and the beauties of which he had so powerfully developed, had already taught him that it was admirably adapted for all the most pompous and pathetic uses of poetry.

In his gayer moods, and perhaps as a relaxation from the severe style of his last canto of 'Childe Harold,' Lord Byron composed a poem in the manner of the Italian comic poets. An attempt had been made in England a short time before, which, if it did not inspire him with the idea of such a composition, at least proved to him that it would be highly relished by the public.

A little *brochure* appeared with a fictitious name and title. It was called the 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers; intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' This was written in the *Ottava Rima*, and said to be from the accomplished pen of Mr. Frere. There is little doubt that he was the author; and the brilliancy and excellence of this *jeu d'esprit* add to the regret which must be felt that a person of so much power has done so little for the literature of his country. Fondly attached as we are to the memory of Lord Byron (and perhaps the course of our labours on the present occasion has increased that feeling), we cannot but confess that the 'Prospectus' is superior to any thing of the sort that the subject of our memoir ever produced—perhaps superior to any thing that he could have produced—in this particular style of composition. The joke of fixing the production on the brothers Whistlecraft lay merely in the fact of those gentlemen being in the habit of scribbling doggrel, and of inflicting it on such of their customers as were idle or patient enough

to endure it. The author of the 'Prospectus' took this whimsical method of being revenged upon them.

To return, however, to Lord Byron, and his first comic poem. It was entitled 'Beppo,' which is at Venice a common contraction of Giuseppe, and bears the same relation to it in Italian as Joe does to Joseph in English. The poem is a rambling discursive essay on 'Things in general;' and, although it purports to relate wholly to Beppo and his wife, it has in fact been used—as it was in all probability intended by the noble lord—for the purpose of expressing opinions and sentiments in a half-joking half-earnest style, which he knew would be believed and applied by every body whom they concerned.

The poem begins with a humorous description of the carnival, of the profligate amusements in which it abounds, and of the manners of the people of Venice during the period of its continuance. To such of our readers as never saw a gondola the following stanzas will paint it as vividly as if it floated before them; and will, moreover, give the sagacious some notion of their great utility in a city like Venice:

Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear

You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:

'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,

Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called 'Gondolier;'

It glides along the water, looking blackly,

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,

Where none can make out what you say or do.

And up and down the long canals they go,

And under the Rialto shoot along,

By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,

And round the theatres, a sable throng,

They wait in their dusk livery of woe,

But not to them do woeful things belong,

For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,

Like mourning-coaches when the funeral's done.

He then introduces a certain lady, the heroine of the tale, whom he calls Laura, because that name 'slips into the verse with ease;' an excellent and approved reason, among poets, for baptizing their characters. This lady is described as being neither young nor old, nor at the years which certain people call a *certain age*; but just in this state:—

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
 Of time, and time returned the compliment,
 And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
 She looked extremely well where'er she went :
 A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
 And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
 Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter
 Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

Her husband had been a merchant, and traded at the various ports of the Levant, but chiefly to Aleppo. He had, however, disappeared for several years; and, no tidings having been heard of him, it was, naturally enough, concluded that he was dead. The blooming Laura wept and mourned as long as was decent, and at length formed a connexion, not uncommon in Italy, with what Lord Byron calls 'a *vice husband*, to protect her.' The *cavaliere servente* was a wealthy count, of great taste and liberality, and upon the whole a gentleman, it seemed, of considerable attractions and accomplishments :

And then he was a count, and then he knew
 Music and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
 The last not easy, be it known to you,
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
 He was a critic upon operas, too,
 And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
 And no Venetian audience could endure a
 Song, scene, or air, when he cried 'seccatura.'

* * * * *

He patronised the Improvisatori,
 Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,
 Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
 Italians can be, though in this their glory
 Must surely yield the palm to that which France has;
 In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
 And to his very valet seemed a hero.

The good qualities of this count are carefully enumerated by the poet, by way of excusing the lady's frailty.

Even the rambling and light nature of this poem could not restrain Lord Byron from some bursts of his own powerful and poetical feelings.

Of these the following apostrophe to the beauties of the Italian women is one of the most remarkable :

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
 From the rich peasant-check of ruddy bronze,
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise !

Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeathed us ?—in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
 Would words describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below ?

He indulges by the way in some sneers at England—at the taxes—at the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act—at the standing army—at the parliamentary corruptions—and then, not to be partial to his own faults, he quizzes himself a little :

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
 What should be easy reading ! could I scale
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,
 How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
 And sell you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
 Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

But I am but a nameless sort of person
 (A broken Dandy lately on my travels),
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
 The first that Walker's *Lexicon* unravels;
 And, when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
 Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

The poet goes on to describe the Ridotto, whither Laura and the count went; and he hits off in the words of Laura, and in a lively manner, the little scandals in which ladies often indulge at Venice, and sometimes (may we be forgiven!) even in England.

One has false curls, another too much paint,

A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?

A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,

A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,

A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,

A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,

And lo! an eighth appears,—‘I'll see no more!’

For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

While she was thus gazing and pulling to pieces all the people she saw, her friends took the same liberties with her character and appearance. Among other people who looked at her very intently was a singularly dingy Turk. The mention of a Turk makes the poet fly off to compare the lives of women in Turkey with those of more civilized nations; and here he indulges his spleen, something unworthily, against English ladies. We are sorry, for his own sake, that he was so glad of flinging his spite at the women of his own country; but we are still more sorry for the little malignity which induced him to insult a gentleman whom he had himself said he thought to be a good poet, and whom he knew to be a kind and honorable man. To speak plainly, we mean Mr. Sotheby, the translator of Wieland's ‘Oberon,’ and a poet of unquestionable talent. We return to the objectionable stanzas, in which the poet says of the women of Turkey—(and thus invidiously contrasts them with his countrywomen)—

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;

Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;

Were never caught in epigram or witticism,

Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews—

In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism!

But luckily these beauties are no ‘blues,’

No bustling Botherbys have they to show ‘em

‘That charming passage in the last new poem.’

No solemn antique gentleman of rhyme,

Who, having angled all his life for fame,

And getting but a nibble at a time,

Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same

Small 'Triton of the minnows,' the sublime
 Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
 The echo's echo, usher of the school
 Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

This is rather too bad;—Lord Byron should have known better than to apply such terms to a man who was his equal in all, and his superior in some respects.

Laura stood the Turk's gaze without flinching, and the night waning apace, she—who knew that the complexions of few ladies (and none of those who have arrived at a certain age) will bear the comparison of the morning's blushes with their own cheeks and eyes, pale and dull from the revels of the night—wisely withdrew.

On arriving at her own home with the count, the Turk was there before them. The count remonstrated rather seriously; but the Turk cut the affair short in one word, by saying 'The lady is *my wife*.' This disclosure caused some confusion. The lady did not faint, because it is not the fashion to do so in Italy, but welcomed her husband as well as she could upon so short a notice. She soon recovered her volubility: they entered her house, and she begun a long catechism, the questions in which were so rapidly uttered, that it was impossible for her new-found husband to answer:

'And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?

With any other women did you wive?

Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?

Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!

You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.

And how so many years did you contrive

To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never

Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

'Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;

It shall be shaved before you're a day older;

Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—

Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?

How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot

In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder

Should find you out, and make the story known.

How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown!

Beppo answered—or did not answer these questions. He had been



Beppo's Return.

shipwrecked, enslaved, released by some pirates whom he joined, and became 'a renegade of indifferent fame :'

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
 Keen the desire to see his home again,
 He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
 And not be always thieving on the main ;
 Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
 And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
 Bound for Corfu ; she was a fine polacca,
 Manned with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

* * * * *

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,
 And self and live-stock, to another bottom,
 And passed for a true Turkey merchant, trading
 With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
 However, he got off by this evading,
 Or else the people would perhaps have shot him ;
 And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
 His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

As Beppo was rich, he was soon very cordially greeted by his old friends—as he was prudent, he made no inquiries about his wife, but lived as quietly as he could with her. This merry poem ends thus :

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age
 With wealth and talking made him some amends ;
 Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
 I've heard the count and he were always friends.
 My pen is at the bottom of a page,
 Which being finished, here the story ends ;
 'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
 But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

At a very short interval after the publication of 'Beppo' another poem appeared from Lord Byron's pen, under the title of 'Mazeppa.' The story is founded upon a passage in the 'History of Charles XII.' by Voltaire, in which he mentions the Count Mazeppa, then Prince of the Ukraine, and speaks of the singular events by which he obtained that rank. A French novel, called 'D'Azhema,' is another of the sources from which Lord Byron took some of the incidents of his tale : the groundwork of the story seems, however, to be quite true.

Mazeppa, when a youth, was taken into the household of John Casimir, the Palatine of Padolia. Here he profited by the means of improvement which were placed within his reach, and not only became highly accomplished in all the martial exercises of the time, but even made such a progress in the study of polite literature as was very remarkable for a person of his age, and the inhabitant of a very dissolute court.

His person and figure were remarkably handsome, and this, added to his other accomplishments, placed him very high in the favour of the ladies of the Palatine's court. Among others, the young wife of a Polish nobleman was smitten with his charms, and the youthful Mazeppa was on his part no less deeply enamoured.

The husband of the lady was a savage old tyrant, whose severity and indifference towards his young and beautiful wife had made her detest him;—to love a man of his age would have been impossible. The Polish noble was as jealous as he ought to be, and, having narrowly watched his wife, he discovered her intrigue with Mazeppa. He then, under the pretext of some state business, withdrew himself from his castle, and thus gave the lovers an opportunity of meeting, as they fancied, in perfect security. The old dragon, however, watched his time so well, that, returning in the middle of the night, he found Mazeppa in the chamber of the countess.

The guilty pair attempted no explanation; their crime was too manifest to admit of palliation or excuse. The count, without a moment's hesitation, began to put in practice the scheme which he had long contrived. His servants immediately bound Mazeppa hand and foot, and carried him down to the court-yard. Here there was a horse held by other servants. The animal was one of those young colts who are sometimes taken wild, straggling from the deserts of the Ukraine.

Upon this animal the youth was bound so tightly that he could not move hand nor foot. The gates were then set wide, and the steed urged on with a violent blow. The efforts of Mazeppa to extricate himself from the bonds which held him only added to the rage and terror of the horse, and increased his speed. He bounds madly along the plain with unslackened speed until he reaches his native deserts. The herd, from which accident had separated him, approach as he reaches it; but, terrified at the strange appearance of a man bound upon his back, they gallop off. The animal's strength fails—he sinks—and dies. Mazeppa also swoons, exhausted with the rapidity of his journey, the



Mazeppa relating his Adventures.

irksomeness of his position, and want of food,—for the journey has occupied a long period. When he recovers he finds that he is in the cottage of some Cossack peasants, by one of whom he had been found and succoured. His good fortune then begins; his acquirements and his military skill raise him to a high place among the Cossacks; he is at length invested with the command of one of their tribes, and afterwards made Prince of the Ukraine,—a sovereign lord over as bold and numerous, though not so rich a race, as any in Europe.

The poem, from which the necessity of describing its contents has caused us to digress a little, begins with telling of the retreat of Charles XII. after the fight of Pultowa: The monarch has been wounded in the battle, and the flight has exhausted his strength. He reaches a forest, and is surrounded by a few of the friends who remained faithful to him in his losses. He lies down at the foot of a tree, but the pain of his wounds prevents him from enjoying the slumbers in which his weary followers are soon wrapt.

Among these followers is the Count Mazeppa; and the manner in which the rough veteran is said to make the best of the bad fare to which he is reduced shows Lord Byron's power of description and his keen observation in a remarkable point of view. It is soldier-like and unaffected, and brings the whole of the objects it speaks of before the reader's view. Speaking of the count, he says

——— Mazeppa made
 His pillow in an old oak's shade—
 Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
 The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
 But first, outspent with this long course,
 The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
 And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,
 And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
 And joyed to see how well he fed;
 For until now he had the dread
 His wearied courser might refuse
 To browse beneath the midnight dews:
 But he was hardy as his lord,
 And little cared for bed and board;
 But spirited and docile too;
 Whate'er was to be done, would do.

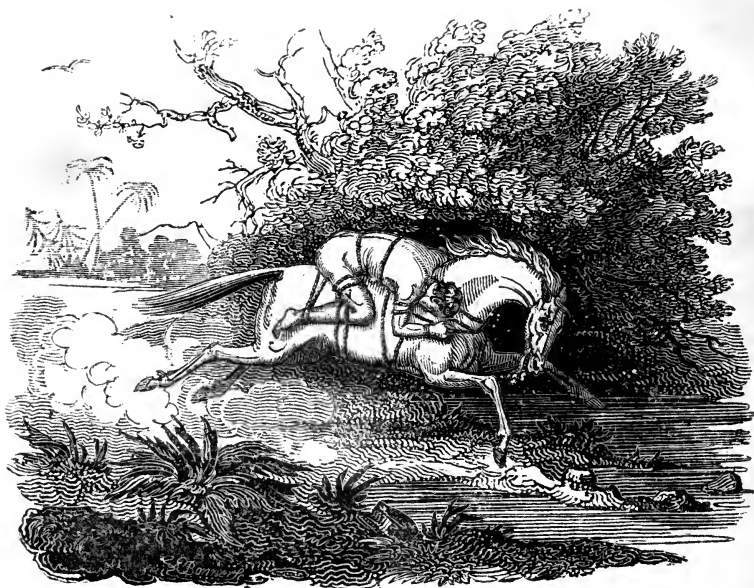
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
 All Tartar-like he carried him ;
 Obeyed his voice, and came at call,
 And knew him in the midst of all :
 Though thousands were around—and Night,
 Without a star, pursued her flight—
 That steed from sunset until dawn
 His chief would follow like a fawn.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
 And laid his lance beneath his oak,
 Felt if his arms in order good
 The long day's march had well withstood—
 If still the powder filled the pan,
 And flints unloosened kept their lock—
 His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
 And whether they had chafed his belt—
 And next the venerable man,
 From out his haversack and can,
 Prepared and spread his slender stock ;
 And to the monarch and his men
 The whole or portion offered then
 With far less of inquietude
 Than courtiers at a banquet would.

Charles compliments the hetman and his horse, and Mazeppa shortly replies that he has no great cause to be proud of the school in which he learned to ride. This provokes some questions from the king, and Mazeppa prepares to relate his story in the hope of lulling his monarch to sleep.

He then tells the story of his intrigue with the Polish countess—of his detection by her husband—and the vengeance which the latter took upon him. The manner of his journey, when tied to the wild horse's back, is curiously told:

' Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind ;
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is chequered with the northern light :
 Town—village—none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,



Mazeppa bound to the Wild Horse.

And bounded by a forest black ;
 And, save the scarce seen battlement
 On distant heights of some strong hold,
 Against the Tartars built of old,
 No trace of man.'

The verses seem to partake of the wild and rapid course of the steed ; and at length they describe so well the subject, that they really produce a sense of pain. Who can read the following extract without feeling that suppressed and ideal agony which proceeds from a frightful dream ?

' And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career :
 At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slackened in his speed ;
 But no—my bound and slender frame
 Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became :
 Each motion which I made to free
 My swoln limbs from their agony
 Increased his fury and affright :
 I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
 But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
 And, starting to each accent, sprang
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang :
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
 And in my tongue the thirst became
 A something fierier far than flame.'

Thus do they hurry on, leaving the swift-footed wolves, who would fain have pursued them, far behind. The pain is at length too much to be endured, and Mazeppa swoons upon the horse's back. When he recovers he finds it is night, and that the horse is swimming across a stream, the cold of whose waters has awakened the rider to a consciousness of his misery. The courser's fury was now spent, and he went along faint and feebly. Mazeppa knew he could at this moment, have directed him whither he pleased ; but his bound and helpless condition only made this knowledge the more bitter, since it was in vain. They

then come to the herd of wild horses. Mazeppa's steed looks at them : but his efforts to reach them are in vain ; he sinks exhausted upon the ground, and dies. The herd bound off ; and Mazeppa is left alone in the desert, without either help or hope :

' And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind.

* * * *

' The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed :
I thought to mingle there our clay ;
And my dim eyes of death had need
No hope arose of being freed :
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun.
He flew, and perched, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before ;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lacked the strength ;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be called a voice,
Together scared him off at length.
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,

An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.'

When he recovers he finds himself in a Cossack hut: thence his rise to power and rank has been told, and he ends his tale just in time to find that it has sent the king to sleep. He then lays his old frame at the root of a tree, and falls into a profound slumber.

A short time previous to the appearance of *Mazeppa* a tale had been published, which was by some persons believed to be written by, and by others to be written about, Lord Byron. It was called the 'Vampyre,' and was the production of Mr. Polidori, a young physician, who had lived for some years with Lord Byron in the mixed character of a companion and a medical attendant. He was a person of talent, but was cursed with a heated imagination, which made his life unhappy, and hastened his death. He poisoned himself in his lodgings a few years after the publication of his 'Vampyre.'

Lord Byron had a great regard for Mr. Polidori; but he was too fond of indulging his own whims to practise any extraordinary complaisance towards those of others, and particularly for such persons as he looked upon to be his inferiors. Mr. Polidori parted from him in disgust at what he thought ill treatment; and as, among friends, these points cannot be safely decided upon, because both parties are most commonly to blame, it is impossible to say whether he was right or not.

Soon after his reaching England he published his tale of the 'Vampyre,' and it must be admitted that he did all in his power to have it believed there was some mysterious connexion between the subject of his tale and his late patron. Lord Byron was not very well pleased at this, and still less so when he learned that all the world—by which extensive phrase is to be understood the world of foolish and chattering people—believed he was really a vampyre. Melodramas and magic lanterns, poems, parodies, and caricatures, all were created out of this monstrous production, and all of them had some relation to Lord Byron. He could not openly refute all the insinuations which were thus spread respecting him: to attempt such a task would have been no wiser than the attacking so many gnats: the stings of such insects must be endured, and Lord Byron took no notice of them. In order, however, that his friends might not misunderstand him, nor believe any part of the follies which were afloat, he published, at the end of 'Ma-

zeppa,' 'A Fragment' which he had written some time before, which Polidori had seen, and upon which he had founded his own tale.

This small piece is literally what its title imports—a fragment. It describes two English gentlemen, one younger than the other, travelling in the East. The elder has long been in a declining state of health. To his companion's astonishment, he proposed an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis; and, although the younger traveller endeavored to dissuade him on the ground of his weakness and illness, he persisted in going. They arrive at a Mahometan cemetery, where the elder becomes so much exhausted that he is unable to proceed. He asks for water, when his younger companion, and the relater of the tale, says:

I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency—but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, '*Suleiman, verbanas su,*' (*i. e.* bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right. The janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, 'How did you know this?'—He replied, 'From our situation, you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.'

'You have been here before!—How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?'

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serragee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

'This is the end of my journey, and of my life—I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command—for such my last words must be—You will observe it?'

'Most certainly; but have better hopes.'

'I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my death from every human being.'

'I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and'—

'Peace!—it must be so: promise this.'

'I do.'

‘Swear it, by all that’—— He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

‘There is no occasion for this—I will observe your request; and to doubt me is’——

‘It cannot be helped—you must swear.’

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded——

‘On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour.’

‘Why?’

‘You will see.’

‘The ninth day of the month, you say?’

‘The ninth.’

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, ‘Tis well!’

‘What is well? what do you mean?’

‘No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.’

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, ‘You perceive that bird?’

‘Certainly.’

‘And the serpent writhing in her beak?’

‘Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it.’

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, ‘It is not yet time!’ As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment—it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell’s weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty, which could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and, throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

* * * * *

Thus ends this mysterious fragment, which is, perhaps, more interesting as a specimen of Lord Byron's style of prose narrative than for any other quality.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Lord Byron arrived at Ravenna his connexion with the Countess Guiccioli was renewed, and soon assumed so unequivocal a shape that even an Italian husband could not be content to let it pass unnoticed. Lord Byron said, as appears from Mr. Medwin's statement of his conversations, that the old count knew and tolerated his wife's flagrant infidelity; but this is wholly untrue, as we have reason to believe.

The Count Guiccioli did not like lord Byron—indeed the poet was not a man to make any persons like him but such as he himself had an attachment to. He was, besides, a heretic—a heinous fault in itself: he was, moreover, a *liberal*; and this could be less easily, and even less safely, pardoned by the count. The consequence of the old nobleman's remonstrances was that his domestic affairs soon became dreadfully embroiled. He insisted on his wife's renouncing her intimacy with Lord Byron: she either refused to obey or continued openly to disobey him. Her brother and her father, the Counts Gamba, by whose mediation the scandal might have been prevented, took her part, and did what to our English notions is unutterably shocking—countenanced the illicit connexion of the daughter of one and the sister of the other

with Lord Byron. Even in Italy this occasioned no small disturbance ; and, while the inexperience and the education of the countess formed some palliation of her misconduct, the part which her brother and father had seen fit to take excited universal detestation and abhorrence.

An appeal, in the nature of a judicial complaint, was lodged in the pope's chancery on the behalf of the Count Guiccioli. The cause was heard very much in the way that divorce causes are disposed of in England ; and the result was, that the pope ordered the lady to be separated from her husband, at the same time directing that a small annual sum should be paid to her by way of maintenance. This decree of his holiness was, however, coupled with a condition which was somewhat inconvenient to the lady and to her lover. The pope directed that she should not reside out of her father's house ; and for a long period she continued, in obedience to this decree, to live in the count's palazzo, Lord Byron constantly visiting her there.

The scandal was not a whit diminished by this arrangement, and the Count Guiccioli was, with good reason, heartily enraged at all the parties by whom he was thus openly injured. Finding that, by the common methods of litigation, he could not hope to do any good, he laid a plot, with the consent, as Lord Byron said, of the pope's legate, to carry off his frail moiety from the house of her father, and shut her up in a convent, from which she would in all probability never have escaped alive. Lord Byron prevented this by having her taken clandestinely from Ravenna.

After so much has been said about the Countess Guiccioli, the following description of her person may be acceptable, and indeed is almost necessary :

‘ ‘ The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eyelashes in the world ; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect ; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline ; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness show themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the

music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

‘Extraordinary pains,’ said Lord Byron one day, ‘were taken with the education of Teresa. Her conversation is lively, without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey’s, “If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoat shall hide them.”’

About this period the intrigues of the Carbonari began to fill Italy with civil commotion, and suspicions were entertained even of persons who did not deserve to be suspected. Lord Byron was among the latter. For some reason or other, (it is not now perhaps worth while to inquire into it too curiously,) Lord Byron declined to interfere in any of the numerous cabals which were then going on in every town, almost in every house, in Italy. Nevertheless, as he was known to be the intimate friend of the Counts Gamba, he was believed by the Austrian government to favour their political notions.

The Counts Gamba were notorious adherents of the Carbonari faction;—a faction, the distinguishing marks of which were, that its members were as ready to boast as they were slow to do—as active in creating disturbance as they were slow in fairly asserting the principles they professed—and who had eternally the name of liberty in their mouths, while they practised all kinds of vice, and cowardice, and treachery. The Austrian government could easily have put down by force of arms, as indeed they did afterwards, these flimsy intrigues; but it was thought in the mean time that such persons as the Gambas ought not to be allowed to disturb the quiet of Ravenna, for which reason they were ordered to quit that city, and the whole territory of Romagna. They retired to Pisa, where the Countess Guiccioli joined them, and continued to live in the same house with them.

Lord Byron was very fond of Ravenna, and he would willingly have resided there for a much longer period. The beauty of the surrounding scenery was not less an inducement to him to prefer it than the quiet and retirement of the place. It does not form a point for travel,

lers ; but, lying out of the *grande route*, is a fine specimen of an Italian town, both as regards the aspect of the place and the society which it contains.

Mr. Medwin says Lord Byron frequently expressed his regret at leaving Ravenna.

‘ I was never tired of my rides in the pine-forest : it breathes of the Decameron ; it is poetical ground. Francesca lived, and Dante was exiled and died, at Ravenna. There is something inspiring in such an air.’*

When, however, Lord Byron found that his friends the Gambas were compelled to quit this favorite place of his abode, he resolved to go also, and, since now all the hopes he had entertained of the Guiccioli’s return were at an end, to take up his residence at Pisa.

The account which he gave to Mr. Medwin of the transactions preceding this event is a little exaggerated. There is too much swaggering in it, and his lordship does not show himself off in the most heroic light where he boasts of having a hundred stand of arms in his house, ready to be used when some bolder person should have struck the blow. If there is nothing good in rebellion, there is less in hanging back and being willing to help it, but exercising ‘ the wiser part of valour—discretion,’ by watching the moment when it may have become safe to do so. This is one of the passages which, if Lord Byron really uttered, Mr. Medwin ought not to have recollected.

‘ The people liked me as much as they hated the government. It is not a little to say, I was popular with all the leaders of the Constitutional party. They knew that I came from a land of liberty, and

* The following lines will show the attachment Lord Byron had to the tranquil life he led at Ravenna :

Sweet hour of twilight, in the solitude
Of the pine forest and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna’s immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o’er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood :
Ever-green forest ! which Boccaccio’s lore
And Dryden’s lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !
The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed’s and mine,
And vesper bell’s that rose the boughs among.

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 105.

wished well to their cause. I would have espoused it too, and assisted them to shake off their fetters. They knew my character, for I had been living two years at Venice, where many of the Ravennese have houses. I did not, however, take part in their intrigues, nor join in their political coteries; but I had a magazine of one hundred stand of arms in the house, when every thing was ripe for revolt. A curse on Carignan's imbecility! I could have pardoned him that too, if he had not impeached his partisans. The proscription was immense in Romagna, and embraced many of the first nobles: almost all my friends, among the rest the Gambas, were included in it. They were exiled, and their possessions confiscated. They knew that this must eventually drive me out of the country. I did not follow them immediately; I was not to be bullied. I had myself fallen under the eye of the government. If they could have got sufficient proof, they would have arrested me: but no one betrayed me; indeed there was nothing to betray. I had received a very high degree, without passing through the intermediate ranks. In that corner you see papers of one of their societies. Shortly after the plot was discovered I received several anonymous letters, advising me to discontinue my forest rides; but I entertained no apprehensions of treachery, and was more on horseback than ever. I never stir out without being well armed, and sleep with pistols. They knew that I never missed my aim; perhaps this saved me.'

This is in the true Captain Bobadil vein, and we wish, for Lord Byron's sake, that it had never been printed. At the same time we have no doubt of its veracity, so far as Mr. Medwin is concerned.

Upon quitting Ravenna, Lord Byron went to Pisa, where he took up his abode; and which place he did not quit, but for short intervals, until his final departure from Italy.

At Pisa Lord Byron completed the two first cantos of a poem, which is at once a monument of the powers of his mind and the frailty of his nature; of his wit and his inhumanity; of his sensibility and his want of feeling. It is unnecessary to add that this bundle of inconsistencies is no other than 'Don Juan.'

In this poem Lord Byron seemed resolved to give way to all that spite and malignity to which human nature is prone, but which men of feeling and reason usually control. For this he was justly censured at the time that his poem appeared; and the stain which it has left upon his memory can never be wiped away. Every sense of manliness ought (even if Lord Byron had been more deeply injured than

he pretended to be) to have exempted Lady Byron, still his *wife*, from his harsh and scornful satire; and yet the whole of the beginning of the poem is occupied with a cruel caricature of her. The first canto is in a vein pleasant enough; but under this seemingly playful covering are hidden words more bitter than the tongues of serpents. The following is the abrupt beginning of this singular poem:

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
 When every year and month sends forth a new one,
 Till, after cloying the Gazettes with cant,
 The age discovers he is not the true one;
 Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
 I'll therefore take our ancient friend, Don Juan:
 We all have seen him in the pantomime
 Sent to the devil, somewhat ere his time.

It proceeds thus:

In Seville was he born—a pleasant city,
 Famous for oranges and women—he
 Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
 So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
 Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
 Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see:
 Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
 A noble stream, and called the Guadalquivir.

Then comes the description of Juan's mother, by whom it is too well known that Lord Byron meant to describe his own wife. To affect delicacy on this subject would be unjust to Lady Byron, because the knowledge of the falsehood and unfairness of the way in which she is introduced is now at least as notorious as the attack upon her:

His mother was a learned lady, famed
 For every branch of every science known
 In every Christian language ever named,
 With virtues equalled by her wit alone;
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan,
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she did.
 Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lope,

So that if any actor missed his part
 She could have served him for a prompter's copy ;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorned the brain of Donna Inez.

Her favorite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity ;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.
 She knew the Latin—that is ' the Lord's Prayer,'
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure ;
 She read some French romances here and there,
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;
 For native Spanish she had no great care,
 At least her conversation was obscure ;
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
 As if she deemed that mystery would ennoble 'em.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
 And said there was analogy between 'em ;
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
 But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em ;
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
 And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
 ' 'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means " I am,"
 The English always use to govern d—n.'

* * * * *

Perfect she was ; but, as perfection is
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
 Where our first parents never learned to kiss
 Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
 Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
 Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning, or the learned,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his lady was concerned:
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might 'brain them with their lady's fan;
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?

Dou Jose and his lady quarrelled—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice curiosity,
But if there's any thing in which I shine

'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind ;
I think the foolish people were possessed,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confessed—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

A little curley-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth ;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth ;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Their senses they'd have sent young master forth ,
To school, or had him soundly whipped at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead ;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad* ;
But, as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad* ;
Yet, when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seemed very odd.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted ;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,

Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
 The hearers of her case became repeaters,
 Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
 Some for amusement, others for old grudges.*

This is indecent and unmanly, and deserves the reprobation which it universally met with. The causes of his separation were well known, and the following severe but just remarks were made upon this part of his poem soon after its publication :

‘It is in vain for Lord Byron to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and, now that he has so openly and audaciously invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the general voice of his countrymen. It would not be an easy matter to persuade any man, who has any knowledge of the nature of woman, that a female such as Lord Byron has himself described his wife to be would rashly, or hastily, or lightly separate herself from the love which she had once been inspired with for such a man as he is, or was. Had he not heaped insult upon insult, and scorn upon scorn—had he not forced the iron of his contempt into her very soul—there is no woman of delicacy and virtue, as he

* ‘I had been shut up in a dark street in London, writing (I think he said) “The Siege of Corinth,” and had refused myself to every one till it was finished. I was surprised one day by a doctor and a lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent: but what should I have thought if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity?

* * * * *

‘I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries’ interrogations were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated by other things. But Dr. Bailey could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the lawyer gave a more favorable report to his employers. The doctor said afterwards, he had been told that I always looked down when Lady Byron bent her eyes on me, and exhibited other symptoms equally infallible, particularly those that marked the late King’s case so strongly. I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction; probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others. Her mother always detested me; she had not even the decency to conceal it in her own house. Dining one day at Sir Ralph’s, (who was a good sort of man, and of whom you may form some idea when I tell you that a leg of mutton was always served at his table, that he might cut the same joke upon it,) I broke a tooth, and was in great pain, which I could not avoid showing. “It will do you good,” said Lady Noel; “I am glad of it!”—I gave her a look!—
 MEDWIN.

admitted Lady Byron to be, who would not have hoped all things and suffered all things from one, her love of whom must have been inwoven with so many exalting elements of delicious pride, and more delicious humility. To offend the love of such a woman was wrong—but it might be forgiven; to desert her was unmanly—but he might have returned and wiped for ever from her eyes the tears of her desertion; but to injure, and to desert, and then to turn back and wound her widowed privacy with unhallowed strains of cold-blooded mockery—was brutally, fiendishly, inexpiable mean. For impurities there might be some possibility of pardon, were they supposed to spring only from the reckless buoyancy of young blood and fiery passions—for impiety there might at least be pity, were it visible that the misery of the impious soul were as great as its darkness; but for offences such as this, which cannot proceed either from the madness of sudden impulse, or the bewildered agonies of self-perplexing and self-despairing doubt—but which speak the wilful and determined spite of an unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner—for such diabolical, such slavish vice, there can be neither pity nor pardon. Our knowledge that it is committed by one of the most powerful intellects our island ever has produced lends intensity a thousand fold to the bitterness of our indignation. Every high thought that was ever kindled in our breast by the muse of Byron—every pure and lofty feeling that ever responded from within us to the sweep of his majestic inspirations—every remembered moment of admiration and enthusiasm—is up in arms against him. We look back with a mixture of wrath and scorn to the delight with which we suffered ourselves to be filled by one who, all the while he was furnishing us with delight, must, we cannot doubt it, have been mocking us with a cruel mockery—less cruel only, because less peculiar, than that with which he has now turned him from the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile, to pour the pitiful chalice of his contumely on the surrendered devotion of a virgin bosom, and the holy hopes of the mother of his child. The consciousness of the insulting deceit which has been practised upon us mingles with the nobler pain arising from the contemplation of perverted and degraded genius to make us wish that no such being as Byron ever had existed. It is indeed a sad and an humiliating thing to know, that in the same year there proceeded from the same pen two productions in all things so different as the fourth canto of “*Childe Harold*” and this loathsome “*Don Juan*.”

The poet, tired of satirizing his wife, proceeds with his poem, and



Interview between Don Juan and Julia.

satirizes the whole sex. He describes Juan's education, and his falling in love at the age of sixteen with a certain Donna Julia, the wife of an old nobleman, the Count Alfonso, of the mature age of sixty. The lady was only twenty-three; and this disparity of her years with those of her husband gives the bard an opportunity, which he does not fail to use, of cutting jokes upon old husbands and young wives. We leave these, however, for a more agreeable subject—the description of the lady's beauty :

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
 Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
 Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
 Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
 And love than either; and there would arise
 A something in them which was not desire,
 But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
 Which struggled through, and chastened down the whole.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
 Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
 Her eyebrow's shape was like the ærial bow,
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
 Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
 As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
 Possessed an air and grace by no means common:
 Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

The progress of the passion between the lovers is described in a style half joking, half intensely earnest, but always as well and as mischievously as it can be. Lord Byron did his reputation great wrong in this: he was worthy of better things; and he had now attained so exalted a fame that he should have blushed at condescending to paraphrase the loose novels of Crebillon *fils*, of Pigault, Le Brun, and their imitators.—It requires very slender talents to invent books on merely erotic subjects—how much less then to imitate them! The profligacy of his Venetian life had left a stain upon him which time did not, perhaps it could not, purify. It seems impossible for a man to indulge in loose and degrading pleasures without polluting the bright powers of his mind, and committing offences at which the world scoff, and which his true friends must deeply deplore.

And yet there is a charm in the facility of the versification—in the wit and whim of the ideas—which will make this poem always agreeable

even to men who cannot forgive its author, and who regret that it was ever published, because it may and must fall into the hands of persons who are not able to apply an antidote to the poison which it contains. It is enough to 'make the angels weep' to find a man of Lord Byron's genius playing the pander to the inexperienced or the sensualist, and with lewd verses exciting the desires, while he enlists the fancy and the taste of his readers in the unrighteous cause he has undertaken.

He describes at great length the passion, and afterwards the illicit connexion which ensues between Donna Julia and the youthful Juan. At length, Don Alfonso's suspicions being excited, he returns at midnight to his own house, which he had quitted on pretence of making a journey, and his coming throws his lady into great confusion. The husband, accompanied by his attorney, and a host of friends and servants carrying lights and drawn swords, begin a search in her bed-room for some person whom they suspect to be there. Their perquisition is in vain—Antonia, the lady's maid, had given her mistress intimation of the Don's coming; and, although it was very sudden, they found time to convey away the object of his suspicions. Donna Julia recovers her self-possession, and upbraids her husband in good set terms. She reminds him of her own virtues and goodness—the resolute defence she has made against a large host of lovers, whom she enumerates—and proceeds in this strain :

- ' Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable,
With that sublime of rascals, your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having played the fool? Though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.
- ' If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You've made the apartment in a fit condition :—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let every thing be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be feed—
But, as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out.'
' Oh !' sobbed Antonia, ' I could tear their eyes out.'

‘ Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous—
 You saw that she was sleeping by my side
 When you broke in upon us with your fellows :
 Look where you please—we’ve nothing, sir, to hide ;
 Only, another time, I trust you’ll tell us,
 Or, for the sake of decency, abide
 A moment at the door, that we may be
 Drest to receive so much good company.

‘ And now, sir, I have done, and say no more ;
 The little I have said may serve to show
 The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er
 The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow :—
 I leave you to your conscience as before,
 ’Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so ?
 God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief !
 Antonia, where’s my pocket-hankerchief ?’

She ceased, and turned upon her pillow ; pale
 She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
 Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil,
 Waved and o’ershading her wan cheek, appears
 Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,
 To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
 Its snow through all ;—her soft lips lie apart,
 And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

The last stanza is perhaps as good as any of Lord Byron’s most serious efforts ; the description is entirely beautiful.

When Lord Byron did not like any persons he used to put them into ‘ Don Juan.’ The epithet ‘ sublime of rascals’ was pretty well ; but, lest that should not have been understood, he drew a portrait—too like the man he meant, to be mistaken by any one—of the person and character of the attorney :

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused ;
 Antonia bustled round the ransacked room,
 And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
 Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
 Not one, except the attorney, was amused ;
 He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
 So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
 Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
 Following Antonia's motions here and there,
 With much suspicion in his attitude ;
 For reputation he had little care ;
 So that a suit or action were made good,
 Small pity had he for the young and fair,
 And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
 Were proved by competent false witnesses.

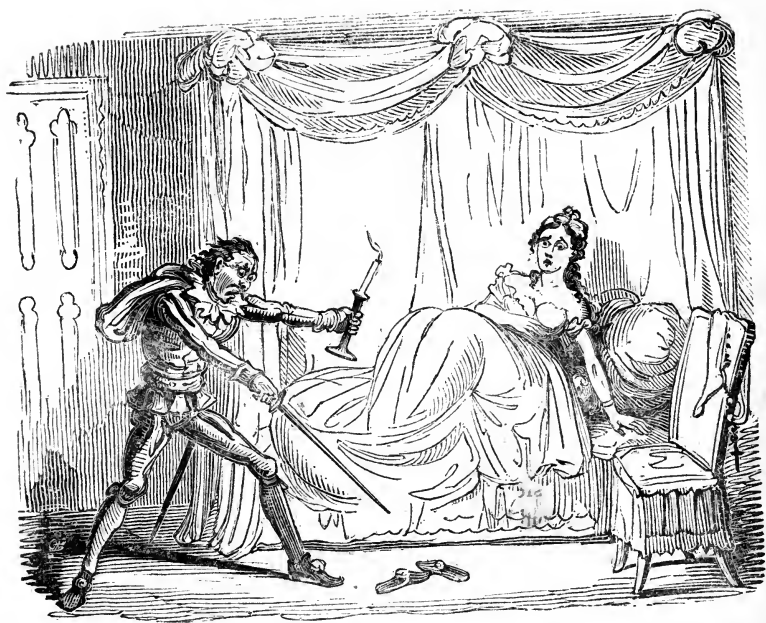
Don Alfonso, finding nothing to justify his intrusion, is obliged to withdraw with his myrmidons and his reluctant attorney; Antonia, the maid, carefully bolting the door after them :

No sooner was it bolted than—Oh shame !
 Oh sin ! Oh sorrow ! and Oh womankind !
 How can you do such things and keep your fame,
 Unless this world, and Pother too, be blind ?
 Nothing so dear as an unfiled good name !
 But to proceed—for there is more behind :
 With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
 Young Juan slipped, half-smothered, from the bed.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
 How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
 Young, tender, and packed easily, he lay,
 No doubt, in little compass, round or square ;
 But pity him I neither must nor may
 His suffocation by that pretty pair ;
 'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut
 With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

The young gentleman is then locked up in a closet, and scarcely is this operation performed when Don Alfonso comes back to make his peace with his wife—if he can. After a long colloquy he has nearly succeeded, his lady still continuing the airs of injured innocence, when he stumbles over a pair of man's shoes. His suspicions now rise again, and he rushes out of the room for his sword. The women, in the mean time, try to get Juan away ; but in his fright he meets the angry Don. They scuffle ; the Don gets several hard knocks ; and at length Juan escapes without his clothes, which are torn off in the fracas.

On the next day Don Alfonso institutes a suit for a divorce, and



Don Alfonso discovering Don Juan's Shoes.



Juan's mother resolves to send him on his travels, in the hope that the scandal may be forgotten. Julia was sent into a convent, but, before her lover's departure, sent him the following letter, which, for beauty and passion, is among the happiest examples which can be produced in the whole range of English epistolary poetry :

- ‘ They tell me ’tis decided ; you depart :
 ’Tis wise—’tis well, but not the less a pain ;
I have no further claim on your young heart—
 Mine is the victim, and would be again ;
To love too much has been the only art
 I used ;—I write in haste, and, if a stain
Be on this sheet, ’tis not what it appears,
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.
- ‘ I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, heaven, mankind’s, my own esteem,
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream ;
Yet, if I name my guilt, ’tis not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem.
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I’ve nothing to reproach, or to request.
- ‘ Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,
 ’Tis woman’s whole existence ; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart—
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
Men have all these resources, we but one—
To love again, and be again undone.
- ‘ You will proceed in pleasure and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many ; all is o’er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart’s core ;
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go.

' My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind ;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul.'

With this the canto should end ; but the poet indulges in a droll sort of gossiping, of which the following is the pleasantest specimen we can select :

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before ; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work ' Longinus o'er a Bottle,'
 Or ' Every Poet his *own* Aristotle.'

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's ' Hippocrene' is somewhat drouthy ;
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit flirtation with the Muse of Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his ;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness, like ' the Blues,'
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this ;)
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose :
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
 Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,
 But, if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d !

The second canto of ' Don Juan' begins with a description of the hero's quitting Spain, in pursuance of his lady-mother's resolution.

The feelings which throng upon the heart in the moment of quitting one's native land are touched with a mixture of seriousness and pleasantry. The poet says, and truly, that one feels 'a kind of shock, that sets one's heart a-jar,' even at leaving places that one does not absolutely love :

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress—and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life ;
And, if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

In the farewell to Spain he becomes ludicrous, and a little nasty at the same time ; but the whim will more than excuse so small a transgression :

' Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell !' he cried ;
' Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore :
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide !
Farewell, my mother ! and, since all his o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia !'—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

' And oh ! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, Oh ! my fair !
Or think of any thing excepting thee ;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic'—
Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.

' Sooner shall heaven kiss earth'—(here he fell sicker)
' Oh, Julia ! what is every other woe ?—
(For pity let me have a glass of liquor—
Pedro ! Battista ! help me down below !)
Julia, my love !—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker !)
Oh, Julia !—(this cursed vessel pitches so)—

Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching !
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

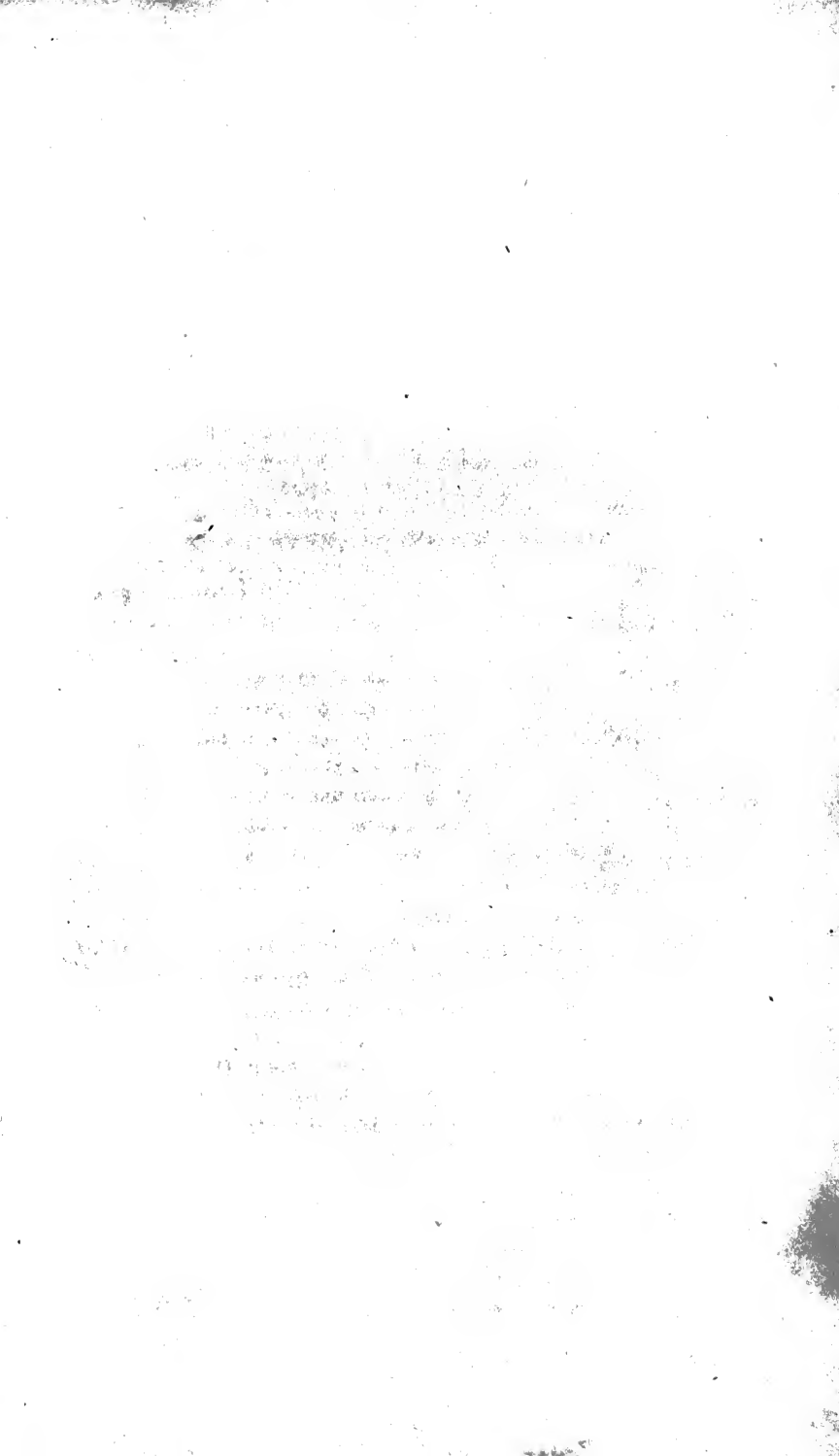
The travelling Don's retinue is thus enumerated :

His suite consisted of three servants, and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And, rocking in his hammock, longed for land,
His head-ache being increased by every billow,
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

The ship in which Juan is embarked encounters a heavy storm as she is passing the Gulf of Lyons ; and the manner in which this is told is an eminent example of Lord Byron's power of description. He has collected, from the published narrations of such mariners as have escaped shipwreck, all the details which characterize so appalling an event ; and his own nautical experience enabled him to throw these together in a most striking and original form. For this some of the carping little-witted persons, who call themselves critics, thought fit to attack Lord Byron ; and one of them, who has gained a certain unenviable sort of fame by his labours, took the trouble of pointing out, from some collection of the histories of shipwrecks, what use Lord Byron had made of the relations of the sufferers. This the ingenious person called plagiarism ; and, because his own frivolous brain was never capable of conceiving an original idea, he fancied that the first poet of the age was to be tried by the insignificant standard of his own wit. The only consequence of his attempt was, that it enabled the *pseudo* critic to ' write himself down an ass,' and let the public into the secret of his shallowness.

To return, however, to Don Juan and his shipwreck, and to give our readers an opportunity of judging of the most effective and lively description of the sort that was perhaps ever before produced :—the ship springs a leak, which the united efforts of the men are hardly able so to counteract as to keep the vessel above water :

As day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
And then the leak they reckoned to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.





Juan opposing the entrance to the Spirit-room.

The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late
 A squall came on, and, while some guns broke loose,
 A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
 Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

* * * * *

Immediately the masts were cut away,
 Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went,
 The mainmast followed ; but the ship still lay
 Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
 Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
 Eased her at last, (although we never meant
 To part with all till every hope was blighted,)
 And then with violence the old ship righted.

The sailors, as is common upon such occasions, intended to break open the spirit-room, and thus hasten, by wilful drunkenness, the death which their destiny had prepared for them. This, however, is prevented by the resolute courage of Juan :

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion ; thus it was,
 Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
 The high wind made the treble, and as a bass
 The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright cured the qualms
 Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws ;
 Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
 Clamoured in chorus to the roaring ocean.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
 Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
 Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
 It with a pair of pistols : and their fears,
 As if Death were more dreadful by his door
 Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
 Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
 Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

The night is passed in dreadful sufferings and more dreadful suspense : the day arrives, and the efforts of the crew are renewed. The leak is partially stopped, but it is found that so much damage has been done to the vessel, that it is impossible she can live :—

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea ;
And, if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be ;
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

The despair of the crew when this news is announced to them is fearfully told. Some of those, however, who still retain their reason, set about launching the ship's boats, in which they throw such provisions as could be got at; and thirty persons embark in the cutter, and nine in the long-boat. The day closes upon their miserable condition; and the approach of darkness, which seems in such a case to bring with it despair, is vividly figured in the following stanza :

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate ; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

But the sinking of the ship, and of such of the crew as could not or would not leave her, is one of the poet's most masterly efforts :

Then rose from sea to sky the wild ' Farewell,'
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave ;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the Sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash

Of billows: but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

And yet, so discursive was his fancy, so perverse his taste, that he chose to make, in one of the next stanzas, an ill-timed and indifferent joke upon the hardship of Catholics being drowned at sea, because they remain in purgatory all the time between their death and the news of it reaching such of their relations as may wish to have masses said for the repose of their souls.

Juan contrives to secure his tutor, Pedrillo, a place in the boat. His servant, Battista, was too drunk to avail himself of the same advantage; but, falling over the cutter's side, he found 'a wine-and-watery grave.' The hero saves, also, a small old spaniel, which had been his father's.

The other boat is swamped in the night, and the whole of her crew perish. In Juan's boat there are thirty persons exposed to all the horrors of the weather, and without one day's provision of food. They are so much crowded that half of them are obliged to lie at the bottom while the others sit up, and the sea breaks over them so rapidly as to make constant baling necessary. When the first pressure of hunger begins to be felt among them, Juan's poor spaniel is, in spite of his entreaties, killed and eaten. For six days they remain in a famishing condition; and, on the seventh, the last and most dreadful expedient by which human beings have been known to allay the intolerable pangs of hunger is resorted to.

The manner in which this is first suggested—the whispering—the wolfish look in the eyes of the famished men—are told with a dreadful and appalling force:

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
 Blistered and scorched, and, stagnant on the sea,
 They lay like carcasses! and hope was none,
 Save in the breeze that came not:—savagely
 They glared upon each other—all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food—and you might see
 The longings of the cannibal arise
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whispered his companion, who
 Whispered another, and thus it went round,

And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound ;
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
 'Twas but his own, suppressed till now, he found ;
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellows' food.

The lots are distributed, and the fatal one falls upon Juan's luckless tutor, who submits to his fate, is bled to death, and a portion of his body eaten by all excepting Juan and three or four of the sailors.

The greater part of such as had shared this unnatural repast died in frantic desperation ; the others, warned by their fate, ate but sparingly of the tutor, and, some birds being caught, they 'left off eating the dead body.'

In this part of the poem is an episode of singular beauty and pathos, which, while it is read, will make the reader wonder that the man who possessed such powers could descend so low as to write some of the ribald trash which disfigures other parts of the same poem :

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early ; and, when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, ' Heaven's will be done !
 I can do nothing ;' and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate :
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
 And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,



Don Juan's Escape from Shipwreck.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, May 7, 1825.

He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.
The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long ; and when, at last,
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast.
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.
Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone—spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free ;
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

The introduction of the rainbow has been always characterized, and justly, as among the finest of Lord Byron's efforts.

After this, which the sailors think a good omen, their fate seems to improve :

As morning broke the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out, and swore
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wished that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubbed their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.
And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seemed as if they had no further care ;
While a few prayed—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep ; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

They approach the land, but, in their eagerness to make it, they run the boat upon a rock, by which it is upset; and Juan, who saves himself by swimming, is the only one that escapes. With difficulty he reaches the shore, and sinks fainting on the sand.

Juan lies, he knows not how long, in this trance, and, at his recovery, finds himself tended by a young girl:

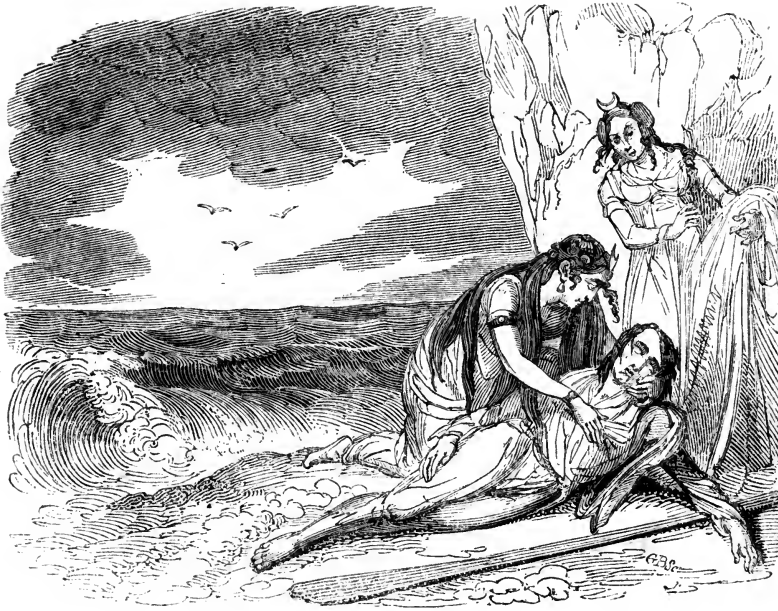
His eyes he opened—shut—again unclosed,
 For all was doubt and dizziness; methought
 He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
 And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
 And wished it death in which he had reposed,
 And then once more his feelings back were brought,
 And slowly by his swimming eyes were seen
 A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
 Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
 And, chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
 Recalled his answering spirits back from death;
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to sooth
 Each pulse to animation, till, beneath
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
 To these kind efforts made a low reply.

This lady and her attendant carry Juan into a cave, and, while they are endeavoring to restore him to existence, the poet avails himself of the opportunity to describe her person, which is a model of Greek beauty:

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
 Her clustering hair—whose longer locks were rolled
 In braids behind, and, though her stature were
 Even of the highest for a female mould,
 They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
 There was a something which bespoke command,
 As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
 Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
 Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
 Deepest attraction, for when to the view



Don Juan discovered by Haidee.



Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

This was the young Haidee, the daughter of an old pirate, who had made his dwelling on the isle where Juan had been cast—'one of the wild and smaller Cyclades,'—and lived in great splendour, surrounded by his obedient band. Haidee was his only child, and an absolute princess in the isle. She made Juan a bed in the cave with her own dress and that of her maid, and left him to his repose, engaging to visit him again in the morning. She performs her promise, and, finding him asleep, will not have him awakened from the slumber, which seemed as it would never break. This touch of affectionate feeling is prettily introduced:

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic played like dying day
On the snow tops of distant hills; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins looked shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weighed upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mixed with the stony vapours of the vault.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hushed as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Drooped as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lulled like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turned him rather yellow.

Juan cannot express his gratitude to his fair preserver, however deeply he feels it. The lovely girl talks to him in her own Romaic language, of which he knows no more than she can comprehend his Spanish: they are, however, apt scholars in the universal language of passion, and soon come to understand each other:

And then she had recourse to nods and signs,
 And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
 And read (the only book she could) the lines
 Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
 The answer eloquent, where the soul shines,
 And darts, in one quick glance, a long reply;
 And thus in every look she saw expressed
 A world of words, and things at which she guessed.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
 And words repeated after her, he took
 A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
 No doubt, less of her language than her look:
 As he, who studies fervently the skies,
 Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
 Thus Juan learned his Alpha Beta better
 From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

They become warmly enamoured of each other soon, and the progress of the lady's passion is told with so much beauty and feeling as is quite enchanting:

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
 Enlargement of existence to partake
 Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
 To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake:
 To live with him for ever were too much;
 But then the thought of parting made her quake:
 He was her own—her ocean treasure—cast
 Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

And yet from such poetry as this Lord Byron could turn away to celebrate the delights of drunkenness. We quote the stanzas only to show the eccentricity of his genius:

Men, being reasonable, must get drunk;
 The best of life is but intoxication:

Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
 The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
 Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
 Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion!
 But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
 You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
 Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
 A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
 For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
 Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
 After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

The following stanzas are, however, in a different and a better style; they 'dally with the innocence of love like the old age.' The poet describes the young lovers as the night approaches:

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
 They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;—

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
 Heaven knows how long, no doubt they never reckoned;
 And, if they had, they could not have secured
 The sum of their sensations to a second:

They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,
 As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
 Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
 Their hearts the flowers from which the honey sprung.

* * * * *

They look upon each other, and their eyes
 Gleam in the moonlight ; and her white arm clasps
 Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
 Half buried in the tresses which it grasps ;
 She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
 He hers, until they end in broken gasps ;
 And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
 Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
 She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
 Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms ;
 And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
 And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
 Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
 With all it granted, and with all it grants.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
 Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping
 As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 All that it hath of life with us is living ;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving :
 All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
 Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving ;
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors,
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

* * * * *

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted :
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed ;
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

With a few more stanzas, of the ridiculous kind, this canto ends.

For some time subsequent to the publication of 'Don Juan' Lord Byron remained silent, at least so far as regarded the public. He was not, however, idle, but continued to employ himself with sketching out some dramatic poems, which he afterwards sent into the world.

In the beginning of 1821 he wrote a letter to Mr. Murray, the publisher of his works, which is remarkable for containing the expression of his opinion on the genius of Pope. Mr. Bowles, the author of some sonnets which are now not often remembered, and of some poems which never were read, published an edition of Pope's works, which was not so well done but that it excited a good deal of censure. Among other things which Mr. Bowles advanced, he said, in disparagement of Pope, whom he thought an artificial writer, that 'All images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of Nature are more beautiful and sublime than any images drawn from Art ; and that, therefore, of themselves, they are more poetical.'

This critical canon was disputed, as it well might be, by every body who took the trouble to say any thing on the subject ; and, on the contrary, it was urged, that, poetry being itself an art, the beauties and sublimities of nature, although confessed to be its source and origin, were only so far available as they might, by the poet's skill, be made to produce powerful effects by their combinations with the productions of art. Mr. Campbell, having said something to this effect, found himself engaged in a controversy with Mr. Bowles ; but, being too indolent, perhaps, to continue so unprofitable a discussion, he soon became silent, and Mr. Bowles had a little triumph.

Lord Byron, who was smarting under the castigation he had received for his 'Don Juan,' seized this opportunity for venting some of the spleen with which his bosom was charged. He wrote a letter to Mr. Bowles in an insolent and unbecoming tone, but full of power, in which he pretended to treat that gentleman with respect ; but it was an

ironical ceremonious respect, by which he meant to express his contempt for him. We should not have noticed this controversy but for the sake of putting on record the opinion which Lord Byron entertained of Pope, whose fame is national property, and which is, in our estimation, far more important than the ill temper and personality of Lord Byron or the puerility of Mr. Bowles. The following is the passage to which we allude :

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides ; they are tired of hearing him always called ' the Just.' They are also fighting for life ; for, if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture ; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or, it may be, still *am*) conspicuous :—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honored the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of ' Schools' and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

' Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam or Soho !'

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry ; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakspeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and ' candid' undermining of the reputation of the

most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an *ethical* poet: in the former none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse* which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom is the only true '*poet*' in its real sense, '*the maker*,' '*the creator*'—why must this mean the '*liar*,' the '*feigner*,' the '*tale-teller*?' A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy, Wharton, places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert, in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

'To rival all but Shakspeare's name below.'

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what '*order*,' according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, '*Tam O'Shanter*,' a *tale*; the '*Cotter's Saturday Night*,' a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of Burns is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilization; and, as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of

mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock heroic, translation, satire, ethics—all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations?

Mr. Bowles answered this letter as well as he could; but, as he was not only wrong in his principles, but overmatched in the weapons with which the fight was conducted, it is no wonder that he was finally defeated.

Soon after this Lord Byron sent forth his *Marino Faliero*, or the Doge of Venice.

The subject of this tragedy was drawn from a source which had for a long period occupied Lord Byron's attention—the History of Venice. In the year 1354 Marino Faliero was elected the Doge of that republic. When he had been Doge little more than nine months it was discovered that he had engaged in a conspiracy, the object of which was to destroy the then existing government. For this he was tried, and, being found guilty, was decapitated on the Giant's Staircase, near the ducal palace; the other conspirators were put to death in a less honorable manner. There are various reasons assigned by the historians of the time as to the motives which could induce a man of the age (for he was now more than seventy years old) and authority of the Duke, loaded as he was with honours, and holding the first place in the state, to conspire against its safety. The truth seems to be that he was jealous of his associates, and tired of the influence which they exercised while he enjoyed only the name of power, and that his object was to gain the unchecked sovereignty of Venice. An incident of his life, which happened to bring to maturity his half-formed resolution, is commonly, but, as we think, erroneously, cited as the real cause from which that resolution sprung. This fact, whether true or not, sufficed for Lord Byron to found his tragedy upon. It is told in the old Chronicle of Sanuto with all the simplicity which distinguishes the historical writings of the age in which it was compiled. The chronieler, after mentioning some evil omens which had betokened a melancholy fate to the Doge, says that he went with his whole court on a certain Thursday to hunt the bull, and upon their return home partook of a banquet provided by the Duke.

Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who

loved one of the damsels of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words, relating to the Duke and the Duchess, upon the chair in which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon:—“*Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife; others kiss her, but he keeps her.*” In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered to be very scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A largesse of great amount was immediately proffered by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words; and at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. It was resolved in the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed, that in the fit of vexation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover, and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wroth, it appearing to him that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his ducal dignity; and he said that they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life.

After this the Chronicle goes on to say, that, while the Doge was yet smarting under the supposed affront which had been put upon him by the lenient sentence of the judges, an officer of the arsenal came to complain to him of a wrong done to him by a gentleman of the city. The Duke replied ‘How can I help you—I who can gain no redress for a grievous injury done to myself?’ The officer upon this said ‘If the Doge chose to join him, he could suggest a plan by which they should be avenged, and the state freed from the authority of the Council.’ Upon this the Duke made further inquiries, and the conspiracy, the fate

of which has been told, was entered upon. Lord Byron has increased the interest of this subject as much as was possible by making the wife of the Doge a very young and beautiful woman, and as proudly virtuous as she is fair.

The tragedy opens with the Doge and his nephew awaiting the sentence of the Council of Forty on the offence of Steno. It arrives; and when the fiery old man finds that Steno, whom he hates, and for whose heart's blood he is thirsting, is sentenced only to one month's imprisonment, his rage knows no bounds. The impetuous deaf passion of this scene is exactly suited to the ardent spirit of such a character as the Doge. At this juncture the captain of the arsenal enters, and, having told his wrongs, receives, in answer to his prayer for redress, this reply from the Doge :

You come to me for justice—unto *me* !
The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it ;
I cannot even obtain it—'twas denied
To me most solemnly an hour ago.

The captain, encouraged by the temper in which he finds the Doge, imparts to him, cautiously, that there are spirits as discontent as he in Venice, and that there are arms raised, and waiting only the moment to strike, in vengeance of their wrongs. The Doge, improbably enough it must be confessed, agrees to meet these conspirators at a time and place then fixed by the captain, and they part. The first act is terminated by a soliloquy of the Doge's, in which his resolution is shaken by the recollection of his honours, and those of his ancestors, which he feels will be for ever tarnished by the deed he is about to do; but his angry feeling, and the hope of success, which sanctifies the worst of political crimes, prevail :

At midnight, by the church Saints John and Paul,
Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—
To what ? to hold a council in the dark
With common ruffians leagued to ruin states !
And will not my great sires leap from the vault,
Where lie two Doges who preceded me,
And pluck me down amongst them ? Would they could !
For I should rest in honour with the honored.
Alas ! I must not think of them, but those
Who have made me thus unworthy of a name,
Noble and brave as aught of consular

On Roman marbles ; but I will redeem it
 Back to its antique lustre in our annals,
 By sweet revenge on all that's base in Venice,
 And freedom to the rest, or leave it black
 To all the growing calumnies of time,
 Which never spare the fame of him who fails,
 But try the Cæsar, or the Catiline,
 By the true touchstone of desert—success.

In the second act Angiolina, the wife of the Doge, is introduced, and an attempt is made to account for her affection for her husband on rational grounds. The poet is not very happy in this effort, because it must have been made against the grain, and in contradiction of all the impulses and inclinations of his own mind. It is not only unnatural and untrue, but it becomes also ridiculous, if not disgusting. Angiolina's speech, in which she enumerates all the good qualities of the Doge, is pretty enough, but nothing more :

I love all noble qualities which merit
 Love, and I loved my father, who first taught me
 To single out what we should love in others,
 And to subdue all tendency to lend
 The best and purest feelings of our nature
 To baser passions. He bestowed my hand
 Upon Faliero ; he had known him noble,
 Brave, generous, rich in all the qualities
 Of soldier, citizen, and friend : in all
 Such have I found him, as my father said.
 His faults are those that dwell in the high bosoms
 Of men who have commanded ; too much pride,
 And the deep passions fiercely fostered by
 The uses of patricians, and a life
 Spent in the storms of state and war ; and also
 From the quick sense of honour, which becomes
 A duty to a certain sign, a vice
 When overstrained, and this I fear in him.
 And then he has been rash from his youth upwards,
 Yet tempered by redeeming nobleness
 In such sort, that the wariest of republics
 Has lavished all its chief employs upon him,

From his first fight to his last embassy,
From which on his return the dukedom met him.

Then ensues a scene meant to be tender, but only garrulous, between the Doge and his wife ; after which the old man quits her to repair to the place where he is to meet the conspirators.

In a soliloquy of the Doge, while he is waiting for the captain, Lord Byron returns to his own best and happiest style. The sight of his ancestor's tombs wakes recollections in the proud old soldier's mind which ought to divert him from his purpose, but which he makes use of to impel him towards it :

Scene, the Space between the Canal and the Church of San Giovanni e San Paolo. An equestrian Statue before it.—A Gondola lies in the Canal at some distance.

Enter the DOGE alone, disguised.

DOGE (*solus*).

I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful augury
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud city !
Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which makes thee
A lazar-house of tyranny : the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not ;
And therefore was I punished, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Tall fane !
Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Mouldered into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful shook the earth—

Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house !
 Vault where two Doges rest—my sires ! who died
 The one of toil, the other in the field,
 With a long race of other lineal chiefs
 And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state,
 I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
 Till all thine aisles be peopled with the dead,
 And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me !
 I call them up, and them and thee to witness
 What it hath been which put me to this task—
 Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of glories,
 Their mighty name dishonoured all *in* me,
 Not *by* me, but by the ungrateful nobles
 We fought to make our equals, not our lords :—
 And chiefly thou, Ordelafo the brave,
 Who perished in the field, where I since conquered,
 Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
 Of thine and Venice' foes, there offered up
 By thy descendant, merit such acquittance ?
 Spirits ! smile down upon me ; for my cause
 Is yours, in all life now can be of yours—
 Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
 And in the future fortunes of our race !
 Let me but prosper, and I make this city
 Free and immortal, and our house's name
 Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter !

His pride, that merely aristocratic pride, as base and trumpery a feeling as ever possessed the bosoms of sane men (and of which Lord Byron had himself no small share), has a greater effect than any other in inducing the Doge to forego his intent ; but even this is not enough. He meets the conspirators, and a scene is developed which is not inferior to any of the numerous attempts that have been made in this style. The manner of the revolt, which is to take place on the following day, is then arranged, and the meeting breaks up.

The fourth act opens with a description of the city of Venice by night. The poet introduces it by the mouth of a young noble, who has returned from a revel, and sits at his window to contemplate the beauty of the night, and the city which lies sleeping in the moonlight :—

— 'Tis

A goodly night; the cloudy wind which blew
From the Levant hath crept into its cave,
And the broad moon has brightened. What a stillness!

[Goes to an open lattice.]

And what a contrast with the scene I left,
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,
Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries
A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which showed all things, but nothing as they were.
There Age essaying to recall the past,
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labour of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too-faithful mirror,
Praukt forth in all the pride of ornament,
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
Believed itself forgotten, and was fooled.
There Youth, which needed not, nor thought of such
Vain adjuncts, lavished its true bloom, and health,
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
Of flashed and crowded wassailers, and wasted
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylphlike,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,

Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone.—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirrored in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass ;
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Softened with the first breathings of the spring ;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
Reared up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle : nought
Stirs rudely ; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, showing
That he is not unheard ; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart
Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight ;—the dash
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse ;
Some dusky shadow chequering the Rialto ;
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,

Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
 The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—
 How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
 I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased away
 Those horrid bodements which, amidst the throng,
 I could not dissipate: and with the blessing
 Of thy benign and quiet influence,
 Now will I to my couch, although to rest
 Is almost wronging such a night as this.

At the end of this soliloquy an humble friend of the nobleman's, and who is also one of the conspirators, enters, and urges his patron not to go out. His mysterious hints arouse the suspicions of the signor, and he has the man arrested and carried before the Council of Ten: the plot is then discovered in all its details, the Doge is arrested, and the conspirators surrounded before the hour fixed for the burst of the revolt.

In the beginning of the fifth act, the conspirators having been tried, sentence is passed upon them. The tone and manner of this scene remind the reader, as indeed many of the other and the best parts of the tragedy do, of 'Venice Preserved.' The Doge is then brought in. The defeat of his intent has not weakened a jot the unbending spirit of the old warrior. He throws back upon his judges and accusers the imputations which have been cast upon him, and professes his readiness to meet the fate which his own deeds have hastened. Angiolina enters, and, with a calm and dignified deprecation, sues for her husband's pardon, but in vain. When she finds that her supplications are fruitless, she commends her husband to prepare like a prince for the doom which has been decreed. Michel Steno, the unhappy cause of this fatal catastrophe, asks not her pardon, but her compassion. Her reply to him is majestic and eloquent, but still unnatural:

Sage Benintende, now chief judge of Venice,
 I speak to thee in answer to yon signor.
 Inform the ribald Steno that his words
 Ne'er weighed in mind with Loredano's daughter
 Further than to create a moment's pity
 For such as he is: would that others had
 Despised him as I pity! I prefer
 My honour to a thousand lives, could such

Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
 A single life of others lost for that
 Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
 Of virtue, looking not to what is called
 A good name for reward, but to itself.
 To me the scorner's words were as the wind
 Unto the rock : but as there are, alas !
 Spirits more sensitive, on which such things
 Light as the whirlwind on the waters ; souls
 To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance
 More terrible than death here and hereafter ;
 Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,
 And who, though proof against all blandishments
 Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
 When the proud name on which they pinnacled
 Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
 Of her high airy ; let what we now
 Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
 To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
 With beings of a higher order.

* * * * *

Let the poor wretch, like to the courtesan
 Who fired Persepolis, be proud of this,
 If it so please him—'twere a pride fit for him !
 But let him not insult the last hours of
 Him, who, whate'er he now is, *was* a hero,
 By the intrusion of his very prayers ;
 Nothing of good can come from such a source,
 Nor would we ought with him, nor now, nor ever :
 We leave him to himself, that lowest depth
 Of human baseness. Pardon is for men,
 And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
 And no resentment ; things like him must sting,
 And higher beings suffer : 'tis the charter
 Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang
 May have the crawler crushed, but feels no anger :
 'Twas the worm's nature ; and some men are worms
 In soul, more than the living things of tombs.

Sentence of death is then passed upon the Doge, and the scene

closes. The parting between Angiolina and her husband in the dungeon is intended to be affecting, but it falls far short of that true pathos which Lord Byron could command. The Doge is then led to the place of execution. After he has been deprived of his crown he makes a long speech prophetic of the misery and degradation to which the vices of Venice shall sink her. Notwithstanding that this is somewhat strained, and even ranting, it is eloquent, and sometimes terrible. After he has asked permission to speak, and obtained it, though with the intimation, at the same time, that the people are out of hearing, he proceeds thus :

I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements ! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you ! Ye blue waves ! which bore my banner ;
Ye winds ! which fluttered o'er as if you loved it,
And filled my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph ! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound !
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven ! Ye skies, which will receive it !
Thou sun ! which shinest on these things, and Thou !
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns !—Attest !
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless ?
I perish, but not unavenged ; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever !—Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drained in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her !—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town

In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people !
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his !
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity !
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they swayed as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adulteress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation ;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turned o'er to the vanquished by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorned even by the vicious for such vices .
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them ;—
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
All thine inheritance shall be her shame
Entailed on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution ;—
When all the ills of conquered states shall cling thee,
Vice without splendour, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smoothe it o'er,
But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art ;—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,

Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
 Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine* !
 Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes !
 Gehenna of the waters ! thou sea Solom !
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods !
 Thee and thy serpent seed !

[*Here the Doge turns, and addresses the Executioner.*

Slave, do thine office !

Strike as I struck the foe ! Strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants ! Strike deep as my curse !
 Strike—and but once !

[*The Doge throws himself upon his knees, and as the
 Executioner raises his sword the scene closes.*

Notwithstanding the merit of this work as a poem, it was in many respects deficient as a tragedy, and was not less generally disapproved of, on merely critical grounds, than his ‘Don Juan’ had been, for the evil it was likely to do to the morals of society. We have before expressed an opinion that Lord Byron’s blank verse was defective, and that his amazing facility in every other species of composition was in this always baffled. A common fault in it is, that he ends his lines frequently with insignificant monosyllables and expletives, thus weakening the sentiment, and destroying at once the harmony and the emphasis, in a description of verse so much in need of both, that it is almost worthless without them.

Lord Byron chose to write an ill-tempered preface to this tragedy, in which he took great credit to himself for having preserved the dramatic unities, the neglect of which, he chose to say, was ‘the reproach of the English theatrical compositions ;’ as if, with the example of Shakspeare and the other English dramatists before their eyes, his countrymen cared one straw about the unities, or those who first invented or since had followed them. For this he was justly blamed, because his arrogance was unbecoming, and his assertions untrue. In this same preface he announced that, in composing this tragedy, he had no view to the stage. Certainly never was any tragedy written that could be less available for such a purpose, and yet afterwards Mr. Elliston thought fit to bring it out at Drury Lane. The representation was interdicted by the authority of the Court of Chancery, and it was not less fortunate for the author’s reputation than for the manager’s profit that its performance was prevented.

In the opinion of the public 'The Doge of Venice' was decidedly a failure. The main cause of this was its want of interest. It possessed some of the first and more rare requisites for a tragedy—sublimity, terror, and pathos; but it was deficient in that without which the rest are unavailing—interest. The subject was badly chosen. The passion of the Doge for revenge is absurd and extravagant, when compared with the cause which is supposed to have produced it. A ribald slander, one of those insignificant lies which swarm like summer gnats in the hot air of a court, and which sting even less than those insects, is here made to be the moving cause by which an old experienced prince—a wise, brave, and not a bad man—is induced to peril his crown and life, and risk the destruction of his country, in a conspiracy with a band of very ordinary ruffians. The character of the Duchess is too cold to excite any but the most slender sympathy. She is a good sort of woman enough, but as frigid and as formal as an old Quaker of the old school. She seems made to bear sorrow with the utmost fortitude; and she makes a long speech, in the midst of her affliction, in a very learned but not lady-like style. She is as different from the passionate and truly feminine women of Lord Byron's other poems as this stiff and labored tragedy is from the more congenial productions of his warm and sensitive mind.

To turn, however, from the faults to the beauties of this play—there are some passages of genuine poetry, and more which are full of the rich and commanding, though somewhat verbose eloquence, which characterizes the best periods of our drama. The soliloquy of Leoni is an exquisite composition: it has all that an elegant combination of sentiment and expression can give to it, and makes us regret still more that the poet who was capable of such a flight should load his free wing with the despised fetters of the critical unities.

Subjoined to this tragedy is a long poetical rhapsody, in four cantos, called 'The Prophecy of Dante.' It has all the impulse and feeling of real poetry; but it is obscure, and the subject is not the most interesting to English readers. It is put into the mouth of the great poet, and consists of a strain of reproaches and prophetic denunciations of the future fate of Italy, over which the seer weeps while he pronounces the doom. This, though perhaps the least pleasing, is not the least powerful, of Lord Byron's productions. He says, in his preface to this poem, that it was suggested to him in the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna, in the summer of 1819, that, as he had composed a poem on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he ought to be induced by the

sight of Dante's tomb, which is in Ravenna, to pay a similar homage to the memory of the latter. The person by whom this suggestion was made is known to have been the Countess Guiccioli; and to her the poem was dedicated in a sonnet, which we have inserted at page 373 of this volume. It is written in the *Terza Rima*—a species of composition of which this was the first successful specimen in the English language. Notwithstanding that Lord Byron produced a beautiful poem in this style, it seems still questionable whether its beauty is commensurate to the effort which is necessary for its production.

Dante is supposed to address the reader in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and, shortly before the latter event, foretelling in his swan-like song the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. The apostrophe to Florence is touching, and has a character of sublimity partly intrinsic, and partly derived from the resemblance which it bears to the lamentation of our Saviour over Jerusalem:

Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
 Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
 Wept over, 'but thou wouldst not;' as the bird
 Gathers its young, I would have gathered thee
 Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
 My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
 Against the breast that cherished thee was stirred
 Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
 And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
 Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
 To him who *for* that country would expire,
 But did not merit to expire *by* her,
 And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
 The day may come when she will cease to err,
 The day may come she would be proud to have
 The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer
 Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
 But this shall not be granted; let my dust
 Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
 Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
 Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
 My indignant bones, because her angry gust
 Forsooth is over, and repealed her doom;

No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.

In the following extract there is a pathetic display of the bitter feelings which crowd upon the heart of the exiled patriot and parent, and which are mingled with the proud swellings of indignation and a sense of his own worth and wrongs :

I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it : 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be racked
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone ;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And, wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame ;
And mine at least hath cost me dear : to die
Is nothing ; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while e'en wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see

And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
 A bitter lesson ; but it leaves me free :
 I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
 They made an exile—not a slave of me.

The second canto contains a beautiful apostrophe to Italy, and an enumeration of all the evils which she has endured from the weakness or vice of her own sons, and from the spoliation of invaders. The fallen and fettered state to which his native country is doomed draws from the prophetic bard deep lamentations, and he concludes with an emphatic call to his countrymen to do that one deed by which they may break their chains, and restore the beauty of their country, only by *uniting*.

The third canto is in a more cheerful strain. He sees, through the shades of time yet to come, the glories which Italy shall derive from the painters and poets to whom her genial soil shall give birth : but here too the sombre colour of his feelings throws a gloom over the subject, and he turns from revelling in the splendour, which the fame of Tasso and of Ariosto shall shed upon their country, to groan over the penury and hardships which must attend their lives :

—— Not Hellas can unroll

Through her olympiads two such names, though one
 Of hers be mighty ;—and is this the whole
 Of such men's destiny beneath the sun ?
 Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
 The electric blood with which their arteries run,
 Their body's self turned soul with the intense
 Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
 That which should be, to such a recompense
 Conduct ? shall their bright plumage on the rough
 Storm be still scattered ? Yes, and it must be,
 For, formed of far too penetrable stuff,
 These birds of Paradise but long to flee
 Back to their native mausion ; soon they find
 Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
 And die or are degraded ; for the mind
 Succumbs to long infection ; and despair,
 And vulture passions flying close behind,
 Await the moment to assail and tear ;

And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
 Then is the prey-bird's triumph, then they share
 The spoil, o'erpowered at length by one fell swoop.
 Yet some have been untouched, who learned to bear,
 Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
 Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
 And task most hopeless! but some such have been,
 And if my name amongst the number were,
 That destiny austere, and yet serene,
 Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest;
 The Alps' snow summit nearer heaven is seen
 Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
 Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
 While the scorched mountain, from whose burning breast
 A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
 Shines for a night of terror, then repels
 Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
 The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

The fourth and last canto relates more particularly to Italy in its present state; and is full of pity for its sufferings and degradation, and of invective against the tyrants—as Lord Byron makes Dante call them—by whom it is ruled; and anticipating that time

When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
 And make them own the prophet in his tomb.

With this ends the fourth and last canto of the prophecy. It was intended by the poet to continue this work at some future period, but that intention was never carried into execution. Its chief faults are that it is too abrupt and precipitate; often, indeed, so much so as to be obscure and mystical. Its great fault with common readers must be that it is not sufficiently intelligible, either in its general drift, or in particular passages; and even those who are qualified to enter into its spirit, and can raise themselves to the height of the temper in which it is conceived, will be entitled to complain of the lengthened periods and endless interlacing of the diction, and of the general crudity of the composition. It is, however, beyond all question, the work of a man of great genius; and, if the author had only digested his matter a little more carefully, and somewhat concentrated the potent spirit of poetry which he here poured abroad so lavishly in its unrectified state, there is no doubt that this would have been another laurel to his wreath, and an addition to the fame he had already acquired.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD BYRON'S 'Don Juan' was too great an offence to all those persons, who, however they may respect talents and admire wit, have yet some regard for the decencies and the morals of society, to be passed over. It became, indeed, every man who held the place of a literary censor, to express openly and honestly his sense of the bad effect which that poem might produce, and of the degrading crime which the author had committed in sending it into the world accompanied with all the authority of his fame, as well as with all the powers of his genius.

Mr. Southey felt that the publication of this poem formed a sort of era in the literature of this nation. This was the first time that a work of a lascivious and improper nature had ever been openly published. The literature of England had always been preserved from the disgrace which rests upon that of every other country; and, until this unfortunate example, there was no such work openly admitted into decent society. Lord Byron's name, however, served as a passport for his indecency, and 'Don Juan' was found upon the tables of persons who ought to have blushed at the name of such a book, and who were soon induced to discard it for ever.

It needed little to open the eyes of the thinking and moral part of the public to the impropriety of this book; and, this once done, its fate was settled for ever. No modest woman will now confess to have read 'Don Juan;' and, for those of any other description, it matters very little what they read. For our own part we are glad that we have an opportunity of saving, from the pollution of that bad company in which they have hitherto been alone to be found, those parts of the poem, which, for their beauty and elegance, deserve to be known, and which are so pure that they may be universally read with no less safety than delight.

Mr. Southey, in his 'Vision of Judgment,' took occasion to notice, in strong but just terms, the reprehensible conduct of Lord Byron. He did so, however, without any thing like a personal expression, and, as we are ready to believe, without any personal feeling. He spoke of Lord Byron's offence, but he did not mention his name; he denounced the book, but spared the author. We shall quote the whole of the passage in which Mr. Southey did this service to the literature and to the society of England.

After speaking at some length of the use of hexameters, in which the 'Vision of Judgment' is written, and alluding to the probable opposition which might be made to the introduction of that style, he says :

'I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations ; not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition—the spirit rather than the form ! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted ! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity—the effect, and in its turn the cause, of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so ; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh ! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged, as they might and ought to be, by public feeling : every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must !) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent

abroad; and, as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

‘These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favorite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose?—men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and, hating that revealed religion, which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

‘This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed, by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners, that “the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects’ manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a démonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.” There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that, where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist,—a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused as by poisoning the waters of literature.

‘Let rulers of the state look to this in time! But, to use the words of South, if “our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer what He by miracle only can prevent!”

‘No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them;

and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are laboring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness.'

Under this merited castigation Lord Byron seems to have smarted soundly; and, as he was not much in the practice of putting up tamely with any attack, he took his revenge upon Mr. Southey in the appendix to the 'Two Foscari'—a tragedy which he published soon afterwards. This reply we must also give, in justice to the parties litigant:

'Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of "Wat Tyler," because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the "legislature to look to it," as the toleration of such writings led to the French revolution: *not* such writings as "Wat Tyler," but as those of the "Satanic school." This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place the French revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French revolution, and the French revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—(the first, I mean)—what was it occasioned by? The *puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer. Acts—acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them—have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

'I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr.

Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris, and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The Church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians, and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason: but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted;—*that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

‘Mr. S., with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated “death-bed repentance” of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant “Vision of Judgment,” in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.’s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a “death-bed” to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the “diabolical pride” which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion, (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, “in my degree,” have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonor to that connexion nor to me.

‘I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey’s calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* “death-bed” may be it is not my

province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow-creatures, with "Wat Tyler," the "Apotheosis of George the Third," and the "Elegy on Martin the Regicide," all shuffled together in his writing-desk.'

This was savage, unbecoming, unmanly, and wholly uncalled for by the provocation. Even the Edinburgh Reviewers, who had become favorable to Lord Byron, and who are well known to be no friends of Mr. Southey, could not in decency see this without protesting against it. They say:

'We think the abuse of Mr. Southey, both here and in some of Lord B.'s recent poetry, by far too savage and intemperate. It is of ill example, we think, in the literary world, and does no honour either to the taste or the temper of the noble author. For the Laureate's opinion, on any question of politics or principle, no person certainly can entertain less respect than we do; but we conceive that the inconsistencies of his life, and the extravagance of his contradictory tenets, have long ago deprived him of all authority with reasonable men, and render his present personalities as insignificant as the earlier ones with which they may now be contrasted. For our own parts, we are far from thinking it impossible that a man of Mr. Southey's intellectual dimensions should really make it a matter of conscience to atone for the sedition of his youth by the servility of his riper age. But his first excesses render his last innoxious; and his former violence, which probably suggested his present as its necessary expiation, may safely be left to neutralize its effects. A renegade, too, it should never be forgotten, has an apology for intolerance, both in his temper and his interests, which does not belong to one who has no recantations to justify; and besides, it would have become Lord B. to have remembered, that his antagonist, whatever may be his failings, was a person of respectable talents, and, in private life, of irreproachable character.

'But it is not with him, or the merits of the treatment he has either given or received, that we have now any concern. We have a word or two to say on the griefs of Lord Byron himself. He complains bitterly of the detraction by which he has been assailed, and intimates that his works have been received by the public with far less cordiality and favour than he was entitled to expect. We are constrained to say that this appears to us a very extraordinary mistake. In the whole

course of our experience we cannot recollect a single author who has had so little reason to complain of his reception—to whose genius the public has been so early and so constantly just—to whose faults they have been so long and so signally indulgent. From the very first, he must have been aware that he offended the principles and shocked the prejudices of the majority, by his sentiments, as much as he delighted them by his talents. Yet there never was an author so universally and warmly applauded, so gently admonished, so kindly entreated to look more heedfully to his opinions. He took the praise, as usual, and rejected the advice. As he grew in fame and authority, he aggravated all his offences—clung more fondly to all he had been reproached with—and only took leave of Childe Harold to ally himself to Don Juan! That he has since been talked of, in public and in private, with less unmingled admiration—that his name is now mentioned as often for censure as for praise—and that the exultation with which his countrymen once hailed the greatest of our living poets is now alloyed by the recollection of the tendency of his writings—is matter of notoriety to all the world; but matter of surprise, we should imagine, to nobody but Lord B. himself.

‘He would fain persuade himself, indeed, that this decline of his popularity—or rather this stain upon its lustre, for he is still popular beyond all other example, and it is only because he is so that we feel any interest in this discussion;—he wishes to believe that he is indebted for the censures that have reached him, not to any actual demerits of his own, but to the jealousy of those he has supplanted, the envy of those he has outshone, or the party rancour of those against whose corruptions he has testified; while, at other times, he seems inclined to insinuate, that it is chiefly because he is a *gentleman* and a *nobleman* that plebeian censors have conspired to bear him down! We scarcely think, however, that these theories will pass with Lord B. himself—we are sure they will pass with no other person. They are so manifestly inconsistent as mutually to destroy each other; and so weak, as to be quite insufficient to account for the fact, even if they could be effectually combined for that purpose.

* * * * *

‘That the base and the bigotted—those whom he has darkened by his glory, spited by his talent, or mortified by his neglect—have taken advantage of the prevailing disaffection to vent their puny malice in silly nicknames and vulgar scurrility, is natural and true. But Lord B. may depend upon it that the dissatisfaction is not confined to them;

and, indeed, that they would never have had the courage to assail one so immeasurably their superior, if he had not at once made himself vulnerable by his errors, and alienated his natural defenders by his obstinate adherence to them. *We* are not bigots, nor rival poets; we have not been detractors from Lord Byron's fame, nor the friends of his detractors; and *we* tell him—far more in sorrow than in anger—that we verily believe the great body of the English nation—the religious, the moral, and the candid part of it—consider the tendency of his writings to be immoral and pernicious, and look upon his perseverance in that strain of composition with regret and reprehension. We ourselves are not easily startled, either by levity of temper, or boldness, or even rashness of remark; we are, moreover, most sincere admirers of Lord Byron's genius, and have always felt a pride and an interest in his fame. But we cannot dissent from the censure to which we have alluded; and shall endeavour to explain, in as few and as temperate words as possible, the grounds upon which we rest our concurrence.'

Mr. Southey, however, needed no defender: he was quite competent to take care of himself, and to repel the rude outrage which had been committed upon him. He did so by means of the following letter, addressed to the editor of the '*Courier* :'

'Sir,—Having seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply, through the medium of your journal.

'I come at once to his lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse in which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that "Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others." To this I reply with a *direct and positive denial*.

'If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe—that he had furnished a *haram*, or endowed an hospital—I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly, passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Gërambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy, on my part, in speaking of his lordship; and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him would have injured

his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guilford—that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros; and, though every one would stare, no one would wonder. But, making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying tree at Alpuacht, and the 11,000 virgins at Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

‘Once, and once only, in connexion with Switzerland, I have alluded to his lordship; and, as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the “Quarterly Review,” speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said—“it was the scene where Lord Byron’s Manfred met the devil and bullied him—though the devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.”’

‘With regard to the “others,” whom his lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the Album, at Mont-Auvert, with an avowal of atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

‘The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron bestowed upon me I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

“How easily is a noble spirit discerned
From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!”

B. JONSON.

But I am accustomed to such things; and so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless.

in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word or a thought upon those who are perpetually assailing me; but abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

‘Lord Byron’s present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the “Vision of Judgment.” Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back on any of his writings with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honorable feeling by which his criticisms are too peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity; I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stripped it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.’

‘Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books—against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves—against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

‘His lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is not an appellation which will stick, like that of *the Satanic school*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work*? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind; and

then reissued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time has been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare affix my name, or which I feared to claim in a court of justice if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no "damued spot" upon them—no taint, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten."

'Of the work which I *have* done it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic school and its Coryphæus, the author of "Don Juan." I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals, of their country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader* ANSWERS. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. Take it down who can!

'One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude. When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme: for one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*; and, while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

'Keswick, Jan. 5, 1822.'

This letter seems to have made a great impression on Lord Byron, who, although he did not scruple to attack others, was himself very sensitive of reproof.

Mr. Medwin has given an account of a conversation of Lord Byron's, in which he spoke with great rancour and injustice of Mr. Southey; and yet, a few days afterwards, when Mr. Southey's reply to the attack in the appendix to the 'Two Foscari' met his eye, he was overflowing with rage, and talked, as Mr. Medwin says, of proceeding to England, to call the Laureate to a personal account. The whole of the passage is curious. Lord Byron, having said there were some persons who could forget and forgive, goes on thus:

'The Laureate is not one of that disposition, and exults over the

anticipated death-bed repentance of the objects of his hatred. Finding that his denunciations or panegyrics are of little or no avail here, he indulges himself in a *vision* as to what will be their fate hereafter. The third heaven is hardly good enough for a king, and Dante's worst birth in the "Inferno" is hardly bad enough for me. My kindness to his brother-in-law might have taught him to be more charitable. I said, in a note to the "Two Foscari," in answer to his vain boasting, that I had done more good in a year than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence, on which he seems to reflect with so much complacency. I did not mean to pride myself on the act to which I have just referred; and should not mention it to you, but that his self-sufficiency calls for the explanation. When Coleridge was in great distress I borrowed 100*l.* to give to him.'

Mr. Medwin continues to say—'Some days after this discussion appeared Mr. Southey's reply to the note in question. I happened to see the "Literary Gazette" at Mr. Edgeworth's, and mentioned the general purport of the letter to Lord Byron during our evening ride. His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great, that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper. I at length succeeded, and took it to the Lanfranchi palace, at eleven o'clock (after coming from the opera)—an hour at which I was frequently in the habit of calling on him.

'He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I shall never forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful; his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death: he said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage had at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing in the reply, of a personal nature, that demanded satisfaction, as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England, and call Southey to an account—muttering something about "whips," and "branding-irons," and "gibbets," and "wounding the heart of a woman"—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his own expressions of "cowardly ferocity," "pitiful renegade," "hireling," were much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said, "Perhaps you are right; but I will consider of it. You have not seen *my* 'Vision of Judgment.' I wish I had a copy to show you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it, but it

shall now go forth to the world. I will write to Douglas Kinnaird by to-morrow's post,—to night, not to delay its appearance. The question whom to get to print it. Murray will have nothing to say to it just now, while the prosecution of "Cain" hangs over his head. It was offered to Longman, but he declined on the plea of its injuring the sale of Southey's hexameters, of which he is the publisher. Hunt shall have it."

Mr. Southey has, since the publication of Mr. Medwin's book, thought fit to write a long letter to the editor of the 'Courier,' in which he denies the principal charges in this and the passages which succeed it in the 'Conversations,' and which are quoted in his letter. His anger against Mr. Medwin seems unfounded. That gentleman has fairly enough put himself forward; and, as he has openly assumed all the responsibility which can attach to the statement, he must expect to be assailed by all those persons who are mentioned in it. As far as Mr. Southey's own character is concerned, and as far as his opinion of Lord Byron is entitled to some weight, the letter is a very interesting one. It is as ample a contradiction of many of the reports which have long prevailed to his prejudice as can be desired:

'Sir,—On two former occasions you have allowed me, through the channel of your journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induce me once more to request a similar favour.

'Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of "Lord Byron's Conversations" have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself: that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic school, and showing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions; for, that his lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt—Captain Medwin having, I dare say, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander, and malignity, which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most by this; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or ex-

travagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspecting and imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down, and published, with no notice of circumstances to show how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has been attributed to the devil is that of thus registering every idle word. There is an end of confidence or comfort in social intercourse if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his lordship himself had written and published; and it is on this account only that I deem them worthy of notice—the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many “More Last Words of Mr. Baxter” as the “reading public” may choose to pay for: they will draw forth no further reply from me.

‘Now, then, to the point.—The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin as Lord Byron’s:

“I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article* on ‘Foliage,’ which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviving the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? I say nothing of the critique itself on ‘Foliage;’ but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of—and found scandal on falsehood!—Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time.”

‘*The reviewal in question I did not write.* Lord Byron might have known this, if he had inquired of Mr. Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the reviewal itself, where the writer declares, in plain words, that he was a contemporary of Shelley’s at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that, in thus disclaiming that paper, any disapproval of it is intended. Papers in the

* ‘A volume of poems by Mr. Leigh Hunt. The reader who may be desirous of referring to the article will find it in the 18th vol. of the “Quarterly Review,” p. 324.’

"Quarterly Review" have been ascribed to me (those on "Keates's Poems," for example) which I have heartily condemned, both for their spirit and manner. But, for the one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there any thing either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honorable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr. Shelley, because, having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness, a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct. In other respects, the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed if I had written, or subscribed, as entirely assenting to, and approving, it.

'It is not true that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which, purporting, as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord Byron's statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant falsehood. Mr. Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in the "Quarterly Review" upon his "Revolt of Islam;" not exactly in Lord Byron's phrase, *taxing* me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not; but added, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I nevertheless assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

'Now for the assertion that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley's opinions, when he resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement I shall immediately explain; premising only, that as the opinion there implied, concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin, for his own especial use.

'Mr. Shelley having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him (as the tree is known by its fruits) whether he had found them conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected.

This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also—not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated, but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at University College. The earlier facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips: the latter were of public notoriety. There the correspondence ended. On his part it had been conducted with the courtesy which was natural to him—on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

‘This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron’s misrepresentation has been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his “Alastor,” and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letter, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead* that would withhold me now from publishing them.

‘It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony, as his heart did, to the truth of my statements in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was there brought home, I do not think he would have dared produce it. How much, or how little, of the truth was known to his lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa the insolent and calumnious misrepresentation conveyed in his lordship’s words originated, is of little consequence.

* ‘In the preface to his “Monody on Keates,” Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts that I was the author of the criticism in the “Quarterly Review” upon that young man’s poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There was a degree of meanness in this, (especially considering the temper and tenor of our correspondence,) which I was not then prepared to expect from Shelley; for, that he believed me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship, indeed, but certainly of mutual good will. I admired his talents; thought that he would outgrow his errors (perilous as they were); and trusted that, mean time, a kind and generous heart would resist the effect of fatal opinions, which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken; but, when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me an object for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and, when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself.’

‘The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with that unmanliness, too, which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might have gone on without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his lordship, it was upon public, not upon private, grounds. He is pleased, however, to suppose that he had “mortally offended” Mr. Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. “Certain it is,” he says, “that I did not spare the Lakists in it; and he told me he could not resist the temptation, and had shown it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and, as I could never keep a secret of my own (as you know), much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the Lake Poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle.” No such epistle was ever shown either to Mr. Wordsworth or to me; but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us, in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his lordship himself could I have been offended by it. Lord Byron must have known that I had the *floci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn; and that the one would have *nihili-pili-fied* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

‘It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work, in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly—it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name; and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production, by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in a manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous and honorable opponent leads naturally to

esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired; one who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered; and the effect which that answer produced upon his lordship has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as "Byron's Controversy with Southey." What there was dark and devilish in it belongs to his lordship; and, had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. "The Republican Trio," says Lord Byron, "when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things like the ancient Britons—to have lived in a state of nature like savages—and peopled some island of the blest with children in common, like ——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!" I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but, though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his lordship as the scheme itself would have been; nor would I have condescended to notice it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy; and we never published any thing in common.

' Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows, where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame; there remained this exposure of his private conversations, which has compelled his lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby demonstrate that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

' Keswick, Dec. 8, 1824.'

' ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER X.

WE now return to the tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' the next in order to 'Marino Faliero,' from which we have been compelled to digress.

It is founded upon the relations of Diodorus Siculus, and other historians, of the death of Sardanapalus, the last of the Assyrian kings :

'The commencement of the drama is placed at the time when Beleses, high-priest of Baal and governor of Babylonia, and Arbaces, governor of Media, have matured their conspiracy for seizing on the palace, and erecting a new dynasty on the ruins of the line of Nimrod. The king's brother-in-law, the brave and virtuous Salamenes, is introduced lamenting over his sovereign's blindness and degradation, and at the same time expressing his conviction that, under that sloth and folly, qualities are concealed which might have made him, and yet may make him, safe and illustrious.

'He is interrupted by the king, who enters effeminately dressed, attended by a train of women and young slaves, whom he dismisses; with the exception of Myrrha, a Greek girl, the king's favorite, till the hour of a banquet appointed in a summer-house on the Euphrates.* Myrrha, too, retires abashed at the stern reproofs of Salamenes, who proceeds to school his monarch, in language full of weight and gravity, for his sloth and neglect of his own renown; and is answered by Sardanapalus, sometimes with the irritability of one little used to advice; sometimes in a strain of witty sophistry expressive of his contempt for the popular voice, which only clamoured because his reign was too peaceful; and, at length, when he has worked himself by degrees into indignation against his nation's ingratitude, with the vaunt that, if roused, he had that in him which would make them regret the days of his inoffensive luxury.

'Salamenes, who appears (by what means is not explained) to have procured intelligence of the designs of the conspirators, at length departs (having obtained the royal signet and sanction to act as he thinks proper) to arrest Arbaces and Beleses.

* 'We hardly know why Lord Byron, who has not in other respects shown a slavish deference to Diodorus Siculus, should thus follow him in the manifest geographical blunder of placing Nineveh on the *Euphrates* instead of the *Tigris*, in opposition not only to the uniform tradition of the east, but to the express assertions of Herodotus, Pliny, and Ptolemy.'

‘ Myrrha re-enters, and a beautiful dialogue ensues, in which the king, in perfect conformity with *his* character, displays his ignorance of *hers*, even while most enslaved by her beauty; and expresses surprise at her echoing the advice, and enforcing the caution, of that Salamanes who had so lately made her “blush and weep.” He at length grows angry. What follows is very beautiful:

Myr. Frown not upon me: you have smiled
Too often on me not to make those frowns
Bitterer to bear than any punishment
Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!
Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved you!—
Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,
Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,
And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more
Degraded by that passion than by chains!
Still I have loved you. If that love were strong
Enough to overcome all former nature,
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

Sard. Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

Myr. And without love where dwells security?

Sard. I speak of woman’s love.

Myr. The very first
Of human life must spring from woman’s breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman’s hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Sard. My eloquent Ionian! thou speak’st music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I’ve heard thee talk of as the favorite pastime
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm thee.

Myr. I weep not.—But, I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.

Sard.

Yet oft

Thou speakest of them.

Myr.

True—true: constant thought

Will overflow in words unconsciously ;

But, when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me."

' She at length persuades him to give up the intended banquet on the Euphrates, but he remains resolute to have a fête within the walls of his palace ; and the act concludes with a very splendid speech of Myrrha, which, by a strange misprint, and to the grievous wounding of the head of poor old Priscian, she is made to utter "*solus*."

' The second act is, we conceive, a failure. The conspirators have a tedious dialogue, which is interrupted by Salamenes with a guard. Salamenes is followed by the king, who reverses all his measures, pardons Arbaces because he will not believe him guilty, and Beleses in order to escape from his long speeches about the national religion. This incident only is well managed. Arbaces is a mere common-place warrior ; and Beleses, on whom, we suspect, Lord Byron has bestowed more than usual pains, is a very ordinary and uninteresting villain. Sardanapalus, indeed, and Salamenes, are both made to speak of the wily Chaldean as the master-mover of the plot, as a politician in whose hands Arbaces is but a "warlike puppet ;" and Diodorus Siculus has represented him, in fact, as the first instigator of Arbaces to his treason, and as making use of his priestly character, and his supposed power of foretelling future events, to inflame the ambition, to direct the measures, to sustain the hopes, and to reprove the despondency, of his comrade. But of all this nothing appears in the tragedy. Lord Byron has been so anxious to show his own contempt for the priest, that he has not even allowed him that share of cunning and evil influence which was necessary for the part which he had to fill. Instead of being the original, the restless and unceasing prompter to bold and wicked measures, we find him, on his first appearance, hanging back from the enterprise, and chilling the energy of Arbaces by an enumeration of the real or possible difficulties which might yet impede its execution. Instead of exercising that power over the mind of his comrade which a religious impostor may well possess over better and more magnanimous souls than his own, Beleses is made to pour his predictions into incredulous ears, and Arbaces is as mere an epicurean in his creed as Sardanapalus. When we might have expected to find him gazing with hope and reverence on the star which the Chaldean points out as his natal planet, the Median warrior speaks, in the language of Mezentius, of the sword on which *his* confidence depends ; and, instead of being a tool in the hand of the pontiff, he says almost

every thing which is likely to affront him. Though Beleses is introduced to us as engaged in devotion, and as a fervent worshipper of the sun, he is no where made either to feel or to counterfeit that *professional* zeal against Sardanapalus which his open contempt of the gods would naturally call for; and no reason appears throughout the play why Arbaces should follow, against his own conscience and opinion, the counsels of a man of whom he speaks with dislike and disgust, and whose pretences to inspiration and sanctity he treats with unmingled ridicule. But we must not lose the thread of the fable. Sardanapalus, though he grants the conspirators their lives, is induced by Salamenes to banish them to their respective satrapies; and by the offence and suspicion which this half-measure inspires, as well as by the insinuations and persuasions of Beleses, Arbaces is confirmed in that treason out of which he had nearly been shamed by the recent mercy of his sovereign.

In the next act Sardanapalus and his courtiers are disturbed at their banquet by the breaking out of the conspiracy. The battle which follows—if we overlook the absurdity which occurs during one part of it, of hostile armies drawn up against each other in a dining-room—is extremely well told; and Sardanapalus displays the precise mixture of effeminacy and courage, levity and talent, which belongs to his character:

“*Sard. (arming himself.)* Give me the cuirass—so : my baldric; now

My sword : I had forgot the helm, where is it ?

That’s well—no, ’tis too heavy : you mistake, too—

It was not this I meant, but that which bears

A diadem around it.

Sfero.

Sire, I deemed

That too conspicuous from the precious stones

To risk your sacred brow beneath—and, trust me,

This is of better metal, though less rich.

Sard. You deemed ! Are you too turned a rebel ? Fellow !

Your part is to obey : return, and—no—

It is too late—I will go forth without it.

Sfero. At least wear this.

Sard.

Wear Caucasus ! why ’tis

A mountain on my temples.

Sfero.

Sire, the meanest

Soldier goes not forth thus exposed to battle.

All men will recognise you—for the storm
Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in her brightness.

Sard. I go forth to be recognised, and thus
Shall be so sooner. Now—my spear! I'm armed.

[In going stops short, and turns to Sfero.]

Sfero—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.

Sfero. The mirror, sire?

Sard. Yes, sir, of polished brass,
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

* * * * *

This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,
And the helm not at all. Methinks I seem

[Flings away the helmet after trying it again.]

Passing well in these toys, and now to prove them!"

The rebels are at length repulsed. The king re-enters wounded, and retires to rest, after a short and very characteristic conversation between Salamenes and Myrrha, in which the two kindred spirits show their mutual understanding of each other, and the loyal warrior, postponing all the selfish domestic feelings which led him to dislike the fair Ionian, exhorts her to use her utmost power to keep her lover from relaxing into luxury. The transient effect which their whispers produce on Sardanapalus is well imagined:

"*Sard.* Myrrha! what, at whispers
With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

Myr. (smiling.) You have cause, sire; for on the earth
there breathes not

A man more worthy of a woman's love—

A soldier's trust—a subject's reverence—

A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!

Sard. Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not
Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught
That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

Myr. And now retire, to have your wound looked to.
Pray, lean on me.

Sard. Yes, love! but not from pain."

The fourth act opens with Myrrha watching over the slumbers of Sardanapalus. He awakens and tells a horrid dream, which we do not much admire, except that part of it which describes the form of his

warlike ancestress Semiramis, with whom, and the rest of his regal predecessors, he had fancied himself at a ghostly banquet :

“ In thy own chair—thy own place in the banquet—
I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but
Instead a grey-haired, withered, bloody-eyed,
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,
Female in garb, and crowned upon the brow,
Furrowed with years, yet sneering with the passion
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,
Sate :—my veins curdled.

Myr.

Is this all ?

Sard.

Upon

Her right hand—her lank bird-like right hand—stood
A goblet, bubbling o’er with blood ; and, on
Her left, another, filled with—what I saw not,
But turned from it and her.”

‘ The scene which follows has been, we know not why, called “ useless,” “ unnatural,” and “ tediously written.” For ourselves, we are not ashamed to own that we have read it with emotion. It is an interview between Sardanapalus and his neglected wife, whom, with her children, he is about to send to a place of safety. Here, too, however, he is represented, with much poetical art and justice of delineation, as, in the midst of his deepest regrets for Zarina, chiefly engrossed with himself and his own sorrows, and inclined, immediately afterwards, to visit on poor Myrrha the painful feelings which his own reproaches of himself have occasioned.

‘ In the remainder of the play Lord Byron pretty closely follows Diodorus Siculus. Salamenes is killed. The rebels receive fresh strength from the junction of the satrap of Susa. A part of the city wall is thrown down by an inundation of the river. Sardanapalus causes a funeral pile to be built ; then sends off his remaining soldiers loaded with the treasures of his ancestors, and with orders, when they are safe, to give the signal with a trumpet. At that signal he ascends the pile. His faithful Myrrha applies the torch, and the curtain falls as she springs forward to throw herself into the flames.’

The whole of this last scene is so exquisitely described, and the passion which pervades it is, with admirable skill, made so prominent, that the tragical catastrophe is stripped of all its horror. Myrrha enters with a lighted torch and a cup of wine :—

“ *Myr.* Lo!
 I’ve lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.
Sard. And the cup?
Myr. ’Tis my country’s custom to
 Make a libation to the gods.

Sard. And mine
 To make libations amongst men. I’ve not
 Forgot the custom ; and, although alone,
 Will drain one draught in memory of many
 A joyous banquet past.

[*Sardanapalus takes the cup, and after drinking
 and tinkling the reversed cup, as a drop falls,
 exclaims—*

And this libation
 Is for the excellent Beleses.

Myr. Why
 Dwells thy mind rather upon that man’s name
 Than on his mate’s in villainy ?

Sard. The one
 Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
 Of human sword in a friend’s hand ; the other
 Is master-mover of his warlike puppet :
 But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,
 My Myrrha ! dost thou truly follow me,
 Freely and fearlessly ?

Myr. And dost thou think
 A Greek girl dare not do, for love, that which
 An Indian widow braves for custom ?

Sard. Then
 We but await the signal.

Myr. It is long
 In sounding.

Sard. Now, farewell ; one last embrace.

Myr. Embrace, but *not* the last ; there is one more.

Sard. True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.

Myr. And pure as is my love to thee shall they,
 Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly passion,
 Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks me.

Sard. Say it.





The Self-Destruction of Sardanapalus.

Myr. It is that no kind hand will gather
The dust of both into one urn.

Sard. The better :
Rather let them be borne abroad upon
The winds of heaven, and scattered into air,
Than be polluted more by human hands
Of slaves and traitors ; in this blazing palace,
And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt
Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings,
Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles
Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis :
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record !

Myr. Then farewell, thou earth !
And loveliest spot of earth ! farewell Ionia !
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation ! My last prayer
Was for thee ! my last thoughts, save *one*, were of thee !

Sard. And that ?

Myr. Is yours.

[*The trumpet of Pania sounds without.*

Sard. Hark !

Myr. Now !

Sard. Adieu, Assyria !

I loved thee well, my own, my father's land,
And better as my country than my kingdom.
I satiated thee with peace and joys ; and this
Is my reward ! and now I owe thee nothing,
Not even a grave. [*He mounts the pile.*

Now, Myrrha !

Myr. Art thou ready ?

Sard. As the torch in thy grasp.

[*Myrrha fires the pile.*

Myr. 'Tis fired ! I come.

[*As Myrrha springs forward to throw herself
into the flames, the curtain falls.*"]

' There are some inconsistencies and anachronisms in this play, which, though of no great consequence in themselves, it is a part of our business to mention. Sardanapalus, in his dying speech, is made

to boast that the monument of renown which he should leave behind would be more glorious and more lasting than Egypt

“Hath piled in her brick mountains, o’er dead kings,
Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles
Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis :
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record !”——

‘These lines are in bad taste enough, from the jingle between *kings* and *kine*, down to the absurdity of believing that Sardanapalus at such a moment would be likely to discuss a point of antiquarian curiosity. But they involve also an anachronism, inasmuch as, whatever date be assigned to the erection of the earlier pyramids, there can be no reason for apprehending that, at the fall of Nineveh, and while the kingdom and hierarchy of Egypt subsisted in their full splendour, the destination of those immense fabrics could have been a matter of doubt to any who might inquire concerning them. Herodotus, three hundred years later, may have been misinformed on these points ; but, when Sardanapalus lived, the erection of pyramids must, in all probability, have not been still of unfrequent occurrence, and the nature of their contents no subject of mistake or mystery.

‘A similar inaccuracy occurs at p. 33, where (two hundred years before Thespis) “the tragic song” is spoken of as the favorite pastime of Greece. Nor could Myrrha, at so early a period of her country’s history, have spoken of their national hatred of kings, or of that which was equally the growth of a later age, their contempt for “barbarians.” We are not sure, indeed, whether there is not a considerable violation of costume in the sense of degradation with which she seems to regard her situation in the haram, no less than in the resentment of Salamenes, and the remorse of Sardanapalus on the score of his infidelity to Zarina. Little as we know of the domestic habits of Assyria, we have reason to conclude, from the habits of contemporary nations, and from the manners of the East in every age, that polygamy was neither accounted a crime in itself, nor as a measure of which the principal wife was justified in complaining. And even in Greece, in those times when Myrrha’s character must have been formed, to be a captive, and subject to the captor’s pleasure, was accounted a misfortune indeed, but could hardly be regarded as an infamy. But where is the critic who would object to an inaccuracy which has given occasion to such sentiments and to such poetry ?

* There is one passage, however, which calls for a severer censure, inasmuch as it involves a point of morals as well as historical correctness. The general tone of Myrrha's character (in perfect consistency with the manners of her age and nation, and with her own elevated but pure and feminine spirit) is that of a devout worshipper of her country's gods. She reproveth, with dignity, the impious flattery of the Assyrian courtiers and the libertine scoffs of the king. She does not forget, while preparing for death, that libation which was the latest and most solemn act of Grecian piety; and she, more particularly, expresses, at p. 89, her belief in a future state of existence. Yet this very Myrrha, when Sardanapalus is agitated by his evil dream, and by the natural doubt as to what worse visions death may bring, is made to console him, in the strain of his own Epicurean philosophy, with the doctrine that death is really nothing, except

“ Unto the timid, who anticipate
That which may never be;”

and with the insinuation that all which remains of “ the dead is the dust we tread upon.” We do not wish to ask, we do not like to conjecture, *whose* sentiments these are; but they are certainly not the sentiments of an ancient Grecian heroine. They are not the sentiments which Myrrha might have learned from the heroes of her native land, or from the poems whence those heroes derived their heroism, their contempt of death, “ and their love of virtue.” Myrrha would rather have told her lover of those happy islands where the benevolent and the brave reposed after the toils of their mortal existence; of that venerable society of departed warriors and sages, to which, if he renounced his sloth, and lived for his people and for glory, he might yet expect admission. She would have told him of that joy with which his warlike ancestors would move along their meads of asphodel, when the news reached them of their descendant's prowess; she would have anticipated those songs which denied that “ Harmodius was dead,” however he might be removed from the sphere of mortality; which told her countrymen of the “ roses and the golden-fruited bowers, where, beneath the light of a lower sun, departed warriors reined their shadowy cars, or struck their harps amid altars steaming with frankincense.” Such were the doctrines which naturally led men to a contempt for life and a thirst for glory: but the opposite opinions were the doubts of a later day; and of those sophists under whose influence Greece soon ceased to be free, or valiant, or virtuous.

With all its faults it may, however, be fairly characterized as worthy of Lord Byron, and as one of the best tragedies that has been produced in Europe for the last century :

‘The history of the last of the Assyrian kings is at once sufficiently well known to awaken that previous interest which belongs to illustrious names and early associations, and sufficiently remote and obscure to admit of any modification of incident or character which a poet may find convenient. All that we know of Nineveh and its sovereigns is majestic, indistinct, and mysterious. We read of an extensive and civilized monarchy erected in the ages immediately succeeding the deluge, and existing in full might and majesty while the shores of Greece and Italy were unoccupied, except by roving savages. We read of an empire whose influence extended from Samarcand to Troy, and from the mountains of Judah to those of Caucasus, subverted, after a continuance of thirteen hundred years, and a dynasty of thirty generations, in an almost incredibly short space of time, less by the revolt of two provinces than by the anger of Heaven and the predicted fury of natural and inanimate agents. And the influence which both the conquests and the misfortunes of Assyria appear to have exerted over the fates of the people for whom, of all others in ancient history, our strongest feelings are (from religious motives) interested, throws a sort of sacred pomp over the greatness and the crimes of the descendants of Nimrod, and a reverence which no other equally remote portion of profane history is likely to obtain with us. At the same time all which we know is so brief, so general, and so disjointed, that we have few of those preconceived notions of the persons and facts represented, which in classical dramas, if servilely followed, destroy the interest, and, if rashly departed from, offend the prejudices of the reader or the auditor. An outline is given of the most majestic kind ; but it is an outline only, which the poet may fill up at pleasure ; and in ascribing, as Lord Byron has done for the sake of his favorite unities, the destruction of the Assyrian empire to the treason of one night, instead of the war of several years, he has neither shocked our better knowledge, nor incurred any conspicuous improbability.

‘It is, indeed, a distinction which those who, for whatever reason, adhere to what is called the classical model of tragedy, will always find their interest in recollecting, that the subjects which suffer least by the fetters of rule are those where the catastrophe is occasioned by external causes only ; by the wrath of the gods, the decrees of fate, the violence of a tyrant, or an overwhelming enemy ; reverses or dangers

in which the hero is not so much the agent as the patient, and which, though undoubtedly borne differently by different characters, yet happen alike to all men, and are neither accelerated nor retarded by any peculiarities in the person who is the principal object of the drama. Thus the dissipation and effeminacy of Sardanapalus (however they may be alluded to as the original cause of the revolt) in no way, throughout the drama now before us, can be said to accelerate his end, or materially to influence his fortunes. He is offered to our attention as a young king, fighting gallantly in his first battle, erring (if he errs) from excess of courage, not of carelessness, and overpowered by irresistible violence and treachery. The peculiarities of his character are, so far as the plot is concerned, incidental and ornamental only; and, if Cyrus or Charles the Twelfth had been thrown into similar difficulties, it is apparent that either of those hardy and martial monarchs would have fallen like the silken prince of Nineveh.

* * * * *

‘ Still, however, though the development of Sardanapalus’s character is incidental only to the plot of Lord Byron’s drama, and though the unities have confined his picture within far narrower limits than he might otherwise have thought advisable, the character is admirably sketched; nor is there any one of the portraits of this great master which gives us a more favorable opinion of his talents, his force of conception, his delicacy and vigour of touch, or the richness and harmony of his colouring. He had, indeed, no unfavorable groundwork, even in the few hints supplied by the ancient historians, as to the conduct and history of the last and most unfortunate of the line of Belus. Though accused, (whether truly or falsely,) by his triumphant enemies, of the most revolting vices, and an effeminacy even beyond what might be expected from the last dregs of Asiatic despotism, we find Sardanapalus, when roused by the approach of danger, conducting his armies with a courage, a skill, and, for some time at least, with a success, not inferior to those of his most warlike ancestors. We find him retaining to the last the fidelity of his most trusted servants, his nearest kindred, and no small proportion of his hardest subjects. We see him providing for the safety of his wife, his children, and his capital city, with all the calmness and prudence of an experienced captain. We see him at length subdued, not by man, but by Heaven and the elements, and seeking his death with a mixture of heroism and ferocity which little accords with our notions of a weak or utterly degraded character. And even the strange story variously told, and without further ex-

planation scarcely intelligible, which represents him as building (or fortifying) two cities in a single day, and then deforming his exploits with an indecent image and inscription, would seem to imply a mixture of energy with his folly not impossible, perhaps, to the madness of absolute power, and which may lead us to impute his fall less to weakness than to an injudicious and ostentatious contempt of the opinions and prejudices of mankind. Such a character, luxurious, energetic, misanthropical, affords, beyond a doubt, no common advantages to the work of poetie delineation; and it is precisely the character which Lord Byron most delights to draw, and which he has succeeded best in drawing.

Accordingly his Sardanapalus is pretty nearly such a person as the Sardanapalus of history may be supposed to have been, making due allowance for the calumnies to which an unfortunate prince is liable from his revolted subjects. Young, thoughtless, spoiled by flattery and unbounded self-indulgence, but with a temper naturally amiable, and abilities of a superior order, he affects to undervalue the sanguinary renown of his ancestors as an excuse for inattention to the most necessary duties of his rank; and flatters himself, while he is indulging his own sloth, that he is making his people happy. Yet, even in his fondness for pleasure, there lurks a love of contradiction. It is because he is schooled by Salamenes and his queen that he runs with more eagerness to dissipation: and he enjoys his follies the more from a sense of the witty and eloquent sophistry with which he is able to defend them. He feels that his character is under-rated; he suspects that he is himself the cause of this degradation; but he is elevated by the knowledge that he understands himself better than those around him. He has been so gorged with flattery that he rates it at its true value; yet his social hours are passed with flatterers, and he is not displeased with flattery the wildest and most impious, because he derives a satisfaction from knowing that he is not deceived by it.

The same peculiarity runs throughout his character. He forgives the disaffected satraps, though internally convinced of their guilt, with a frankness which would have been generosity, if it were not that he is too indolent to inquire, and too proud to condemn them on the mere authority of Salamenes. He professes to have slighted his queen for no other reason than because his love was there a duty; and even his passion for Myrrha is a feeling of superiority and possession, not of admiration and service. It is made up of kisses and compliments.

He keeps her by him as a child does a plaything; and is interested and amused by her eloquence, her courage, and her powerful understanding, as with a plaything more singular and attractive than any he has enjoyed before. But he mocks her touching piety; he rallies her just apprehensions and manly counsels; he is less unwilling than he ought to be to admit her as a sharer in his funeral pile; he speaks of her as "a slave who loves from passion;" and he, perhaps, speaks the truth when he says that he should love her more if she were something less heroic.

With all this, sufficient elevation of courage and sentiment is mingled to prove the natural strength of his mind, and just sufficient warmth of feeling to evince his natural kindness of disposition. Though he shrinks from the ordinary exertions of a sovereign, he feels a delightful stimulus in the novelty and dignity of danger. With Salamenes, with his soldiers, with the herald of the rebel host, his demeanour is magnanimous and kingly. Except in the too great eagerness which prompts his nocturnal sally, he discharges, with coolness and ability, the duties not only of a warrior, but a general. He exults, when alone and expecting the fatal torch, in that ancestry which he had before affected to despise, but whose martial fame his own end is not to detract from; and in his interview with Zarina, in his expressions of tenderness by the dead body of his brother-in-law, and when receiving the last homage of his faithful guard, he betrays in a natural and touching manner the knowledge that his estimate of life and of mankind has been wrong, and abundantly redeems himself from that contempt to which an unqualified selfishness would have consigned him.

Yet, of the whole picture, selfishness is the prevailing feature—selfishness admirably drawn indeed, apologized for by every palliating circumstance of education and habit, and clothed in the brightest colours of which it is susceptible from youth, talents, and placability. But it is selfishness still; and we should have been tempted to quarrel with the art which made vice and frivolity thus amiable, if Lord Byron had not at the same time pointed out with much skill the bitterness and weariness of spirit which inevitably wait on such a character, and if he had not given a fine contrast to the picture in the accompanying portraits of Salamenes and of Myrrha.

Salamenes is the direct opposite to selfishness; and the character, though slightly sketched, displays little less ability than that which we have just been reviewing. He is a stern, loyal, plain-spoken

soldier and subject; clear-sighted, just and honorable in his ultimate views, though not more punctilious about the means of obtaining them than might be expected from a respectable satrap of ancient Nineveh, or a respectable vizier of the modern Turkish empire. To his king, in spite of personal neglect and family injuries, he is, throughout, pertinaciously attached and punctiliously faithful. To the king's rebels he is inclined to be severe, bloody, and even treacherous—an imperfection, however, in his character, to want which would, in his situation, be almost unnatural, and which is skilfully introduced as a contrast to the instinctive perception of virtue and honour which flashes out from the indolence of his master. Of the satrap, however, the faults as well as the virtues are alike the offspring of disinterested loyalty and patriotism. It is for his country and his king that he is patient of injury; for them that he is valiant; for them cruel. He has no ambition of personal power, no thirst of individual fame. In battle and in victory "Assyria!" is his only war-cry. When he sends off the queen and princes, he is less anxious for his nephews and sister than for the preservation of the line of Nimrod; and in his last moments it is the supposed flight of his sovereign which alone distresses and overcomes him.

'Myrrha is a female Salamenes, in whom, with admirable skill, attachment to the individual Sardanapalus is substituted for the gallant soldier's loyalty to the descendant of kings; and whose energy of expostulation, no less than the natural high tone of her talents, her courage, and her Grecian pride, is softened into a subdued and winning tenderness by the constant and painful recollection of her abasement as a slave in the royal haram; and still more by the lowliness of perfect womanly love in the presence of and towards the object of her passion. She is a beautiful, heroic, devoted, ethereal being—in love with the generous and infatuated monarch—ashamed of loving a barbarian—and using all her influence over him to ennoble as well as to adorn his existence, and to arm him against the terrors of its close. Her voluptuousness is that of the heart—her heroism of the affections. If the part she takes in the dialogue be sometimes too subdued and submissive for the lofty daring of her character, it is still such as might become a Greek slave—a beautiful Ionian girl, in whom the love of liberty and the scorn of death were tempered by the consciousness of what she regarded as a degrading passion, and an inward sense of fitness and decorum with reference to her condition. No character can be drawn more natural than hers; few ever have been drawn more

touching and amiable. Of course she is not, nor could be, a Jewish or a Christian heroine; but she is a model of Grecian piety and nobility of spirit, and she is one whom a purer faith would have raised to the level of a Rebecca or a Miriam.'

The next drama in the volume now under our notice bears the title of 'The Two Foscari.' The story upon which it is founded is admirably told in M. Daru's *Histoire de la République de Venise*; and, as Lord Byron has followed all the details of the history, we shall on this account, as well as for its own excellence and interest, translate the extract, though somewhat long :

'The republic had now been in arms upwards of thirty years. The provinces of Brescia, of Bergamo, and of Cremona, together with the principality of Ravenna, had fallen under her domination.

'But this continual warfare was the cause of many discontents and disasters. The Doge, Francis Foscari, who was commonly believed to have been its chief promoter, and who was therefore not very kindly regarded by the people, evinced, in the year 1442, for the second time, and probably with greater sincerity than before, an intention of abdicating his dignity. The Council again refused to accept his abdication. An oath was then required of him that he would not renounce the ducal throne. He was at this time far advanced in years, but maintained still all the vigour of his character and intellect, and enjoyed the glory of having seen the republic extend its limits very considerably during his administration.

'But in the midst of this prosperity some great misfortunes happened, which put to the proof all the firmness of his soul.

'His son, Giacomo Foscari, was accused, in 1445, of having received presents from certain foreign princes or nobles, and particularly, as it was said, from Filippo Visconti, the Duke of Milan. This was not only a baseness, but a positive infraction of the laws of the republic.

'The Council of Ten treated this affair exactly as if the crime had been committed by a private individual. The accused was taken before his judges, and before the Doge himself, who thought that he could not, consistently with his rank, be absent from the trial. There the culprit was examined, the torture was applied to him, he was found guilty, and he received from the mouth of his own father the sentence by which he was banished for ever, and ordered to be transported to Napoli di Romania, where it was decreed that he should pass the remainder of his days.

'He was put on board a galley, to be carried to the place of his exile.

but fell sick at Trieste on his way. The solicitations of the Doge then obtained, but not without great difficulty, that another place should be assigned to him for his residence. At length the Council of Ten permitted him to go to Trevisa, obliging him, however, not to quit it under pain of death, and to present himself daily before the governor.

He had been here about ten years when one of the Council of Ten was assassinated. Suspicions immediately fell upon him as the instigator of the crime. One of his servants, then happening to be at Venice, was arrested, and underwent the torture. The executioners could not, however, extort from him a word tending to prove his master's guilt. This terrible tribunal then ordered that the master should himself be brought before them, and he was subjected to the same trial: he resisted all these tortures, and did not cease to protest his total innocence. His judges, however, saw in this firmness nothing but obstinacy. While he did not avow the commission of the crime they continued to believe that he was guilty: they attributed his endurance to the influence of magic, and finally he was sent away a prisoner to Canea. From this remote place the poor exile—then, whatever had been his guilt, deserving some pity—continued to write to his father and his friends, for the purpose of obtaining a mitigation of his sentence. Not succeeding, however, in this, and knowing that the terror which the Council of Ten had inspired throughout Venice prevented a single voice from being raised in his favour, he wrote a letter to the new Duke of Milan, in which he implored Sforza, by the memory of all the good offices he had received from the hands of the chief of the republic, to interpose his influence with the seignory of Venice in behalf of the Doge's son.

This letter, according to some of the historians, was intrusted to a merchant, who had promised to transmit it to the duke; but, knowing too well what he had to fear if he were discovered to have participated in such a correspondence, he hastened, as soon as he landed at Venice, to put the letter into the hands of the chief of the council. Another version of the story, and which seems the more correct one, is, that the letter was discovered by a spy who was employed to watch the movements of the exile.

This was a new crime for which Giacomo Foscari was to be punished. To solicit the favour or protection of any foreign potentate was a crime in any subject of the republic. A galley was immediately dispatched to bring him to the prisons of Venice. On his arrival he was subjected to the strappado. It was a singular destiny, for one who was

the citizen of a republic and the son of a prince, that he should, thrice in his life, be compelled to undergo the torture; on this occasion, too, the torture was still more odious, because there was no pretence for it; the fact of which he was accused being incontestable.

‘When the culprit was asked, during the intervals of the torture, why he had written the letter which was then produced, he replied “that he had done so because he knew that it must fall into the hands of the council; that every other way of making them listen to his appeal was closed against him; and that this, he knew, would occasion his being brought to Venice.” He added, “that he had risked every thing to enjoy the consolation of once more beholding his wife, his father, and his mother.”

‘Upon this singular confession his sentence of exile was confirmed; but its severity was increased by an order that he should be kept in prison during a year. This rigour, exercised towards a person who had already suffered so much, was unquestionably odious; but the policy which forbade the citizens of the republic from inviting the interference of foreigners in the affairs of Venice was, in every point of view, wise. This was a maxim of the government, and one which had hitherto been held inflexible.

‘It was, however, not thought expedient to refuse to the condemned person permission to see his wife, his children, and his relations, whom he was going to quit probably for ever; but even this last interview was accompanied with circumstances of cruelty, occasioned by the severe circumspection which stifled the expressions of paternal and conjugal grief. They were not allowed to meet in a private apartment; but it was in the midst of one of the large halls of the palace that his wife, accompanied by her four children, came to take her last farewell of her husband—that a father more than eighty years of age, and a mother loaded with infirmities, were permitted to enjoy the sad and momentary consolation of mingling their tears with those of the exile. He threw himself at their knees, and, holding up his hands, dislocated by the torture he had endured, he implored them to petition for some mitigation of the sentence which had been pronounced against him. His father had the courage to reply to him, “No, my son, respect the decree which has been pronounced against you, and obey without murmuring the orders of the seignory.”* With these words he separated

* Marin Sanuto, in his Chronicle, tells this story in terms which make us believe there was rather more of apathy than of that firmness which it so much praised. He says “the Doge was old, and so decrepit that he was obliged to support his

himself from the unfortunate man, who was immediately embarked for Candia.

‘Antiquity beheld with as much horror as admiration a parent condemning his son, whose guilt was clearly demonstrated. She hesitated whether to call this effort, which seemed almost beyond human strength, a sublime virtue or a display of ferocity : but here, where the first fault charged against the culprit was a weakness, where the second was not proved, and where the third was not in itself criminal, it is impossible to conceive the constancy of a father who could see this culprit, his only son, thrice tortured, who could hear him condemned without proof, and who did not even utter a complaint ; who spoke to that son only to show him a countenance more of austerity than emotion ; and who, at the moment that he was parting from him for ever, forbade him to murmur or to hope. How can we explain so cruel an event but by confessing, to our shame, that tyranny may excite from human beings the same efforts as virtue ? Slavery has its heroism as well as freedom.

‘Some time after this sentence the real perpetrator of the murder of which Jacopo Foscari had been accused was discovered ; but it was now too late to repair the injustice which had been done to him—the unhappy man was dead in his prison.

‘It remains now to relate the misfortunes of the father. History attributed them to the impatience of his enemies and his rivals to see his place vacated. Giacomo Loredano, one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, is commonly accused of having pursued against this old man the satisfaction of a hatred which had long divided their families.

‘Francis Foscari had endeavored to extinguish this animosity by offering his daughter in marriage to one of the sons of the illustrious Admiral Retio Loredano. This alliance was, however, rejected, and the enmity between the families was in consequence increased. On every occasion in the council, and on all matters of public business, the Doge found the Loredani ready to oppose his designs or his interests. He one day let fall an expression, purporting that he should never feel himself really a prince until Pietro Loredano had ceased to

steps with a stick ; and, when he met his son, he spoke to him in a manner so unmoved, that it could not have been believed that this was his son—still less that it was an only son. And Giacomo said to him, ‘My lord and father, I beseech you to solicit, in my behalf, that I may be allowed to go to my own home.’ The Doge said to him “Giacomo, go and obey the laws of your country, and do not seek to alter their decree.”

exist. The admiral soon afterwards died of a disease so rapid that no one could explain its cause. This was sufficient to induce malevolent persons to insinuate that Francis Foscari, who had wished for his foe's death, had been concerned in hastening it.

These reports were still more commonly credited when Marco Loredano also died suddenly; and some ground seemed to be afforded them by the circumstance of his having, in his office of avogador, instituted a process against Andrea Donato, the son-in-law of the Doge, who had been accused of peculation. An inscription was placed over the tomb of the admiral, purporting that he had been snatched from his country and his existence by means of poison.

There was no proof against Francis Foscari, nor even the slightest reason for suspecting him. Even if the whole of his past life had not falsified an imputation so odious, he knew that his rank would neither have afforded him impunity nor indulgence in the commission of the crime with which he was charged. The tragic death of one of his predecessors was enough to assure him of this, and he had too many domestic examples of the care which the Council of Ten took to humiliate the chief of the republic.

Giacomo Loredano, the son of Pietro, believed, or pretended to believe, that it was his duty to revenge the loss his family had sustained. In his books of account (for he was engaged in commerce, as were all the patricians of Venice at this period) he had inserted, with his own hand, the Doge in the number of his debtors, "for the death," he said "of my father and my uncle." On the other side of his book he had left a blank page, for the purpose of entering the satisfaction of this debt; and in fact, after the Doge's death, he wrote on his register, "He has paid me," *L'ha pagata*.

Giacomo Loredano was elected a member of the Council of Ten: he afterwards became one of the three chiefs, and promised himself an opportunity of profiting by this occasion to accomplish the vengeance which he meditated.

The Doge, after the terrible trial he had undergone during his son's process, had shut himself up in the recesses of his palaces: incapable of attending to his affairs, consumed with grief, and loaded with the infirmities of old age, he appeared no more in public, nor even at the councils. This retreat, which might have been satisfactorily explained in an unhappy old man upwards of eighty years of age, displeased the Decemviri, who pretended to see in it a murmuring against their decrees.

Loredano began first to complain before his colleagues of the inconvenience which the Doge's infirmity, and his absence from council, occasioned to the dispatch of public business: he ended by venturing, and at length succeeded in persuading his colleagues to agree to, a proposal that the Doge should be deposed. It was not the first time that Venice had seen a Doge who had reached a very advanced period of human existence: long custom and the positive provision of the laws had guarded against every possible inconvenience arising from such an event, by directing that the eldest member of the Council should supply the place of the Doge when necessary. This, however, was not enough for the enemies of Foscari. In order to give an air of greater solemnity to the deliberation, the Council of Ten demanded that twenty-five of the senators should be added to them; but as the object of this request was not stated, and as the grand council had no reason to suspect what was their intention, it happened that Marco Foscari, the brother of the Doge, was included among these supplemental members. Instead, however, of admitting him to the deliberation, or of appealing against his being appointed, they shut this senator up in a separate chamber, and extorted from him an oath that he would never speak of this exclusion by telling him that his life depended on his acquiescence: they nevertheless inscribed his name at the foot of the decree, as if he had actually been a party to it.

When this discussion was entered upon Loredano opened it in these words:—"As the public utility ought to silence all private interests, I do not doubt that we shall on this occasion adopt a measure which our country requires, and which we owe to it. It is impossible for states to remain in an unchangeable condition: you may perceive how much ours is altered, and how much more it will be depraved unless there shall be some authority strong enough to apply a prompt remedy. I blush to be compelled to point out to you the confusion which prevails in our councils, the disorder of our debates, the accumulation of our public business, and the levity with which some of its most important branches are administered—the licentiousness of our youth, the want of assiduity on the part of our magistrates, and the introduction of dangerous new customs. What is the effect of all these disorders? To depreciate our national consideration.—What is the cause of them? The absence of a chief capable of moderating some, of directing others, of giving a good example to all, and of maintaining the force of the laws.

"Where are the times in which our decrees were used to be ex-

executed as soon as they were pronounced—times like that in which Francesco Carrara found himself invested in Padua before he had even received intimation that we proposed to make war upon him? In the late war with the Duke of Milan we have seen quite the contrary. Woe to the republic that is without a chief!

“I do not remind you of all these inconveniences, and their deplorable consequences, to afflict or to terrify you, but to make you remember that you are the masters, the preservers, of the state founded by your fathers, and of the liberty for the enjoyment of which we are indebted to their labours, to their system. The evil of which we complain suggests its own remedy. We have no chief, and it is necessary that we should provide one. Our prince is the work of our own creation; and we have, therefore, the right to judge of his merit before we elect him—of his incapacity whenever it becomes manifest. I will add that the people, although they have no right to pronounce upon the actions of their masters, will learn this change with transport. It is by the interposition of Providence, I doubt not, that these dispositions have suggested themselves to us, to remind us that the safety of the republic demands from us the resolution I have proposed, and that the fate of the state is in our hands.”

‘This speech encountered but a slight and timid opposition: the deliberation, however, continued eight days. The assembly, not being quite so sure that the public approbation would follow their proceedings, wished that the Doge could be prevailed upon to resign. He had already proposed to do so on two former occasions, but his offer had not been accepted.

‘There was no law by which a prince could be called upon to abdicate: on the contrary, his election was for life; and all the examples of Doges who had been deposed were such as had been the result of some popular movement.

‘Besides this, if the Doge could under any circumstances have been deposed, it could not have been by a tribunal composed of a small number of members, instituted only for the punishment of crimes, and not at all invested with the right of revoking what had been done by the orders of the sovereign body of the state.

‘This tribunal, however, decreed that the six councillors of the seignory, and the chiefs of the Council of Ten, should wait upon the Doge, and signify to him that the most excellent council had judged it expedient that he should abdicate a function of which his age did not permit him to fulfil the duties. A pension of fifteen hundred ducats

of gold was granted to him, and he was allowed four-and-twenty hours to decide.

‘Foscari replied immediately, with great gravity, that he had already twice offered to lay down his charge; that, instead of being permitted to do as he wished, he had been required to swear that he would not repeat his request; that, although Providence had prolonged his days, in order, as he believed, to prove and to chasten him, they ought not to reproach with his old age a man who had devoted eighty-four years to the service of the republic; that he was still ready to sacrifice his life for it; but that for his dignity, as he held that by the election of the republic at large, he should reserve his reply on this subject until the general will of the state should be expressed.

‘On the following day, at the hour mentioned, the councillors and the chiefs of the Council of Ten again presented themselves. He, however, declined giving them any other answer. The Council then assembled again immediately, and sent him once more their resolution, they remaining in deliberation during the time. The reply being the same, they pronounced a decree to the effect that the Doge was released from his oath and deposed from his dignity; assigning him, at the same time, the pension of fifteen hundred golden ducats; and enjoining him to quit the palace in eight days, under the penalty of having all his goods confiscated.

‘This decree was taken to the Doge on the following day, and Jacopo Lorenado had the cruel satisfaction to present it to him. He replied, “If I could have foreseen that my age would have been prejudicial to the state, the chief of the republic would not have shown himself so ungrateful as to prefer his dignity to his country; but, as my life has been for so many years useful to the republic, I was willing to devote its last moments to the same service. The decree is pronounced, and I shall obey it.” After he had spoken thus he laid aside the insignia of his rank; he took off the ducal ring, which was broken in his presence; and on the following day he quitted the palace, which he had inhabited for five-and-thirty years, accompanied by his brother, his relations, and his friends. A secretary, who met him on the principal landing-place, would have persuaded him to retire by a private staircase, for the purpose of avoiding the crowd of people who were waiting in the court-yards; but he refused to do so, saying “that he would descend the same staircase by which he had entered.” When he was at the foot of the Giant’s Staircase he turned back, leaning upon his staff; and, looking towards the palace, uttered these words:—

“ My services called me hither ; the malice of my enemies drives me hence.”

‘ The crowd, which made way for him to pass, and who had perhaps desired his death, were moved, at his appearance, with respect and sympathy. When he reached his own house he recommended his family to forgive the wrongs his enemies had done him. None of the members of the different state departments felt at liberty even to express surprise that an absolute prince should have been deposed without the slightest reproach against him ; that the republic should have lost its chief without the senate or the sovereign body knowing any thing of the matter. The people alone ventured to express some regret ; a proclamation imposed the most profound silence respecting the affair, under pain of death.

‘ Before a successor to Francis Foscari was elected a new law was made, which forbade the Doge to open and read, excepting in the presence of the councillors, the dispatches of the ambassadors of the republic, and the letters of foreign princes.

‘ The electors then met in conclave, and appointed Pasquale Malipiero to the office of Doge, on the 30th of October, 1457. The bell of St. Marc’s, which was tolled to announce to Venice the election of a new prince, reached the ear of Francis Foscari ;—upon this occasion his firmness abandoned him—he experienced so powerful a shock that he died on the following day.

‘ The republic decreed that the same funeral honours should be paid to his remains as if he had died in the full exercise of his dignity ; but, when the officers presented themselves to demand his corpse for this purpose, his widow, Marina Nani, declared that she would not permit them to touch it. She said that they should not treat as a prince, after his death, the man whom living they had stripped of his crown ; and that, although he had spent the whole of his fortune in the service of the state, she would cheerfully devote her own dowry to pay him the last honours. They gave no attention to this, and, in spite of the protestations of the late Dogressa, the corpse was carried away, clothed with the ducal ornaments, and the obsequies celebrated with all the accustomed pomp. The new Doge joined the procession in his senator’s robes.

‘ The compassion which the fate of this old man had inspired was not wholly useless. A year afterwards people ventured to say that the Council of Ten had exceeded their powers ; and a law of the grand

council was passed, forbidding the Ten to interfere for the future in the judgment of the prince, unless in cases of felony.

‘Such an act of authority as the deposition of a Doge, who, by the nature of his office, was irremovable, would have excited a general movement, or at least would have occasioned a division, in a republic constituted differently from that of Venice: but, for the three years then past, there had existed in it a magistracy, or rather an authority, before which every one was compelled to be silent.’

The tragedy opens with a scene in which Loredano avows to Barbarigo, his confidant, and one of the council, the hatred he bears to the whole race of Foscari, and his determination to revenge upon them the deaths of his father and uncle. There is a fine suppressed ferocity in the short biting speeches which he makes on this subject: his passion is too great to be expressed; and he seems afraid to talk of it, lest he should weaken the feeling which rules every action of his life.

The younger Foscari is brought in fettered, and after having had the torture applied to him on the preceding day. By the mercy of his conductors he is allowed to look through a window of the hall, and catch the fresh breezes. The officer asks him as to the state of his limbs. His reply is exceedingly beautiful:

Limbs! how often have they borne me
Bounding o’er yon blue tide, as I have skimmed
The gondola along in childish race,
And, masked as a young gondolier, amidst
My gay competitors, noble as I,
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
Plebeian as patrician, cheered us on
With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,
And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,
Even to the goal!—How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughened; with a swimmer’s stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kissed it like a wine-cup, rising o’er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,

In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
 My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
 By those above, till they waxed fearful ; then
 Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
 As showed that I had searched the deep : exulting,
 With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurned
 The foam which broke around me, and pursued
 My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy then.

Guard. Be a man now : there never was more need
 Of manhood's strength.

J. Fos. (looking from the lattice.) My beautiful, my own,
 My only Venice—*this is breath!* Thy breeze,
 Thine Adrian sea breeze, how it fans my face !
 Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
 And cool them into calmness ! How unlike
 The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
 Which howled about my Candiote dungeon, and
 Made my heart sick !

The wife of the younger Foscari enters just after her husband is carried once more into the Council Hall, where the torture is again applied to him. She hears his groans, and rushes past the guard. The council permit her to remain with him, but she is not allowed to accompany him on his return to his dungeon.

There occurs afterwards a very fine scene, between Marina and the old Doge, where the wild grief of the wife is finely contrasted with the stern and intense, but silent, suffering of the aged father. Marina is, perhaps, a little too boisterous : almost all her speeches are in the style of this, which she makes to the Doge when he bewails the dishonour of his house, meaning that the condemnation, whether deserved or not, of his son, has brought disgrace upon his name :

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
 More loving, or more loyal, never beat
 Within a human breast. I would not change
 My exiled, persecuted, mangled husband,
 Oppressed but not disgraced, crushed, overwhelmed,
 Alive, or dead, for prince or paladin

In story or in fable, with a world
 To back his suit. Dishonoured!—*he* dishonoured!
 I tell thee, Doge, 'tis Venice is dishonoured;
 His name shall be her foulest, worst, reproach,
 For what he suffers, not for what he did.
 'Tis ye who are all traitors, tyrant!—ye!
 Did you but love your country like this victim
 Who totters back in chains to tortures, and
 Submits to all things rather than to exile,
 You'd fling yourselves before him, and implore
 His grace for your enormous guilt.

The younger Foscari is condemned to be banished for his life to that place whence he has returned, and his wife is permitted, by the cold mercy of the council, to accompany him. Loredano has not opposed—he has rather procured this—in pity to the sufferings of Marina. This trait, which shows him not to be altogether cruel and inhuman, gives a kind of dignity to his revenge, which would otherwise be too odious; and makes it appear to spring from a principle, however mistaken, and not to be merely a blood-thirsting passion.

The following speech by the younger Foscari, in his dungeon, is full of melancholy beauty:

No light, save yon faint gleam, which shows me walls
 Which never echoed but to sorrow's sounds,
 The sigh of long imprisonment, the step
 Of feet on which the iron clanked, the groan
 Of death, the imprecation of despair!
 And yet for this I have returned to Venice,
 With some faint hope, 'tis true, that time, which wears
 The marble down, had worn away the hate
 Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and here
 Must I consume my own, which never beat
 For Venice but with such a yearning as
 The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling
 High in the air on her return to greet
 Her callow brood. What letters are these which

[*Approaching the wall.*

Are scrawled along the inexorable wall?
 Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names

Of my sad predecessors in this place,
 The dates of their despair, the brief words of
 A grief too great for many. This stone page
 Holds like an epitaph their history,
 And the poor captive's tale is graven on
 His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record
 Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears
 His own and his beloved's name. Alas !
 I recognise some names familiar to me,
 And blighted like to mine, which I will add,
 Fittest for such a chronicle as this,
 Which only can be read, as writ, by wretches.

That sickness of the heart which is common to men who love their native soils (and who does not ?) is exquisitely described in another speech. It is when he replies to his wife's attempt at reconciling him with his lot, by reminding him that it has been the destiny—and not an evil one—of many persons to found a home in foreign lands :

Ay—we but hear

Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
 Their numbers and success ; but who can number
 The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
 Or after their departure ; of that malady*
 Which calls up green and native fields to view
 From the rough deep, with such identity
 To the poor exile's fevered eye, that he
 Can scarcely be restrained from treading them ?
 That melody,† which out of tones and tunes
 Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
 Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
 From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
 That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous, thought,
 And dies. You call this *weakness* ! It is strength,
 I say—the parent of all honest feeling.
 He, who loves not his country, can love nothing.

The poor exile cannot bear the pang of quitting Venice again. As he is about to embark his heart breaks, and he falls dead at the feet of his father and his wife.

* The calenture.

† Alluding to the Swiss air, and its effects.

The poor old man's woes, great as they are, yet do not satisfy the relentless enmity of Loredano. He procures him to be deposed, and is one of the persons commissioned to bear the sentence of the council to him. The Doge's behaviour is full of dignity and pathos. The insult which is offered to his princely power—the load of grief which has been accumulated upon his aged heart—are too much for him to bear. He, however, sinks not pusillanimously. When he is advised to leave the ducal palace privately, to avoid the gaze of the people, his reply is full of a grand energy, which becomes his state and character :

No. I

Will now descend the stairs by which I mounted
To sovereignty—the Giant's Stairs, on whose
Broad eminence I was invested duke.

My services have called me up those steps,
The malice of my foes will drive me down them.

There five-and-thirty years ago was I
Installed, and traversed these same halls, from which
I never thought to be divorced, except

A corse—a corse, it might be, fighting for them—
But not pushed hence by fellow-citizens.

But, come; my son and I will go together—
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine.

Chief of the Ten. What! thus in public?

This is, however, a last effort: he has reached the extreme point of sufferance, and has now only to die :

Doge. (*walks a few steps, and then stops.*) I feel athirst
—will no one bring me here

A cup of water?

Barbarigo. I —

Marina. And I —

Loredano. And I —

[*The Doge takes a goblet from the hand of Loredano.*

Doge. I take yours, Loredano, from the hand
Most fit for such an hour as this.

Lor. Why so?

Doge. 'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has
Such pure antipathy to poisons as
To burst, if aught of venom touches it.
You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.

Lor. Well, sir!

Doge. Then it is false, or you are true.
For my own part, I credit neither; 'tis
An idle legend.

Marina. You talk wildly, and
Had better now be seated, nor as yet
Depart. Ah! now you look as looked my husband!

Bar. He sinks!—support him!—quick—a chair—support him!

Doge. The bell tolls on!—let's hence—my brain's on fire!

Bar. I do beseech you lean upon us!

Doge. No!
A sovereign should die standing. My poor boy!
Off with your arms!—*That bell!*

[*The Doge drops down and dies.*]

This is the last scene; but the conclusion of it is so striking, that we are compelled to insert it. Loredano is writing, and Barbarigo asks of him—

What art thou writing,
With such an earnest brow, upon thy tablets?

Lor. (*pointing to the Doge's body.*) That he has paid me!

Chief of the Ten. What debt did he owe you?

Lor. A long and just one; Nature's debt and mine.

[*Curtain falls.*]

The character of Loredano is the best which this piece contains; it is well conceived, and truly tragic. The deep and settled principle of hatred which animates him, and which impels him to the commission of the most atrocious cruelties, may seem, at first, unnatural and overstrained. But not only is it historically true; but, when the cause of that hatred, (the supposed murder of his father and uncles,) and when the atrocious maxims of Italian revenge, and that habitual contempt of all the milder feelings are taken into consideration which constituted the glory of a Venetian patriot, we may conceive how such a principle might be not only avowed, but exulted in, by a Venetian who regarded the house of Foscari as, at once, the enemies of his family and his country.

‘Nor is even this “iron man” represented as devoid of some compunctious and human feelings, which prevent that entire disgust and disbelief which a mere personification of malice has produced in us.

He abandons his settled purpose of racking the younger Foscari till confession of guilt should be wrung from him. He himself interferes to procure for him the society of Marina in his exile; while, in his visit to the dungeon, his cold abrupt offer of assistance, and even the concluding words with which he declares, over the old Doge's body, his debt of natural vengeance paid, evince a movement of remorse, and an effort at self-justification which proves that the heart within is not altogether at its ease.

‘But Loredano is the only personage above mediocrity: the remaining characters are all unnatural or feeble. Barbarigo is as tame and insignificant a “confidant” as ever swept after the train of his principal over the Parisian stage. Marina is little better than a scold; and the duke is an old dotard, who sees his innocent son torn to pieces without interfering to save him, and, at length, dies of a broken heart because he is himself turned out of office. And the hero himself, what is he? If there ever existed in nature a case so extraordinary as that of a man who gravely preferred tortures and a dungeon at home to a temporary residence in a beautiful island and a fine climate, at the distance of three days’ sail, it is what few can be made to believe, and still fewer to sympathize with, and which is, therefore, no very promising subject for dramatic representation. For ourselves, we have little doubt that Foscari really wrote the fatal letter with the view, which was imputed to him by his accusers, of obtaining an honorable recall from banishment, through foreign influence; and that the colour which, when detected, he endeavored to give to the transaction, was the evasion of a drowning man, who is reduced to catch at straws and shadows. But, if Lord Byron chose to assume this alleged motive of his conduct as the real one, it behoved him, at least, to set before our eyes the intolerable separation from a beloved country, the lingering home-sickness, the gradual alienation of intellect, and the fruitless hope that his enemies had at length relented, which were necessary to produce a conduct so contrary to all usual principles of action as that which again consigned him to the racks and dungeons of his own country. He should have shown him to us, first, taking leave of Venice, a condemned and banished man; next pining in Candia; next tampering with the agents of government; by which time, and not till then, we should have been prepared to listen with patience to his complaints, and to witness his sufferings with interest as well as horror.

‘We must not be told that this would have made the play *too long*. If this were allowed, it would only prove the injudicious choice of a

subject, which could not be satisfactorily developed within the usual compass of a dramatic representation. But the fact is that actions quite as protracted, and changes of scene and place altogether as frequent, are often met with in the works of our older tragedians, and that by bringing on the stage, and before "the faithful eyes" of the audience, those facts which the patrons of the unities commit to the languor of narrative, the length of a drama is not materially increased, while its interest is augmented in a tenfold degree, and the spectator has the more frequent calls for tears, in proportion as the actor has less necessity for lengthened declamation.

"But is not all this contrary to the established principle which bids us carry our readers or auditors at once into the middle of the plot, and (in defiance of the ignorant prejudice of the giant Moliéneau) to abhor nothing so much as the crime of beginning '*avec le commencement*?' " We answer that a distinction is to be made. It is not necessary that Homer should have begun from Leda's egg, or that Lord Byron should have introduced us, in the first instance, to the funeral of Loredano's father and uncle; but it is desirable, on every principle of common sense and sound criticism, that as much as can conveniently be brought before the eye should be thus introduced; that the story, whatever it may be, should be sufficiently developed to make us interested in its event; and that the author should not take it for granted that his readers or auditors are already acquainted with all his plot but the few last incidents. We must maintain that Homer would have done well in beginning his poem with the death of Patroclus, and explaining all the preceding events in a conversation between Achilles and his mother, if we are prepared to deny that Lord Byron has managed ill in confining the action of his "Foscari" to the day of his hero's final sufferings.'

The third and last piece in the volume was entitled 'Cain,' and was called by the noble author 'a Mystery,' in conformity, as he said, with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled 'Mysteries,' or 'Moralities.'

'Of this poem we are constrained to say, that, though it contains some few beautiful passages, and shows more *power*, perhaps, than many of the author's dramatical compositions, we regret very much that it should ever have been published. It gave great scandal and offence to pious persons in general, and was, unquestionably, the means of suggesting the most painful doubts and distressing perplexities to hundreds of minds that might never otherwise have been exposed to such

dangerous disturbance. Lord Byron knew too well the objections which must be raised against so pernicious a poem; and he endeavored to meet, if not to remove, them by his preface. For the purpose of deprecating some of the censures which must be provoked by the impious arguments which he had put into the mouth of Satan, he says:

“With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.”

‘It is nothing less than absurd, in such a case, to observe that Lucifer cannot well be expected to talk like an orthodox divine; and that the conversation of the first rebel and the first murderer was not likely to be very unexceptionable; or to plead the authority of Milton, or the authors of the old mysteries, for such offensive colloquies. The fact is, that here *the whole argument*—and a very elaborate and specious argument it is—is directed against the goodness or the power of the Deity, and against the reasonableness of religion in general; and there is no answer so much as attempted to the offensive doctrines that are so strenuously inculcated. The devil and his pupil have the field entirely to themselves, and are encountered with nothing but feeble obtestations and unreasoning horrors. Nor is this argumentative blasphemy a mere incidental deformity that arises in the course of an action directed to the common sympathies of our nature. It forms, on the contrary, the great staple of the piece, and occupies, we should think, not less than two-thirds of it; so that it is really difficult to believe that it was written for any other purpose than to inculcate these doctrines, or at least to discuss the question upon which they bear. Now, we can certainly have no objection to Lord Byron writing an essay on the origin of evil, and sifting the whole of that vast and perplexing subject with the force and the freedom that would be expected and allowed in a fair philosophical discussion. But we do not think it fair thus to argue it partially, and *con amore*, in the name of Lucifer and Cain, without the responsibility or the liability to answer that would attach to a philosophical disputant, and in a form which both doubles the danger, if the sentiments are pernicious, and almost precludes his opponents from the possibility of a reply.

‘Philosophy and poetry are both very good things in their way; but, in our opinion, they do not go very well together. It is but a poor and pedantic sort of poetry that seeks to embody nothing but metaphysical subtleties and abstract deductions of reason, and a very sus-

picious philosophy that aims at establishing its doctrines by appeals to the passions and the fancy. Though such arguments, however, are worth little in the schools, it does not follow that their effect is inconsiderable in the world. On the contrary, it is the mischief of all poetical paradoxes, that, from the very limits and end of poetry, which deals only in obvious and glancing views, they are never brought to the fair test of argument. An allusion to a doubtful topic will often pass for a definitive conclusion on it; and, clothed in beautiful language may leave the most pernicious impressions behind. We therefore think that poets ought fairly to be confined to the established creed and morality of their country, or to the *actual* passions and sentiments of mankind; and that poetical dreamers and sophists who pretend to *theorize* according to their feverish fancies, without a warrant from authority or reason, ought to be banished the commonwealth of letters. In the courts of morality poets are unexceptionable *witnesses*; they may give in the evidence, and depose to facts whether good or ill; but we demur to their arbitrary and self-pleasing summing up; they are suspected *judges*, and not very often safe advocates, where great questions are concerned, and universal principles brought to issue.

‘As to the question of the origin of evil, which is the burden of this misdirected verse, he has neither thrown any new light upon it, nor darkened the previous knowledge which we possessed. It remains just where it was, in its mighty unfathomed obscurity. His lordship may, it is true, have recapitulated some of the arguments with a more concise and cavalier air than the old schoolmen or fathers; but the result is the same. There is no poetical road to metaphysics. In one view, however, which our rhapsodist has taken of the subject, we conceive he has done well. He represents the temptations held out to Cain by Satan as constantly succeeding and corresponding to some previous discontent and gloomy disposition in his own mind; so that Lucifer is little more than the personified demon of his imagination. And farther, the acts of guilt and folly into which Cain is hurried are not treated as accidental, or as occasioned by passing causes, but as springing from an internal fury, a morbid state akin to frenzy, a mind dissatisfied with itself and all things, and haunted by an insatiable stubborn longing after knowledge rather than happiness, and a fatal proneness to dwell on the evil side of things rather than the good. We here see the dreadful consequences of not curbing this disposition (which is, after all, perhaps the sin that most easily besets humanity) exem-

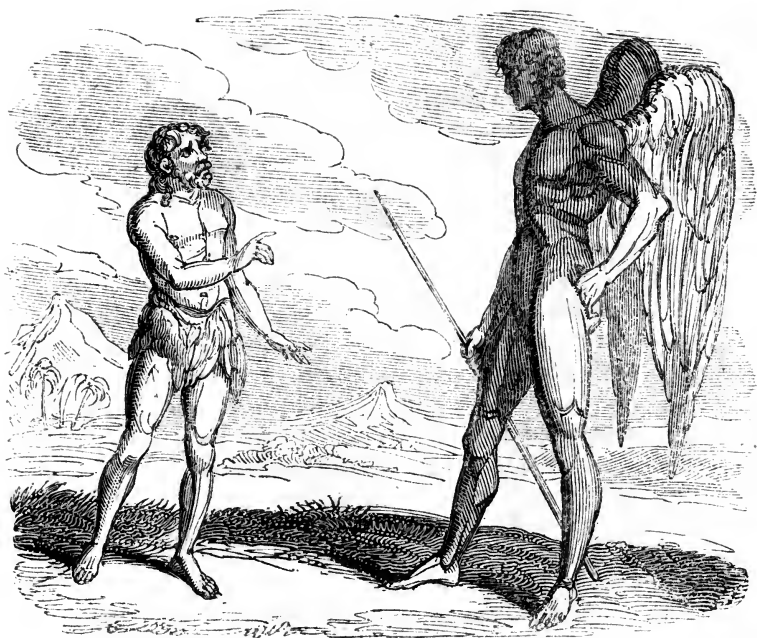
plified in a striking point of view ; and we so far think it is but fair to say, that the moral to be derived from a perusal of this MYSTERY is a valuable one.

‘ After what we have said of the tenor of this piece, our readers will not expect many extracts. The first interview of Lucifer with Cain is full of sublimity. The gloomy first-born of woman thus describes the appearance of the immortal :

“ Whom have we here ?—A shape like to the angels,
Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence : why do I quake ?
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords
Before the gates round which I linger oft,
In twilight’s hour, to catch a glimpse of those
Gardens which are my just inheritance,
Ere the night closes o’er the inhibited walls
And the immortal trees which overtop
The cherubim-defended battlements ?
If I shrink not from these, the fire-armed angels,
Why should I quail from him who now approaches ?
Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
As he hath been, and might be : sorrow seems
Half of his immortality.”

‘ After some high and mystical salutations Cain thus expresses the longings of his proud and aspiring spirit :

“ My father and my mother talk to me
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees : I see
The gates of what they call their Paradise
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,
Which shut them out, and me : I feel the weight
Of daily toil and constant thought : I look
Around a world where I seem nothing, with
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they
Could master all things :—but I thought alone
This misery was *mine*.—My father is
Tamed down ; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk



Cain first meeting Lucifer.



Of an eternal curse : my brother is
 A watching shepherd-boy, who offers up
 The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
 The earth yield nothing to us without sweat ;
 My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
 Than the birds' matins ; and my Adah, my
 Own and beloved, she too understands not
 The mind which overwhelms me : never till
 Now met I aught to sympathize with me."

‘ He then inquires of his awful visitor what that *Death* is, in dread
 of which he is condemned to live, and says :*

“ My father
 Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
 Weeps when he's named ; and Abel lifts his eyes
 To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
 And sighs a prayer ; and Adah looks on me,
 And speaks not.

Luc. And thou ?

Cain. Thoughts unspeakable
 Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
 Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
 Inevitable. I have looked out
 In the vast desolate night in search of him ;
 And when I saw gigantic shadows in
 The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequered
 By the far flashing of the cherubs' swords,
 I watched for what I thought his coming ; for
 With fear rose longing in my heart to know
 What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.
 And then I turned my weary eyes from off
 Our native and forbidden Paradise,
 Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
 Which are so beautiful : shall they, too, die ?

Luc. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

* ‘ It may appear a very prosaic, but it is certainly a very obvious criticism on these passages, that the young family of mankind had, long ere this, been quite familiar with the death of animals—some of whom Abel was in the habit of offering up as sacrifices ;—so that it is not quite conceivable that they should be so much at a loss to conjecture what Death was.’

Cain. I'm glad of that; I would not have them die,
They are so lovely."

' Adah, the wife of Cain, then enters, and shrinks from the daring and blasphemous speech which is passing between him and the Spirit. Her account of the fascination which he exercises over her is, however, magnificent :

" I cannot answer this immortal thing
Which stands before me, I cannot abhor him ;
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
And yet I fly not from him : in his eye
There is a fastening attraction which
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his ; my heart
Beats quick ; he awes me, and yet draws me near,
Nearer, and nearer : Cain—Cain—save me from him !"

' Afterwards she says to him :

" Thou seem'st unhappy ; do not make us so,
And I will weep for thee.

Luc.

Alas ! those tears !

Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed——

Adah. By me ?

Luc.

By all.

Adah.

What all ?

Luc.

The million millions——

Thy myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth——

The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled hell,

Of which thy bosom is the germ."

' In the second act the demon carries his disciple through all the limits of space, and expounds to him, in very lofty and obscure terms, the destinies of past and future worlds. They have a great deal of very exceptionable talk : we cull, however, one short passage of a milder character. Lucifer says :

" Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
And judge their beauty near.

Cain.

I have done this——

The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Luc.

Then there must be delusion—What is that,
Which being nearest to thine eyes is still

More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah.—All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, on a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along that western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.

Luc. 'Tis fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion."

'The whole second act is employed in this extramundane excursion. He then restores the daring wanderer to his quiet home—his lovely wife and blooming infant. The last is asleep in the shade, and he thus addresses him :

"*Cain.* How lovely he appears ! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose-leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted ! No ; you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now : he will awake soon—
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over ;
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well ; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps !—Sleep on
And smile, thou little young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young : sleep on, and smile !
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent ! *thou* hast not plucked the fruit—

Thou knowest not thou art naked ! Must the time
 Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
 Which were not thine nor mine ? But now sleep on !
 His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
 And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
 Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them ;
 Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
 Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—
 Of what ? Of Paradise !—Ay ! dream of it,
 My disinherited boy ! 'Tis but a dream ;
 For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
 Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy !”

‘ Adah rebukes, and tries to chase away this repining spirit, but in vain. The child now awakes to assist her ; and she says :

“ Look ! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
 To hail his father ; while his little form
 Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain !
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee
 The pleasures of a parent ! Bless him, Cain !
 As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
 His heart will, and thine own two.”

‘ Abel then comes and reminds his brother of their agreement to sacrifice together ; to which, after some resistance, he sullenly assents ; and Abel hallows his offering with a devout prayer. We have studiously avoided transcribing offensive passages ; and perhaps ought not, upon that principle, to insert the address of Cain. We think, however, we may venture on it, as the least obnoxious specimen of the prevailing tone of this extraordinary drama. It is as follows, and directed to be delivered standing erect :

“ Spirit ! whate’er or whosoe’er thou art,
 Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,
 Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil ;
 Jehovah upon earth ! and God in heaven !
 And it may be with other names, because
 Thine attributes seem many, as thy works :—
 If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
 Take them ! If thou must be induced with altars,

And softened with a sacrifice, receive them!
 Two beings here erect them unto thee.
 If thou lovest blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes
 On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service
 In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek
 In sanguinary incense to thy skies;
 Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,
 And milder seasons, which the unstained turf
 I spread them on now offers in the face
 Of the broad sun which ripened them, may seem
 Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
 Suffered in limb or life, and rather form
 A sample of thy works, than supplication
 To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,
 And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
 Look on it! and for him who dresses it,
 He is—such as thou madest him; and seeks nothing
 Which must be won by kneeling. If he's evil,
 Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and mayest—
 For what can he oppose? If he be good,
 Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all
 Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
 To have no power themselves, save in thy will;
 And whether that be good or ill I know not,
 Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
 Omnipotence; but merely to endure
 Its mandate—which thus far I have endured.

The catastrophe follows soon after, and is brought about with great dramatic skill and effect. The murderer is sorrowful and confounded—his parents reprobate and renounce him—his wife clings to him with eager and unhesitating affection; and they wander forth together into the vast solitude of the universe.

The curse which Eve pronounces upon her son, the murderer of his brother, can only be paralleled by that of Lear on his cruel daughters:

May all the curses
 Of life be on him! and his agonies
 Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us
 From Eden, till his children do by him

As he did by his brother ! May the swords
 And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him
 By day and night—snakes spring up in his path—
 Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves
 On which he lays his head to sleep be strewed
 With scorpions ! May his dreams be of his victim !
 His waking a continual dread of death !
 May the clear rivers turn to blood as he
 Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip !
 May every element shun or change to him !
 May he live in the pangs which others die with !
 And death itself wax something worse than death
 To him who first acquainted him with man !
 Hence, fratricide ! henceforth that word is *Cain*,
 Through all the coming myriads of mankind,
 Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their sire !
 May the grass wither from thy feet ! the woods
 Deny thee shelter ! earth a home ! the dust
 A grave ! the sun his light ! and Heaven her God !
Adam. Cain ! get thee forth : we dwell no more together.
 Depart ! and leave the dead to me—I am
 Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

The speech of Adam is concise, and like that of a man whose woes are too deep and heavy to rouse a lengthened curse. The contrast of this with the heartbroken mother's passionate raving is characteristic and skilful in an eminent degree.

But the only delightful part of this 'Mystery'—the only part upon which we can dwell with real pleasure—is the last scene, in which Adah, the wife of Cain, expresses her resolution to share his fortunes with him. This is a fine display of womanly love—a love so intense that the most terrific dangers cannot appal it—so pure that it sheds a portion of its lustre over the gloomy guilt of Cain :

Adah. Cain ! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I'm ready,
 So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch,
 And you his sister. Ere the sun declines
 Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness
 Under the cloud of night.—Nay, speak to me,
 To me—*thine own.*
Cain. Leave me !

Adah. Why, all have left thee.

Cain. And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not fear
To dwell with one who hath done this?

Adah. I fear
Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.
I must not speak of this—it is between thee
And the great God.

A voice from within exclaims—Cain! Cain!

Adah. Hearest thou that voice?

The voice within—Cain! Cain!

Adah. It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the Angel of the Lord.

Angel. Where is thy brother Abel?

Cain. Am I then
My brother's keeper?

Angel. Cain! what hast thou done?
The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,
Even from the ground unto the Lord.—Now art thou
Cursed from the earth, which opened late her mouth
To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not
Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

Adah. This punishment is more than he can bear.
Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,
And from the face of God shall he be hid.
A fugitive and vagabond on earth,
'Twill come to pass that whoso findeth him
Shall slay him.

Cain. Would they could! but who are they
Shall slay me? where are these on the lone earth,
As yet unpeopled?

Angel. Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

Adah. Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

Angel. Then he would be but what his father is.

Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment
 To him thou now see'st so besmeared with blood?
 The fratricide might well engender parricides.—
 But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God
 And mine commandeth me to set his seal
 On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety.
 Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall
 Be taken on his head. Come hither!

Cain.

What

Wouldst thou with me?

Angel.

To mark upon thy brow
 Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

Cain. No, let me die!

Angel.

It must not be.

[*The Angel sets the mark on Cain's brow.*]

Cain.

It burns

My brow, but nought to that which is within it.
 Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

Angel. Stern hast thou been and stubborn from the womb,
 As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he
 Thou slewest was gentle as the flocks he tended.

Cain. After the fall too soon was I begotten;
 Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
 The serpent, and my sire still mourned for Eden:
 That which I am, I am; I did not seek
 For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
 With my own death redeem him from the dust—
 And why not so? let him return to-day,
 And I lie ghastly: so shall be restored
 By God the life to him he loved; and taken
 From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

Angel. Who shall heal murder? what is done is done.
 Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds
 Unlike the last!

[*The Angel disappears.*]

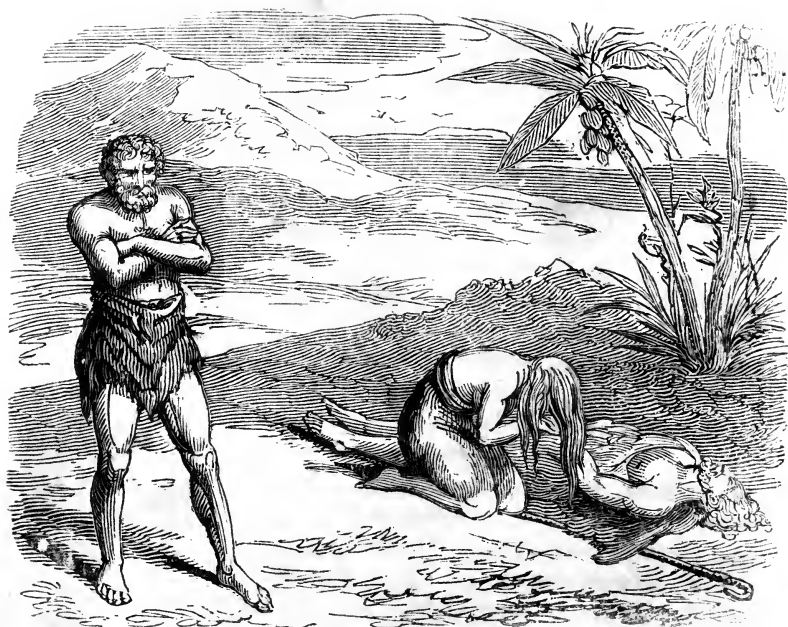
Adah.

He's gone, let us go forth!

I hear our little Enoch cry within
 Our bower.

Cain.

Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
 And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears!



Adah weeping over Abel.

But the four rivers* would not cleanse my soul.
Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on me?

Adah. If I thought that he would not, I would——

Cain, (interrupting her). No,

No more of threats : we've had too many of them :
Go to our children ; I will follow thee.

Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the dead ;
Let us depart together.

Cain. Oh ! thou dead

And everlasting witness, whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven ! what thou *now* art,

I know not ; but, if *thou* see'st what *I* am,

I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God

Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul.—Farewell !

I must not, dare not, touch what I have made thee,

I, who sprung from the same womb with thee, drained

The same breast, clasped thee often to my own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish. I

Can never meet thee more, nor even dare

To do that for thee, which thou should'st have done

For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—

The first grave yet dug for mortality.

But who hath dug that grave ? O, earth ! O, earth !

For all the fruits thou'st rendered to me, I

Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness.

[*Adah stoops down and kisses the body of Abel.*]

Adah. A dreary and an early doom, my brother,

Has been thy lot ! Of all who mourn thee,

I alone must not weep. My office is

Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed them ;

But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like me,

Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee.

Now, Cain, I will divide thy burden with thee.

Cain. Eastward from Eden we will take our way ;

'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

Adah. Lead ! thou shalt be my guide, and may our God

Be thine ! Now let us carry forth our children.

* The ' four rivers ' which flowed round Eden, and consequently the only waters with which Cain was acquainted upon the earth.

Cain. And he who lieth there was childless. I
 Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
 Which might have graced his recent marriage couch,
 And might have tempered this stern blood of mine,
 Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!
 O Abel!

Adah. Peace be with him!

Cain. But with me——

[*Exeunt.*

Lord Byron, whatever he might feel under the severe but just criticisms which his latter writings had provoked, made at present no visible sign of the pain which they occasioned him. It was not, however, to criticism alone that the inconvenient results of such publications were confined. A piratical bookseller published an unauthorized copy of 'Cain,' which he sold at the price of one shilling. Mr. Murray, actuated by the very reasonable desire of preserving that which he had good right to consider as his own property, applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication of the pirated copy; and in this application, after a long argument, he was ultimately unsuccessful.

The decision of the Court of Chancery gave great discontent to those persons who looked no farther than the mere right of Mr. Murray in a book for which he had paid a large price, and the dishonesty of any man attempting to deprive him of the fair profits of his enterprise. But it is only necessary to examine a little farther into the subject, and to take a more comprehensive view of the question which it involves than relates to the mere point of personal property (about which there can be no doubt), to be satisfied that the decision is politically wholesome; and that what appears morally to be unjust is not so in fact, but takes its complexion from the moral wrong which is committed by the authors of such books. Thanks to the wise and resolute deeds of our ancestors, the liberty of the press in England is established upon the surest foundations, and is enjoyed almost without restriction. Leaving out of sight political and personal libels, which are of such a nature as to require a prompt and a peculiar remedy, there is no written law which prescribes to a man what he may, and what he may not, write. There is, however, in this, as in many other branches of English jurisprudence, a sort of self-regulating power, which, whatever may seem to be its theoretical disadvantages, has always hitherto been found to act well. The law of England does not positively forbid a man to write

books of an immoral tendency, but it prevents him from doing so by not making it worth his while ; and that this is an effectual preventive is sufficiently proved by the very small number of such books which have appeared from the earliest period of English literature to the present day. In the instance of Lord Byron's 'Cain,' the decision of the Court of Chancery was formed upon the principle we have mentioned. The Lord-Chancellor did not scruple to say that he thought the work was an improper one—that it had an immoral tendency—and that, therefore, it was not entitled to the protection of the Court ; but he did not, as it were *ex cathedra*, pronounce a definitive sentence on the matter. He said, ' Thus it appears to me ; but, as the spirit of the English laws tolerates no censorship of literature, I will not decide the question at issue between Mr. Murray, who claims this property, and the other bookseller, who says it is the property of all the world, and therefore his, or that of any one who chooses to seize it : I will send Mr. Murray to prove before a jury of his country (if he thinks fit), first, that this work is his ; and, secondly, that, being his, it is one which is so harmless to the community that he is entitled to the protection of the laws. Let him do this ; and then, without adverting to the literary merits or demerits of the work, I will take care that no man shall infringe upon his property.' Mr. Murray did not choose to comply with the conditions prescribed, (being, no doubt, more wisely counselled than to take such a step,) and the pirated edition continued to be sold. To our thinking, this manner of disposing of the question is highly beneficial to society. It is in vain for people to argue that the zeal or infatuation, or profligacy, of certain people, will induce them to write improper books only for the unenviable reward which attends such exertions ; the whole current of experience in our country is against that position. Of the few immoral works which have been produced, gain alone has been their authors' object ; as, in ninety-nine cases, out of a hundred, here and elsewhere, it must of necessity be. Of the exceptions to these cases either the books have been of such a nature as to be read by but few persons, or they have been open to the power of the common law ; and if they have been what may be fairly called public nuisances—offences against the decency and tranquillity of society—they have been put down by a short process. But this, it will be perceived, can only apply a check to the spread of an evil already committed : it has the invidious effect too of exalting the offender into a martyr in the eyes of a people whose attachment to liberty sometimes leads them into excesses, and of giving notoriety to the objectionable

works. As regards works of genius and wit, there can be but little doubt, amongst people who will dispassionately consider the subject, that the only way of putting a stop to the perversion of those talents is to withhold from them all pecuniary advantages.

Some person, who appears to have been influenced more by his zeal than his judgment, addressed what he called 'A Remonstrance' to Mr. Murray, respecting the publication of 'Cain.' The worst feature in this *brochure* was that it suggested very harsh measures to the public authorities, and seemed to be written with at least as much of personal hostility against Mr. Murray as of indignation against the tenor and tendency of 'Cain.' The spirit of this remonstrance may be guessed at by the following passages extracted from it, one of which is against the publisher, the other against the author :

'It is not for an anonymous writer to point out to the Attorney-General the line of conduct he should pursue ; but I am persuaded nothing but an over-cautious deference to the peculiar temper of the times would allow the prosecutor of Hone to permit the publisher of "Cain" to escape with impunity. In the mean time, there is another method by which I anticipate, in the ordinary course of things, you must be made to feel severely. You are supported by the great and powerful ; and they in turn are supported by religion, morality, and law : can we suppose that they will continue their countenance to one who lends himself to be the instrument by which this triple pillar is shaken and undermined ? There is a method of producing conviction not to be found in any of the treatises on logic, but which I am persuaded you could be quickly made to understand ;—it is the argumentum ad crumenam.

* * * * *

'He' (Lord Byron) 'did not scruple to contrast the most solemn obligations which society can impose, and which usually call into exercise the tenderest feelings of our nature: those feelings he has wilfully thrown from him, and trampled on the ties from which they sprung; and now at last he quarrels with the very conditions of humanity, rebels against that Providence which guides and governs all things, and dares to adopt the language which had never before been attributed to any being but one, "Evil, be thou my good!"—Such, as far as we can judge, is Lord Byron.'

To this Lord Byron returned the following answer :

'Dear Sir,—Attacks upon me were to be expected ; but I perceive

one upon *you* in the papers, which I confess that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, *you* can be considered responsible for what I publish, I am at a loss to conceive. If "*Cain*" be "blasphemous," "*Paradise Lost*" is blasphemous; and the words of the Oxford gentleman, "Evil, be thou my good!" are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the *Mystery*? "*Cain*" is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters; and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama. I have even avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either); but have adopted his angel, as sent to Cain, instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of, what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz., giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old *Mysteries* introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

'The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it will not succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are *you* to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

'I can only say, "*Me, me,—adsum qui feci*," that any proceedings directed against you I beg may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all; that, if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any, or all, of the copyright; that I desire you will say that both *you* and Mr. Gifford remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr. Hobhouse; that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who either legally or otherwise should bear the burden. If they prosecute I will come to England; that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know—you sha'n't suffer for me if I can help it. Make any use of this letter which you please.

'Yours ever,

'BYRON.

'Pisa, February 8, 1822.'

Here, for the present, all farther notice of this, which was the most objectionable poem Lord Byron had then produced, dropped.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD BYRON continued to live in Italy much in the same manner as he had done, mixing very little with English people, and, therefore, the subject of a thousand very absurd stories, not one of which was even in its most prominent features at all true. We give the following example (and we do so particularly, because this was one at which Lord Byron was excessively annoyed) of this style of story-telling, cautioning our readers that 'every third word of it is a lie, more religiously paid than the Turk's tribute.' It was published in a little book called 'The Magic Lantern;' and said to be from the pen of a lady, whose charms, personal and mental, have raised her to the rank of a countess:

'Signor —, an English singer, who had been making the tour of Italy to improve his musical tactics, was at Reggio, in Calabria, and anxious to proceed to Vienna by the shortest route, where he was engaged to sing before the emperor. He embarked, without passports, in an open boat bound to Ancona, a capital town on the Adriatic Gulf; but was seized near Cape Otranto by a Venetian galley, and thrown into prison, where he managed to have a letter delivered into Lord Byron's hands, who very soon had him released. He sang at the nobility's concerts, and became a general favorite.

'He was also a *navigable gentleman*, very partial to swimming, and gave a singular proof of his expertness in that exercise. At a moonlight meeting on the shore, he sang to amuse many of the chief nobility without receiving any recompense, and was wearied out with encores, when the Duke de Montcassio insisted upon his repeating a song. He remonstrated in vain, and they pressed upon him till he stood on the last of the Virgin's steps leading to the water. They thought he was now safe; but, to their utter astonishment, he made a low bow, and, taking to the water like a spaniel, swam across to the square, amidst thunders of applause. Except upon the stage, the signor was never after troubled with an encore.

'He lodged at a hotel adjoining that of Lord Byron's, who honored him with particular notice.

'Sir George W—— had for some time vainly labored for an introduction to his lordship. He was a * * *, and most horribly vulgar in his language and deportment: moreover, his wife was a *blue-stocking*, and had penned a novel, in which Lord Byron was introduced as a

repentant husband. For these reasons the doors of his lordship were hermetically sealed against their ingress. Captain F——n, a Scotch officer, a friend of my lord's, and a wight of "infinite mirth and excellent fancy," bent upon mischief, promised Sir George an introduction. *Signor* —— was a partner in the scheme; he was dressed up in a fac-simile of his lordship's clothes, and his supposed lordship received the baronet at his hotel. Added to his natural stupidity, Sir George was purblind, and easily deceived. The company consisted of several *bon vivants*; the baronet sat on the right of the signor, fully convinced he was elbowing the immortal bard. The signor gave some of Lord B——'s songs in a strain of burlesque that created infinite mirth. Sir George listened with gravity, and marked time with his head. At the close of the evening a bill was presented of "heavy weight," the mock lord having left the chair and the room. Sir George stared; Captain F——n remarked that they were in a hotel, and every body was glad to pay for seeing my Lord Byron. The baronet discharged the bill, and went home highly pleased with his new acquaintance. Next day, when promenading, Sir George met his lordship in a similar dress to that worn by the signor; and, after rubbing his spectacles, saluted him with a "How do ye do, my Lord? how does the wine sit on your stomach?" His lordship did not exactly stomach this mode of salutation, and peevishly exclaimed, "Sir, I don't know you." "Not know me!" said the wisacre, "for whom you sang so many rich songs last night!" "The man is mad," muttered his lordship, and pushed rudely past him.

'The trick soon reached the ears of his lordship, who was ill pleased at his name being made so free with; and the baronet, unable to stand the quizzing, quitted Venice in disgust. His lordship, fertile at invention, laid a plan to be revenged upon the forward ballad-singer, who had the vanity to suppose he had a person "worthy of any lady's eye." The Countess of Guiccioli undertook to make him believe she was smitten with the charms of his person, and in a short time succeeded. The signor professed himself her admirer, and an assignation was fixed upon to take place in her apartment, where there was only one door, and no hiding-place of any description. His lordship, as concerted, thundered at the door shortly after the signor had entered; and the lady, under pretence of saving him, thrust him into the chimney, and fastened the board with a spring lock.

'His lordship had ordered a cold collation and a concert of music, as numerous friends came with him. For the space of three hours the

entertainment was kept up merrily, and the signor suffered penance in the chimney. Imagine to yourself a July day in Italy, and then think what the signor must have endured. One of the company expressed a wish to change instrumental for vocal music, when Lord Byron observed he had a bird in the chimney which could imitate the notes of Signor — to admiration. Going near the chimney, he, in a whisper, demanded a song, on pain of further confinement. The signor, humbled in spirit, began and finished with some humour the air—

“ Pray set the mournful captive free.”

‘ His lordship then, producing sundry benefit cards, made the company (most of whom were those that enjoyed the joke at his expense the preceding evening) purchase at a high price, remarking that every one was glad to pay for hearing *Signor — sing*. The son of Apollo was then released, and a free pardon granted, on his promising never again to soar beyond his professional sphere.

‘ The Countess of Guiccioli has occasioned some noise both in Italy and England. All the romantic tales of his lordship taking her out of a convent are fictions; she is no subject for a nunnery. Her father is the head of an ancient Roman family, much reduced in its fortunes: he let out his palace for their support, and Lord Byron by chance occupied it when his daughter was given in marriage to the Count Guiccioli, an officer poor in every thing but titles. Lord B—— made the bride a liberal present of jewels, and in a short time he became the *locum tenens* of the bridegroom. An amicable arrangement was made—the count set off to join the army at Naples, newly caparisoned—and the countess remained under the roof of the noble lord, where the father acts as regulator of the household. She is a lovely woman, not more than twenty-two years of age, of a gay volatile disposition—rides like an Amazon—and fishes, hunts, and shoots, with his lordship. Nature appears to have formed them for each other. She is beloved by all the domestics, and is friendly to every one that wants her aid. She speaks English with purity, and possesses many accomplishments.

‘ Her spirit is of the most intrepid description. Two months ago we went on a shooting party to the island of Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia, where Sappho took the lover’s leap, and buried in oblivion all memory of Phaon’s inconstancy. My lord was taken with one of his odd vagaries, and, without saying a word to any one, sailed in a Greek polacre to Ithaca. Chance directed a boat to St. Maura, the crew of which had seen his lordship wandering on the shores of the

Ulyssean Isle. The Countess resolved to go after him; and, dauntlessly stepping into a small boat, accompanied by a boy, she spread her little sail to the breeze, and steered away, refusing to let any of us partake of the dangerous enterprise. For my part, I was not so much of a hero as to foster any ambition to become a Palinurus to the crazy bark of love. After being tossed about for three days and two nights she landed safe at Ithaca, and met the fugitive bard, astonished at her magnanimity. In ancient days this action would have formed the theme of an epic poem, and it is possible his lordship may yet render the tale as immortal as that of Sappho and Phaon.

‘The barren island of Ithaca had charms for the gloomy mind of his lordship; and I have reason for supposing that, during the sojourn of our adventurers upon it, the drama of “Cain” was first conceived, and partly written. The story of Ulysses ploughing the sea sand, when he affected madness to remain from the siege of Troy, may not have been a fiction, for a more barren and desolate place can scarce be imagined. The countess took views from it in many places: her pencil is as often in her hand as his lordship’s pen is in his; but it was only chance that ever favored us with a sight of the productions of either.’

‘On his lordship’s return to Santa Maura we all embarked on board of a small latteen-sailed vessel for Venice. The first night we encountered a violent storm, which compelled us to seek shelter in a small creek on the west side of Zante. His lordship proved a good seaman, and showed his “intrepidity in the darkened hour.” But for his threats and promises, we should have perished on the rocks. The crew, consisting of Albanians, were the most wretched cowards I had ever seen. An officer on the staff of Sir Thomas Adams came to the cottage on the beach, where our party had taken refuge. He politely offered us any accommodation the small fortress near afforded: this his lordship declined, and invited him to dine with us in a tent on the shore. The day turned out fine, and was passed agreeably: the officer was a subaltern in the Greek infantry, and, when a sergeant, had known Lord Byron at Parga, and done him some trifling service. This his lordship reminded him of after dinner, and gave him a snuff-box, which he desired him to keep as a memorial of his gratitude. The poor fellow’s heart was so full that he could not keep the secret; the box contained a note for fifty pounds.

‘Returned from Ithaca to Venice, we frequently made excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages, where his lordship was well known; and not unfrequently we had warning given at breakfast to be ready

for a journey in two hours. This was the usual mode of taking us unprepared. No previous conversation ever led to a belief of what were his lordship's intentions; all his actions appeared to spring from the impulse of the moment. It was not always pleasant, nevertheless, to be thus taken by surprise; and the time for preparation was never considered by his lordship.

'It took no more trouble to prepare him for a journey of several days than a knight of the first crusades to make ready for a campaign, who had but one suit, in which he slept. Whether he was in his common daily or full court dress, the only change he makes is drawing on a pair of tanned brown and red leather boots, and flinging a spotted silk cloak over his shoulders. With a brace of pistols in his belt, and a large English postilion's whip in his hand, he is armed *cap-à-piè* for all weathers. If he had half a dozen servants to take care of the luggage, he invariably would carry a small portmanteau behind him, which held a change of linen: before him was a pair of horse-pistol holsters, in which he kept his sketch-book, papers, pens and ink, and three or four silk and cambric handkerchiefs, which he was in the habit of dipping in the rivers and springs, and rubbing his forehead with. No man was more particular in the attendance of his servants, and no one ever had less occasion for their services. He kept them for the convenience of his friends alone, and in that particular certainly studied their comforts to the neglect of his own. We took the road to Verona, which was a favorite city of his lordship's, from a romantic notion which he entertained that the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare had absolutely existed within its walls; and he has been heard to declare that he could point out the ruins of Friar Lawrence's hermitage. In fact, like Gray and Mason with their Druids, Temples of Odin, and Fatal Sisters, his lordship brooded over darkened scenes, accordant with his imagination; till he "thought each strange tale devoutly true."

Some American gentlemen who met with Lord Byron published an account of it in one of their own newspapers; and in this, although the details are unquestionably true, it appears that Lord Byron indulged in quizzing them—a practice to which he was always, and rather too much, addicted:

Genoa, ———.

'I have been rambling about in Italy for fourteen months, and know every road in it better than any one in America, and every street or lane in Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, &c. &c. better than the

Main Street in Richmond: I am, however, I believe, about to quit it I fear for ever. I am here lingering on the end.—On the 16th we arrived here. About two miles from town we overtook a gentleman on horseback, attended by a servant: I looked at his face, and instantly recognised him, from a portrait by an American painter, West, now at Florence, to be the most extraordinary man now alive: a glance at his distorted foot confirmed it. We rode on: part of our object in visiting Genoa had been to introduce ourselves to him. Accordingly next day we wrote a short and polite note, requesting leave to pay our respects; to which we received one equally polite, requesting us to call next day at two o'clock. We went; a servant stood ready to receive us, and we were shown into a saloon, where we waited with beating hearts for about a minute, when *he* made his appearance. He is about five feet six inches high—his body is small, and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches shorter than the other—his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good, but no other head I ever saw of him *is in the least like him*. His forehead is high, and smaller at the top than below (the likenesses are *vice versa*). His hair, which had formerly hung in beautiful brown ringlets, beginning to turn grey, he being, as he told us, thirty-five years old. His eyes between a light blue and grey; his nose straight, but a little turned up; his teeth most beautiful; his head is perhaps too large for his body. *Who is he?* One of our company began a set apology, which he cut short by telling us it was useless, for that he was very glad to see us, and then began to ask us questions, fifty in a minute, without waiting for an answer to any; and, if by chance it was made, he seemed impatient if it contained more than two words. He flew from one subject to another, and during about an hour and a half talked upon at least two hundred subjects—sometimes with great humour, laughing very heartily: at length, looking round, he asked with a quizzical leer which of us was from *old Virginia*. I bowed assent: then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer.—“Have you been in England? How long have you been in Italy? Is Jefferson alive? Is it true that your landlords are all colonels and justices? Do you know Washington Irving? He is decidedly the first English prose writer, except Scott. Have you read ‘Bracebridge Hall’ (I answered no)? Well, if you choose, I’ll lend it you; here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the ‘Spy.’ I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs in Italy. Your morals are much purer than those of England (there I laughed)

—those of the higher classes in England have become very corrupt (I smothered my laugh), Do you think, if I was to live in America, they would ever make me a judge of the Ten-Pound Court? Is it true that an Englishman is always insulted in travelling through America?" We assured him not. He then told us more laughable stories of the ridiculous biographies made of him, especially by the French. One of them represented him as a gloomy miserable mortal, keeping the skull of his mistress as a drinking-cup.—I told him that was pretty much the idea we had of him, as we considered him a sort of vampire—he laughed heartily). He said "Bracebridge Hall" was beautifully written, but, as for the characters, they exist only in the brain of W. I. There are no old English gentlemen—no yeomen. The English have lost every thing good in their character. Their morals are particularly bad (here I thought he really was quizzing us). In fine, he kept us for an hour and a half constantly amused, and dismissed us well satisfied with our interview. His manners are most charming and fascinating; and if he is, as they say, a devil, he is certainly a merry one—nothing gloomy. His voice is low and soft, and at first sounds affected. Now who is it? Who is this man about whom I have written a whole letter? It is *Childe Harold, Corsair, Don Juan*—in plain English, Lord Byron.'

Another account of Lord Byron's manner of living is given by M. Beyle, an ingenious French officer, who has distinguished himself by some agreeable works in various branches of light literature. It appears in Madame Belloc's 'Life of Lord Byron,' and is one of the most valuable parts of her book. It is highly striking, and not less accurate.

The following is a translation from the French, in which the letter is written:

'It will afford me great pleasure, Madame, to furnish you with such information as I am able to impart respecting Lord Byron, for the work which you are preparing. It is true that I once passed several months in the society of this truly great poet; but I feel, nevertheless, that to speak of him in accurate terms is by no means easy. I never saw Lord Byron at any of those critical moments which lay open the whole of an individual's character. What I know of him is little more than the recollection of my own feelings when in his presence. To describe these recollections is hardly possible without talking much of myself; and how can I presume to talk of myself after having named Lord Byron?

'It was in the autumn of 1816 that I first met him, at the theatre

of *La Scala* at Milau, in the box of M. Louis de Brême. I was much struck with the expression of Lord Byron's eyes as he was listening to a *sestetto*, in Mayer's opera of '*Elena*.' I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful or more expressive. Even now, if I wish to figure to myself the expression in which a painter ought to depict true genius, the sublime head of Lord Byron appears immediately before me. I experienced a momentary feeling of enthusiasm, and, forgetting the just repugnance which every man of becoming pride ought to have against courting the acquaintance of an English nobleman, I begged M. de Brême to introduce me to Lord Byron. On the following day I dined at M. de Brême's with him and the celebrated Monti, the author of the '*Basvigliana*.' The conversation turned on the subject of poetry, and it was asked which were the twelve best verses that had been written in English, Italian, or French, during the last century. The Italians who were present agreed unanimously that the twelve first verses of the '*Mascheroniana*'* were the best that had been produced in their language for more than a hundred years. Monti was so good as to recite them to us. I looked at Lord Byron, who was in an ecstasy. The haughty shade over his features, or, as it may be more proper to call it, the air of a man who finds it necessary to repel all importunate familiarities, which was always a blemish to his fine countenance, disappeared altogether, and gave way to an expression of perfect good temper. The first canto of the '*Mascheroniana*,' which Monti, at the loud request of his auditors, recited almost entirely, caused a very powerful sensation to the author of "*Childe Harold*." I can never forget the divine expression of his features: they displayed the serene air of power and genius, and, to my thinking, Lord Byron could not at this moment be reproached with the slightest affectation.

'The tragic systems of Alfieri and of Schiller were contrasted in the course of the conversation. The English poet said it was highly ridiculous that in Alfieri's '*Philip II*,' Don Carlos should find himself, without any difficulty, from the very first scene, *tête-à-tête* with the consort of the jealous Philip. Monti, who is so happy in the practice of the art of poetry, urged, in the course of this discussion, arguments so singular respecting its theory, that Lord Byron, leaning towards the person sitting next him, said, speaking of Monti, "*Il ne sait*

* 'A poem of Monti's upon Buonaparte, composed in 1801, on the death of Lorenzo Mascheroni, the celebrated geometrician.'

comment il est poète”—“He does not know the means by which he has been made a poet.”

‘From this day I was in the constant practice of spending almost every evening with Lord Byron. Whenever this singular man was in an elevated mood, and spoke with enthusiasm, his sentiments were noble, grand, and generous—in short, on a level with his genius; but, in what may be called the mere prosaic moments of his life, the sentiments of the poet seemed to be of a very ordinary cast. He had a considerable share of little vanity, a continual and childish fear of appearing ridiculous, and sometimes indulged in that kind of hypocrisy which the English call *cant*. I always fancied that Lord Byron was ready to make a compromise with the prejudices of others, if, by doing so, he could obtain some praise for himself.

‘There was one point in his character which struck the Italians as very remarkable; it was that they perceived at once this great poet prided himself much more upon being a descendant of the Byrons of Normandy, who followed the Duke William to the conquest of England, than upon being the author of “*Parisina*” and of “*Lara*.” I was so fortunate as to excite his curiosity by giving him some personal details respecting Napoleon and the retreat from Moscow, which in 1816 was not, as it has since become, merely a common-place. This kind of merit which I possessed procured me the honour of several *tête-à-tête* promenades in the immense and solitary lobby of *La Scala*. The great man appeared for about half an hour in every evening, and upon these occasions I enjoyed the finest conversation that I ever met with—a volcano of new ideas and generous sentiments, mingled in such a manner that I fancied I experienced these sentiments for the first time. All the rest of the evening the great man was so much of the *Englishman* and the *lord*, that I could never make up my mind to accept his invitation to dine with him, which he several times repeated. He was at this time engaged in the composition of a part of “*Childe Harold*.” Every morning he wrote a hundred verses, which, in the evening, he reduced to twenty or thirty. In the interval between these periods of labour he stood in need of repose, and he used to find the necessary distraction of his thoughts from their more serious efforts in sitting after dinner with his elbows on the table, and chattering away, as was said, in the most agreeable and good-tempered manner.

‘I observed that in his moments of genius Lord Byron admired Napoleon as Napoleon himself admired Cornille. In his ordinary moods, when Lord Byron thought himself a great nobleman, he sought

occasions of ridiculing the exile of Saint Helena. Lord Byron had a certain feeling of envy for the brilliant parts of Napoleon's character. He was even vexed at hearing his sublime sayings; and we could always put him in an ill temper by repeating the famous proclamation to the army in Egypt—"Soldiers, remember that from the summits of yonder pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you!" Lord Byron would more readily have pardoned Napoleon if he had been more of the flat and insipid character of Washington. The most pleasant part of all this, however, was, that the despotic and odious part of Napoleon's heart was not that which most shocked the sympathies of the English peer.

'One evening, while Lord Byron was doing me the honour to walk with me up and down the large lobby at *La Scala*, he was informed that the Austrian officer then on guard at the theatre had just arrested his secretary, M. Polidori, a physician who was always with him. Lord Byron's appearance then assumed a striking resemblance to that of Napoleon when he was enraged. Seven or eight persons accompanied him to the guard-house: he was perfectly magnificent with suppressed indignation and energy, for a whole hour, while exposed to the vulgar anger of the officer on guard. When we returned to M. de Brème's box we began ironically to praise those aristocratic principles which were in general so much to Lord Byron's taste: he was sensible of the joke, and went out of the box quite furious; without, however, having once departed from the most perfect politeness. The next day the secretary was obliged to leave Milan.

'M. de Brème requested me, a short time after this, to take Lord Byron to the Museum of Brera. I admired the profound sentiment with which the great poet comprehended at once the painters of the most opposite styles, Raphael, Guercino, Luini, Titian, &c. Guercino's picture of *Agar put forth by Abraham* seemed to electrify him. Admiration rendered us all dumb from this moment: he improvised for an hour, and in my opinion much better than Madame de Stael.

'What struck me most in this remarkable man, and particularly on those occasions when he chose to speak ill of Napoleon, was that he had, to my thinking at least, no real knowledge of mankind; his pride, his rank, his poetical glory, had always prevented him from treating and being treated by them in the proper light of an equal. His haughtiness and his want of confidence had always kept them at too great a distance for him to observe them accurately. On the other hand, it was impossible not to admire a profusion of just and fine ideas

in him when he spoke of women, whom he knew because he had felt the necessity of pleasing in order to deceive them. He used to complain of the women of England, of those of Geneva, of Neuchatel, &c. It was a deficiency in the genius of Lord Byron that he had never yet been in a situation where it was necessary to discuss and to treat with his equals. I am convinced that on his return from Greece, if it had ever taken place, his talents would have appeared enlarged by the half. In attempting to accommodate and make peace between Maurocordato and Colocotroni he acquired a positive knowledge of the human heart. Perhaps after this Lord Byron might have been able to elevate himself to the height of real tragedy.

‘He would have had fewer periods of misanthropy ; he would have got rid of the belief that every body about him was occupied with him alone, and that they were all so employed out of envy, or from a desire to deceive him. The natural inclination of this great man to misanthropy had been increased and imbibited by the society of the English. His friends observed that the more he lived with the Italians the more happy and kind he became. If, instead of fits of puerile anger, a moody melancholy is substituted, the character of Lord Byron will be found to have a very prominent resemblance to that of Voltaire.

‘But I pause lest I should be led into a dissertation. I beg, Madame, that you will pardon these general considerations which I should have been glad to omit, for particular facts respecting Lord Byron. An interval of seven or eight years had banished them from my memory, and I now only find remaining the conclusions which I have drawn from those facts. I shall be very happy, Madame, if you will do me the favour to accept in good part this sort of moral portrait, and to discover in these pages, written very hastily, a proof of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, &c.

‘H. BEYLE.’

For this very fair and correct sketch of Lord Byron Madame Belloc feels herself obliged to make some sort of apologetic allowance. She suggests ‘that when Lord Byron was speaking on moral topics he would perhaps frequently affect a great austerity of principle ; and, as his own conduct was not always in accordance with his doctrines, it was natural enough to fancy that his language was a mixture of hypocrisy and affectation ; but it is probable that this was a mistake. Like all noble and exalted minds, he loved and felt what was good : he spoke of it warmly ; perhaps even his own very irregularities, of the dangers and the effects of which he was perfectly aware, revived his love for virtue,

and then he extended his esteem even to the prejudices which he regarded as the safeguards of social order and individual happiness.

‘As to his pride of birth and rank, he had probably not been able to free himself from that aristocratic feeling which is nourished in English noblemen from their childhood. There was, besides, in the recollection of his ancestors, and of their adventurous destiny, a picturesque and poetical attraction of great power over his imagination. But, if he had some littleness as a man, he knew how to divest himself of it as a poet. When he soared above the earth, of which he was a part, all the small distinctions of vanity, all the monuments of pride, all such minute considerations, were beyond his sight; or, if he contemplated from his exaltation the human grandeurs which weigh upon the world, it was only that he might launch at them his thunderbolts, and then, instead of being an aristocrat, he was too much a leveller.

‘It does not seem unnatural that Lord Byron should envy Buonaparte—not the splendour of his reign, but the chances, good and evil, that he had endured. Lord Byron felt that his own genius was equal to that of the conqueror of Europe, and perhaps his mind was one more worthy of power. When he heard the exploits and glories of Napoleon recounted he must have said “And I, too, am a great man.” In Buonaparte’s place I think he would have done better than that great man.’ In this strain does Madame Belloc qualify the portrait of M. Beyle. It may be very amiable in her to do so, and we may be wanting in gratitude, as well as in taste, because we can neither thank her, nor even think she is judicious; but this seems quite clear, that M. Beyle writes very good sense, and with a knowledge of the subject; and Madame Belloc boldly dashes on at all hazards, and makes up with courage all that she wants in information.

We would not reproach any foreigner with a defective knowledge of our language: first, because we know its difficulties; and, in the next place, because their mistakes are in general very amusing. With respect to Madame Belloc, we wonder that she has done so well; and her mistakes are to us the most whimsical, and perhaps the best, part of her book. She tells the story of Lord Byron’s brutal reply to his wife, when she asked him ‘Byron, am I in your way?’ and he answered ‘Damnably!’ And then the gentle *blue-stockings* translates Lady Byron’s question, (which means merely ‘Shall I quit the room?’) *Suis je un inconvénient dans votre vie?*

In giving the anecdote of his boyish exploit of riding over the

brig of Balgounie on a mare's foal,* she gets out of a difficulty in a very ingenious manner. The first line runs thus:

Brig of Balgounie, though *wight* be thy wa'.

The English reader need not be told that *wight* is an old Saxon word, signifying *strong*; but as Madame did not know this, and as no gallant English *wight* was at hand to explain it, she substitutes another word, which is proverbially different from white, and gives the English line

Brig of Balgounie, *black's* thy wa';

and translates it

Pont de Balgounie, votre mur est noir.

In another place she wonders very much that, after the coroner's jury had given a verdict of wilful murder against William Lord Byron, and he had been found guilty of *homicide* upon his trial, he should be liberated on pleading the privilege of his peerage. It is not surprising that she should not know the difference between the crime of murder (for which in England we hang lords and commoners alike) and homicide, nor that the verdict of a coroner's jury is not conclusive as to a party's guilt; but it is a little astonishing that she did not ask some Englishman, and there is not a footman in Paris who could not have told her. She says, however, that she has great difficulty in believing that 'the English legislation contains a law which exempts peers of the realm from being sentenced in a case of murder;' and we hope this is a difficulty which she will not get over, since, with all her prejudices against England, we are really not quite such barbarians as she takes us for.

Notwithstanding the little faults we have mentioned, and many others which we could point out, Madame Belloc's is a very ingenious book; very creditable to her good taste as well as to her talents; and one for which we ought to be very grateful to her, because its end and aim are to make Lord Byron more universally and accurately known among her countrymen. For ourselves, we assure her that we are deeply impressed with this sentiment, and that, if our homage be worth the acceptance, we lay it with all humility at her feet; begging her to believe, that, although we have taken the liberty of laughing at her, it has been in perfect good humour, and that we do not like people at

* Vide page 38.

all the less because they give us an opportunity of laughing at them. In their turn they may—as they will—laugh at us, and they are heartily welcome.

Lord Byron, with a singular inconsistency, seemed to have transferred all the fondness which he once had for ‘Childe Harold,’ the first love of his young Muse, to ‘Don Juan,’ the production of his later and less amiable years. It was like some of those instances which the perverseness of human minds occasionally displays in the world, where men, who have lived during the best and happiest part of their lives in the uninterrupted joy of an honest affection, become, after death shall have torn from them the object of their first passion, the bond-slaves of a dissolute and meretricious affection, which has nothing to recommend it but the facility which it affords them for indulging in forbidden pleasures. Lord Byron wasted upon ‘Don Juan’ the full splendour of his rare talents, and polluted the purity of his mind by suffering it to be occupied with licentious descriptions and degrading efforts. In this poem, blamable and unworthy as it is in many respects, there are passages of such rare and original beauty, that they cannot be surpassed; and yet the poem is one which persons of honesty and feeling must reprobate; and which ladies will not read, because they cannot do so without feeling that modesty, which is their purest and brightest ornament, offended by many of its passages and allusions.

In order to remedy this inconvenience as much as may be practicable, we have proposed to ourselves the task of selecting such passages from the poem as are worthy of their author and the age in which he wrote, accompanying them with an analysis of the subject, so as to render its course intelligible to those readers to whom, for the reasons we have stated, it must, without such assistance, remain for ever ‘a book sealed.’ This task is highly pleasing to ourselves, because it is a tribute which we are delighted with the opportunity of paying to the memory of the first genius of our age; and we can testify our regard for him in no more cordial a manner than by drawing a veil over his errors and indiscretions, while we give to the public view those beauties which need only be seen to challenge universal admiration.

In order to accomplish this purpose we shall not regard the chronological order in which the subsequent parts of ‘Don Juan’ were published; but proceed, without marking the intervals which ensued between the different cantos, succinctly to describe the nature of the poem.

The third canto begins by resuming the story of Juan and Haidee. The beauty of the opening stanzas is almost incomparable:—

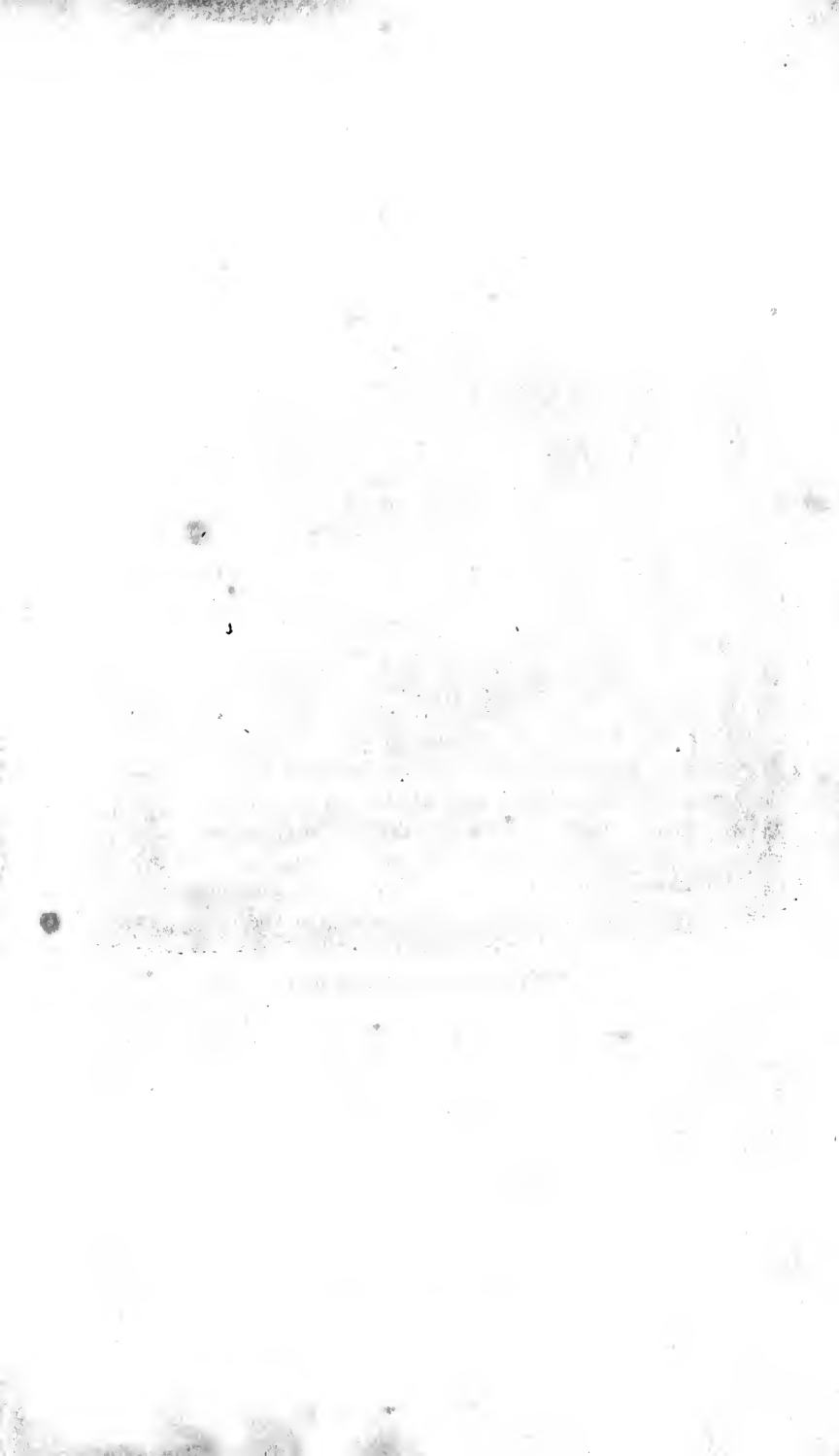
We left Juan sleeping,
 Pillowed upon a fair and happy breast,
 And watched by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
 And loved by a young heart, too deeply blessed
 To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
 Or know who rested there; a foe to rest
 Had soiled the current of her sinless years,
 And turned her pure heart's purest blood to tears.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
 Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
 With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
 As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
 And place them on their breast—but place to die—
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
 Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

After some *badinage* on the subject of love and marriage as they usually occur in the world, and in the course of which the poet's jokes are not very new nor very good, he goes on to describe the happiness of Juan and his young bride, which was so great that Haidee 'forgot the island was her sire's.'

That respectable old gentleman, who carried on the trade of a pirate, had been long detained from home by cross winds and the course of his occupations, during all which time Haidee ruled the whole island, and was cheerfully obeyed by its inhabitants. At length Lambro (for that is the name of the father) returns home, and arrives when he is least expected. A few stanzas are devoted to the description of that throng of sensations which crowd upon the heart when the distant view of home first falls upon the eyes after a long absence, and in this the poet has singularly mixed up feeling and whimsicality. The scene which Lambro now beheld is strikingly and delightfully painted, and is better than all the 'Travels in the East' which have been published in the last century :

Still more nearly to the place advancing,
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,
 Through the waved branches, o'er the green sward glancing,
 'Midst other indications of festivity,
 Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he





The Dwarf Buffoon telling his Tales.

Published by J. Robins and Co. London, June 4, 1825.

Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls;
Linked hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving;)
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

And here, assembled cross-legged round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilafs and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine;
The orange and pomegranate, nodding o'er,
Dropped in their laps, scarce plucked their mellow store.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers;
While, peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses.
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,

Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
 Of rocks bewitched that open to the knockers
 Of magic ladies, who, by one sole act,
 Transformed their lords to beasts, (but that's a fact.)
 Here was no lack of innocent diversion
 For the imagination of the senses,
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

The surprise which this sight occasions to Lambro may be imagined. He knew nothing of his daughter's *liaison* with Don Juan; and still less did he know that a report of his death had reached the island many weeks before, and that, the mourning being now concluded, his daughter was celebrating a feast. The old gentlemen asks of some of the *convives* what is the meaning of all their gaiety; but he gets only half-drunken answers from them, and he proceeds to the house.

Lord Byron, with that skill which was so entirely his own, has thrown about even this personage an interest and power at once delightful and astonishing. He says:

He was a man of a strange temperament,
 Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood,
 Moderate in all his habits, and content
 With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
 Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
 For something better, if not wholly good;
 His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
 Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.
 The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
 The hardness by long habitude produced,
 The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
 The mercy he had granted oft abused,
 The sights he was accustomed to behold,
 The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruised,
 Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
 And made him a good friend—but bad acquaintance.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flashed o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the golden fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days ;
'Tis true he had not ardent love for peace—
Alas ! his country show'd no path to praise :
Hate to the world, and war with every nation,
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours.

But whatsoe'er he had of love, reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen ;
A lonely pure affection unopposed :
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him, like the Cyclops, mad with blindness.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;
The ocean, when its yeasty war is waging,
Is awful to the vessel near the rock ;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

Lambro enters the house—' his home no more'—by a private door, unperceived. The banquet, at which Juan and Haidee are sitting, is painted with a precision and minuteness no less remarkable than its beauty :

Old Lambro passed unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide ;

Meantime the lady and her lover sate

At wassail in their beauty and their pride :

An ivory inlaid table spread with state

Before them, and fair slaves on every side :

Gems, gold, and silver, formed the service mostly,

Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes ;

Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats

And saffron soups, and sweetbreads ; and the fishes

Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,

Dress'd to a Sybarite's most pampered wishes ;

The beverage was various sherbets

Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,

Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

These were ranged round, each in a crystal ewer,

And fruits and date-bread loaves closed the repast,

And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,

In small fine China cups, came in at last ;

Gold cups of filagree, made to secure

The hand from burning, underneath them placed ;

Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too, were boiled

Up with the coffee, which, I think, they spoiled.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made

Of velvet panels, each of different hue,

And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid ;

And round them ran a yellow border too :

The upper border, richly wrought, displayed,

Embroidered delicately o'er with blue,

Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,

From poets, or the moralists, their betters.

These oriental writings on the wall,

Quite common in those countries, are a kind

Of monitors adapted to recall,

Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind

The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,

And took his kingdom from him : You will find,

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
 A genius who has drunk himself to death,
 A rake turned methodistic or eclectic—
 (For that's the name they like to pray beneath)—
 But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
 Are things that really take away the breath,
 And show that late hours, wine, and love, are able
 To do not much less damage than the table.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
 On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue :
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete
 Of the apartment—and appeared quite new :
 The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
 A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
 Had done their work of splendour ; Indian mats
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
 Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,
 And dwarfs, and blacks, and such like things that gain
 Their bread as ministers and favorites—that's
 To say, by degradation—mingled there,
 As plentiful as in a court or fair.

The keenness of Lord Byron's observation may be perceived in the description of Haidee's and Don Juan's dresses, at the same time that they furnish as authentic an account of these habits of the East as the most elaborate of Grecian travellers could afford :

Of all the dresses I select Haidee's :
 She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow ;
 Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow ;
 With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
 All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow ;
 And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
 Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned, its only mould ;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And, clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar, above her instep rolled,
Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on her hand ;
Her hair was starred with gems ; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;
Her orange silk full Turkish trowsers furled
About the prettiest ancle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an Alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds, whene'er some Zephyr, caught, began
To offer her young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties ;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain—
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged :
Her nails were touched with henna ; but again

The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her ;
The eye might doubt if it were well awake ;
She was so like a vision, I might err,
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly
'To gild refined gold or paint the lily.'

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent,
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky way apparent ;
His turban furred in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in't,
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

Among the persons who are there, to amuse and to flatter the host and hostess, is a sort of cosmopolite poet. The satire of this sketch is biting, and the blows are struck with good will ; but it is nevertheless true in many respects, and good in all. 'The poet,' says Lord Byron,

'Praised the present and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days ;
An eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turned, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha,
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle,
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fixed—he knew the way to wheedle ;
So vile, he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges ;
And being fluent—save indeed when fed ill—

He lied with such a fervour of invention—
There was no doubt he earned his laureate pension.

But he had genius—where a turncoat has it,

The 'Vates irritabilis' takes care
That, without notice, few full moons shall pass it ;

Even good men like to make the public stare :
But to my subject—let me see—what was it ?

Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living, in their insular abode.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less

In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favorite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow ;
And, though his meaning they could rarely guess,

Yet still they deign to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

But now being lifted into high society,

And having picked up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deemed, being in a lone isle, amongst friends,
That, without any danger of a riot, he

Might for long lying make himself amends ;
And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with Truth.'

The following is his song, which breathes all the patriotic fire of
old Greece, together with the most jovial Bacchanalian spirit :

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the hearts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet ;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blessed.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?
And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, 'Let one living head,

But one arise—we come, we come !
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold bacchanal ?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these :
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

The conclusion of this canto may be safely quoted as one of the most beautiful examples of Lord Byron's genius and skill. The description of the closing in of day sheds that softness, that happy melancholy (if such a phrase may be allowed), which clouds over the heart at such times, and imparts the notion without the feeling of sadness :

The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired,
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired ;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired ;
Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee !

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment, in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !

Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above ?

Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair !

Those downcast eyes beneath the heavenly dove—

What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—

That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,

In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;

But set those persons down with me to pray,

And you shall see who has the properest notion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,

Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,

Who hath produced, and will receive, the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude

Of the pine forest, and the silent shore

Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,

Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er

To where the last Cesarean fortress stood :

Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore

And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,

How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,

And vesper bells that rose the boughs along !

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,

His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,

Which learned from this example not to fly

From a true lover, shadowed by mind's eye.

Oh Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,

To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer ;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,

Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,

Are gathered round us by the look of rest ;

Thou bringest the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

If Lord Byron had always written thus, what but the fame of Shakspeare could have kept him from the first place among the poets of England—nay, of the whole modern world ?

The fourth canto opens in a strain partly serious, partly whimsical ; but the reader may see, even if he knew less of the author than all the world knows, that the joke is affected, and that deep, real, unassumed sorrow lies at the bottom. The poet alludes to his advancing age, and the conviction which it has brought him of the utter vanity of all things human :

And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
 Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.
 And, if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'Tis that I may not weep ; and, if I weep,
 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
 Itself to apathy, which we must steep
 First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring
 Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep ;
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx,
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

The poet then returns to Juan and Haidee. He describes a fatal presentiment which clouds over the girl's heart, and which, although she is unable to account for it, fills her with sorrowful feelings. The mutual tenderness of the lovers is beautifully told, but the transition to the burlesque is unpardonable :

They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
 For it had made them what they were : the power
 Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such skies,
 When happiness had been their only dower,
 And twilight saw them linked in passion's ties ;

Charmed with each other, all things charmed that brought
The past, still welcome as the present thought.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;
And thus some boding flashed through either frame,
And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidee's eye.

That large black prophet eye seemed to dilate
And follow far the disappearing sun,
As if their last day of a happy date
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone;
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—

He felt a grief, but, knowing cause for none,
His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that sort
Which makes not others smile; then turned aside:
Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short,
And mastered by her wisdom or her pride;
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
'If it should be so—but—it cannot be—
Or I at least shall not survive to see.'

Juan would question further, but she pressed
His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismissed the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

One of the two, according to your choice,
Women or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
But which to choose I really hardly know;

And, if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither.

The lovers go to sleep in each other's arms :

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidee and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep ;
And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirred with her dream as rose-leaves with the air ;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul, which we no more can bind ;
Strange state of being ! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see.

Haidee's slumber is disturbed by frightful dreams. She thinks she is chained to a rock on the sea-shore, and that the waves of the ocean come rapidly towards her, threatening her with immediate death. They break over her head, and yet she cannot die. Then her dream changed, and she thought she wandered, with bare and bleeding feet, over the hard shingles, while something indistinct, wrapped in a white sheet, rolled before her, and mocked her efforts to catch it. She then dreamt that she was weeping in a cavern while Juan lay dead at her feet. While she was gazing on his face it changed, and the features became like those of her father. She awakes with terror, and sees her father standing beside her bed. Her scream awakens Juan, who leaps up, and seizes his sword for the purpose of punishing the intrusion. The old man bids him put it up, while Haidee falls at her father's feet, and implores his forgiveness for herself and Juan. The whole of the ensuing scene is given with great force, and an effect far beyond the power of the drama or of painting :—

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood :
 He looked upon her, but gave no reply ;
 Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die ;
 In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

' Young man, your sword ; ' so Lambro once more said :
 Juan replied, ' Not while this arm is free !'
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
 And, drawing from his belt a pistol, he
 Replied, ' Your blood be then on your own head !'
 Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
 'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so ;
 A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
 If you have got a former friend or foe ;
 But, after being fired at once or twice,
 The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
 Had stopped this canto, and Don Juan's breath,
 When Haidee threw herself her boy before ;
 Stern as her sire : ' On me,' she cried, ' let death
 Descend—the fault is mine ; this fatal shore
 He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith ;
 I love him—I will die with him ; I knew
 Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.'

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
 And tenderness, and infancy : but now
 She stood as one who championed human fears—
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow ;
 And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
 She drew up to her height, as if to show



Haidee saving Don Juan from her Father's Wrath.

A fairer mark ; and with a fixed eye scanned
 Her father's face—but never stopped his hand.
 He gazed on her, and she on him ; 'twas strange
 How like they looked ! the expression was the same ;
 Serenely savage, with a little change
 In the large dark eye's mutual darted flame ;
 For she too was as one who could avenge,
 If cause should be—a lioness, though tame ;
 Her father's blood before her father's face
 Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

The old man forbears to fire upon Juan, but repeats his command to him to disarm. Upon the refusal of the youth to comply, he whistles, and a crowd of his men enter the chamber, by whom Juan is soon overpowered, although not without a desperate resistance. After having cut through the shoulder of one pirate, and laid bare the cheek of another, Juan falls with two sabre wounds—one on the arm, the other on the head. He is chained, and carried by Lambro's order to a galliot lying off the shore, where he is left under hatches.

The effect of this catastrophe on the loving Haidee is fatal. Timid and obedient as she had hitherto shown herself, her soul burnt with all the fire of her mother's Numidian blood, and the storm of passion now blew the flame into a destructive power. She beheld Juan cut down—his blood running on the floor, which he had lately trode in all the vigour of youth, before her enraptured gaze. She could bear no more, but sunk powerless in the arms of her father, who had before with difficulty repressed her struggles :

A vein had burst—and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er ;
 And her head drooped as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain ; her summoned handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold—nor death destroy !

After lying several days in a state of insensibility, she wakes—but not to reason, and happily not even to a consciousness of her woe. The skill of her attendants and the care of her father are baffled, and she is utterly insensible. At length a slave fetches a harper, with the

intention of trying the power of music on her. This succeeds : after a time her recollection returns : as the harper sings of love the tears rush from her eyes ; but with this relief comes the agonizing conviction of her situation :

Short solace !—vain relief !—thought came too quick,
 And whirled her brain to madness : she arose
 As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
 And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
 But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
 Although her paroxysm drew towards its close :
 Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,
 Even when they smote her—in the hope to save.

The truth of the whole of this picture of a passionate madness is so palpable, that it must have been sketched from the life—it is no invention.

Her death is thus touchingly related :

Twelve days and nights she withered thus ; at last,
 Without a groan, a sigh, or glance, to show
 A parting pang, the spirit from her passed ;
 And they who watched her nearest could not know
 The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
 Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

She died—but not alone ; she held within
 A second principle of life—which might
 Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin ;
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight ;
 In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower, and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame.—She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth ; her days and pleasures were
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid.

Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,

Its dwellings down—its tenants passed away ;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair—
No stone is there to show—no tongue to say
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow seas,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

The painfulness of the description seems to have reached even the author himself ; for he resolves to change the theme, because, he says,

I don't much like describing people mad,
For fear of seeming rather touched myself.

He therefore returns to Juan, who found himself on board one of the pirate's ships, sailing along the coasts of Ilion.

The description of Troy, as it now stands, is highly interesting :

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
(Flanked by the Hellespont—and by the sea)
Entombed the bravest of the brave, Achilles—
They say so—(Bryant says the contrary ;)
And farther downward, tall and towering, still, is .

The tumulus—of whom ? Heaven knows : it may be
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus—
All heroes, who, if living, still would slay us.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,

A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain,
And Ida in the distance, still the same,
And old Scamander, (if 'tis he,) remain ;
The situation seems still formed for fame—

A hundred thousand men might fight again
With ease ; but, where I sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls.

Troops of untended horses—here and there

Some little hamlets, with new names uncouth ;
Some shepherds, (unlike Paris,) led to stare
A moment at the European youth,

Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear ;
 A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,
 Extremely taken with his own religion,
 Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian.

Juan was not alone in his misfortune, having for his companions a troop of Italian opera-singers. These people, in their passage from Leghorn to some place in Sicily, had been taken by the pirates in consequence of a bargain which the knavish manager had made with them, by which he got a round sum of money, and got rid of some useless players.* They are now on their way to Constantinople, where they are to be sold for slaves. The characters of the whole company are detailed with great whim by one of them, 'the *buffo* of the party :'

' The prima donna, though a little old,
 And haggard with a dissipated life,
 And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
 Has some good notes ; and then the tenor's wife,
 With no great voice, is pleasing to behold ;
 Last carnival she made a deal of strife
 By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
 From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

' And then there are the dancers ; there's the Nini,
 With more than one profession, gains by all ;
 Then there's that laughing slut, the Pelegrini,
 She too was fortunate last carnival,
 And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
 But spends so fast, she has not now a paul ;
 And then there's the Grotesca—such a dancer !
 Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

' As for the *figuranti*, they are like
 The rest of all that tribe ; with here and there
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike—
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair ;

* This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and, carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of '*L'Italiana in Algieri*,' at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air
 Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour;
 The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

* * * * *

'The tenor's voice is spoiled by affectation,
 And, for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
 In fact, he had no singing education,
 An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
 But, being the prima donna's near relation,
 Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
 They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
 An ass was practising recitative.

' 'Twould not become myself to dwell upon
 My own merits, and, though young—I see, sir—you
 Have got a travelled air, which shows you one
 To whom the opera is by no means new;
 You've heard of Raucocanti!—I'm the man:
 The time may come when you may hear me too—
 You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
 But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

'Our baritone I almost had forgot,
 A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit—
 With graceful action, science not a jot,
 A voice of no great compass, and not sweet—
 He always is complaining of his lot,
 Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
 In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
 Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.'

Raucocanti's recital is interrupted by the whole of the prisoners being ordered under hatches. On the following day they are chained in couples, and thus lotted out for the slave-market:

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chained
 The tenor; these two hated with a hate
 Found only on the stage, and each more pained
 With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
 Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grained,
 Instead of bearing up without debate,
 That each pulled different ways with many an oath,
 'Arcades ambo,'—*id est*—blackguards both.

Don Juan was chained to a '*bella donna*;' and here the author says he will not avail himself of the opportunity which this situation affords him to say improper things, alluding laughably to the too reasonable objections which had been made to his two former cantos:

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
 Having withstood temptation in my youth,
 But hear that several people take exception
 At the first two books having too much truth ;
 Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
 Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
 'Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
 To pass, than those two cantos into families.

After some reflections on the vanity of human hopes to secure immortality, he apostrophizes the blue-stocking ladies, whom he heartily detested, and whom he seldom missed an opportunity, in public or in private, of abusing :

Oh ! ye who make the fortunes of all books !
 Benign ceruleans of the second sex !
 Who advertise new poems by your looks,
 Your 'imprimatur' will ye not annex ?
 What, must I go to the oblivious cooks—
 Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks ?
 Ah ! must I then the only minstrel be,
 Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea ?
 What, can I prove 'a lion' then no more ?
 A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling ?
 To bear the compliments of many a bore,
 And sigh 'I can't get out,' like Yorick's starling ?
 Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,
 (Because the world won't read him, always snarling,)
 That taste is gone—that fame is but a lottery,
 Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

* * * * *

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
 But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
 You read my stanzas, and I read your features ;
 And—but no matter—all those things are over ;
 Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
 For sometimes such a world of virtues cover ;
 I know one woman of that purple school,
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

The slaves are carried to the market-place, where they see others who are in the same plight sold to the best bidder, and are awaiting their own destiny, when the canto concludes.

The fifth canto begins in a sportive style. The poet still complains of the censures which his first cantos have received, but does not attempt to excuse their profligacy. He then speaks of the scenery on the shore of the Euxine Sea, and, having mentioned the name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he introduces a stanza, in which he alludes to Miss Chaworth, the object of his earliest affection :

I have a passion for the name of ' Mary,'
 For once it was a magic sound to me ;
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be ;
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
 A spell from which even yet I am not quite free ;
 But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
 Which must not be pathetically told.

After this passage, which is evidently from the heart, he abruptly dashes into a humorous vein. The wit is a sufficient apology for the affected want of feeling :

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
 Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades ;
 'Tis a grand sight from off ' the Giant's Grave'
 To watch the progress of those rolling seas
 Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
 Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease ;
 There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
 Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

'Twas a raw day of autumn's bleak beginning,
 When nights are equal, but not so the days ;
 The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning
 Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
 The waters, and repentance for past sinning
 In all who o'er the great deep take their ways :
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't ;
 Because, if drowned, they can't—if spared, they won't.

The slave-market at Constantinople is crowded with people of every nation—or, as the poet says, dotted with black and white, like a back-

gammon board. All looked sorrowfully excepting the negroes, who, he suggests, displayed more philosophy, because they were probably used to their fate, 'as eels are to be flayed.' Juan's spirits, ardent and buoyant as they were commonly, were now dejected. He finds standing next to him to an Englishman, such as some of our countrymen are who make the wide world their home, and are to be found in all the climes under the sun. He is said to be

A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
With resolution in his dark grey eye.

He had an English look ; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow, a little marked with care :
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;
And there he stood with such *sang-froid*, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
Of a high spirit evidently, though
At present weighed down by a doom which had
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
Which for himself he seemed to deem no worse
Than any other scrape—a thing of course.

'My boy!'—said he, 'amidst this motley crew
Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not ?
All ragamuffins, differing but in hue,
With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
The only gentlemen seem I and you ;
So let us be acquainted, as we ought :
If I could yield you any consolation,
'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray what is your nation ?

When Juan answered 'Spanish !' he replied,
'I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek ;
Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed ;
Fortune has played you here a pretty freak,

But that's her way with all men till they're tired ;
But never mind, she'll turn, perhaps next week ;
She has served me also much the same as you,
Except that I have found it nothing new.'

'Pray, Sir,' said Juan, 'if I may presume,
What brought you here?'—'Oh! nothing very rare,
Six Tartars and a drag-chain—'—'To this doom—

But what conducted?—if the question's fair,
Is that which I would learn.'—'I served for some
Months with the Russian army here and there,
And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin.'

'Have you no friends?'—'I had—but, by God's blessing,
Have not been troubled with them lately.—Now
I have answered all your questions without pressing,
And you an equal courtesy should show.'

'Alas!' said Juan, 'twere a tale distressing,
And long besides.'—'Oh! if 'tis really so,
You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue ;
A sad tale saddens doubly when 'tis long.

'But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle ;
To strive too with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle.
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.'

'Tis not,' said Juan, 'for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past:—I loved a maid :'
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom ;
A single tear upon his eye-lash staid
A moment, and then dropped ; 'but to resume,
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much ; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardest overworn,

'On the rough deep. But this last blow'—and here
He stopped again, and turned away his face.

‘Ay,’ quoth his friend, ‘I thought it would appear
 That there had been a lady in the case;
 And these are things which ask a tender tear,
 Such as I too would shed if in your place :
 I cried upon my first wife’s dying day,
 And also when my second ran away :

‘My third’—‘Your third!’ quoth Juan, turning round,
 ‘You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?’

‘No—only two at present, above ground :

Surely ’tis nothing wonderful to see
 One person thrice in holy wedlock bound?’

‘Well, then, your third,’ said Juan, ‘what did she?
 She did not run away, too, did she, Sir?’

‘No faith!’—‘What then?’—‘I ran away from her.’

‘You take things coolly, Sir,’ said Juan. ‘Why,’

Replied the other, ‘what can a man do?’

There still are many rainbows in your sky,

But mine have vanished. All, when life is new,
 Commence with feelings warm and prospects high ;

But time strips our illusions of their hue,
 And one by one, in turn, some grand mistake
 Casts off its bright skin yearly, like the snake.’

The conversation between Juan and the Englishman is interrupted by the arrival of an old black eunuch, who, after looking narrowly at Juan and his companion, and haggling for a reasonable time with the merchant who had to sell them, pays down the price agreed on. He then carries off his purchase :

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance

Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,

Embarked himself and them, and off they went thence

As fast as oars could pull and water float ;

They looked like persons being led to sentence,

Wondering what next, ’till the caique was brought

Up in a little creek below a wall

O’ertopped with cypresses, dark-green, and tall.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket

Of a small iron door, ’twas opened, and

He led them onward, first through a low thicket
Flanked by large groves, which towered on either hand.
They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land:
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who rowed off, leaving them without a word.

As they proceed at the old black's heels a thought occurs to Juan, which to a man in his situation was natural. He thinks that it would be no difficult matter to knock the old negro on the head, and he suggests this to his companion. The Englishman has no objection to the plan but that he thinks it will not better their condition, because, if they should succeed in the attempt, they would, in all probability, be retaken: besides (and this has great weight with him) he is very hungry, and he therefore votes that they shall dine first, after which he says he shall not object to assisting Juan in knocking out the old man's brains:

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason:
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to tease on,
With arguments according to their 'forte';
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

But I digress: of all appeals—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell.

At length Juan and his companion are led by the old black to a splendid palace, and, entering the gate, they find the hall filled with the usual attendants of such places:

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;

Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
 And some seemed much in love with their own dress;
 And divers smoked superb pipes, decorated
 With amber mouths of greater price or less;
 And several strutted, others slept, and some
 Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.

As the black eunuch entered with his brace.
 Of purchased infidels, some raised their eyes
 A moment, without slackening from their pace;
 But those who sate ne'er stirred in any wise;
 One or two stared the captives in the face,
 Just as one views a horse to guess his price:
 Some nodded to the negro from their station,
 But no one troubled him with conversation.

Through this hall they pass, and then through various other apartments, until they reach one where the black, opening a recess, produces certain dresses, which he bids the new-comers put on:

The suit he thought most suitable to each
 Was, for the elder and the stouter, first,
 A candiate cloak, which to the knee might reach,
 And trowsers not so tight that they would burst,
 But such as fit an Asiatic breech;
 A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nursed;
 Slipper of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
 In short, all things which form a Turkish dandy.

* * * * *

Baba eyed Juan, and said, 'Be so good
 As dress yourself'—and pointed out a suit
 In which a princess with great pleasure would
 Array her limbs; but Juan, standing mute,
 As not being in a masquerading mood,
 Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
 And when the old negro told him to 'Get ready,'
 Replied, 'Old gentleman, I'm not a lady.'

'What you may be I neither know nor care,'
 Said Baba! 'but pray do as I desire:
 I have no more time nor many words to spare.'
 'At least,' said Juan 'sure I may inquire

The cause of this odd travesty?'—'Forbear,'
 Said Baba, 'to be curious; 'twill transpire,
 No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season :
 I have no authority to tell the reason.'

'Then if I do,' said Juan, 'I'll be'—'Hold !'
 Rejoined the negro, 'pray be not provoking ;
 This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
 And you will find us not too fond of joking.'
 'What, Sir,' said Juan, 'shall it e'er be told
 That I unsexed my dress?' But Baba stroking
 The things down, said—'Incense me, and I call
 Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

'I offer you a handsome suit of clothes :
 A woman's, true : but then there is a cause
 Why you should wear the'—'What, though my soul loathes
 The effeminate?'—thus, after a short pause,
 Sighed Juan, muttering also some light oaths,
 'What the devil shall I do with all this gauze ?'
 Thus he profanely termed the finest lace
 Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

And then he swore—and sighing, on he slipped
 A pair of trowsers of flesh-coloured silk ;
 Next with a virgin zone he was equipped,
 Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk ;
 But tugging on his petticoat he tripped,
 Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
 (The rhyme obliges me to this—sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes)—

Whilk, which, (or what you please,) was owing to
 His garment's novelty, and his being awkward ;
 And yet, at last, he managed to get through
 His toilet, though no doubt a little backward ;
 The negro, Baba, helped a little too,
 When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard ;
 And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
 He paused, and took a survey up and down.

One difficulty still remained—his hair
 Was hardly long enough ; but Baba found

So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crowned,
After the manner then in fashion there;
And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head, and oil it.
And now being femininely all arrayed
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He looked in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba smilingly exclaimed ' You see, Sirs,
A perfect transformation here displayed ;
And now, then, you must come along with me, Sirs,
That is—the lady ;' clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

Old Baba, the eunuch, then dismisses the Englishman to his supper
and bids Juan follow him to the inner part of the palace. They pass
through various rooms, and arrive at a door kept by two dwarfs, so
small that you could hardly see them

Until you nearly trod on them ; and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may ;
They were misshapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters who cost a no less monstrous sum.
Their duty was—for they were strong, and, though
They looked so little, did strong things at times—
To open this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes ;
And now and then with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;
For mutes are generally used for that.
They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all ;
And, looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds ; it scared



Juan about to enter the Seraglio.



Juan a moment, as this pair so small
 With shrinking serpent optics on him stared ;
 It was as if their little looks could poison
 Or fascinate whome'er they fixed their eyes on.

Before they entered Baba begged him to moderate his stride, and to look, if he could, a little more modest, and more like the character of which he wore the dress. With this caution he leads to the apartment in which Gulleyaz, the favorite Sultana, is sitting. This lady, it appears, had been smitten by Juan's appearance, and had employed her trusty emissary to purchase him, and to lead him into the seraglio, disguised like a female. She is not quite young :

Her years
 Were ripe—they might take six-and-twenty springs,
 But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
 And turns aside his sithe to vulgar things,
 Such as was Mary's queen of Scots ; true—tears
 And love destroy ; and sapping sorrow wrings
 Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
 Ugly ; for instance—Ninon de REnclos.

She dismisses her female attendants, who are dressed in the same uniform as that which Baba has chosen for Juan. The black bids him fall down and kiss the lady's foot, and Juan, like a good Catholic, swears he will not kiss the foot of any thing human excepting the pope. At length they make a sort of honorable compromise, and Juan is let off for kissing the sultana's hand instead of her foot.

The eastern lady then makes downright love to Juan, who repels all her advances :

Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
 Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
 And merely saying, ' Christian, canst thou love ?'
 Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

And so it was in proper time and place ;
 But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
 With Haidee's isle and soft Ionian face,
 Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing,
 Rush back upon his heart, which filled apace,
 And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops blowing :

These words went through his soul like Arab spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

She was a great deal shocked ; not shocked at tears,

For women shed and use them at their liking ;

But there is something, when man's eye appears

Wet, still more disagreeable and striking :

A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,

Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in

His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)

To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how—

Having no equals, nothing which had e'er

Infected her with sympathy till now,

And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear

Aught of a serious sorrowing kind, although

There might arise some pouting petty care

To cross her brow, she wondered how, so near

Her eyes, another's eye could shed a tear.

But Nature teaches more than power can spoil,

And, when a *strong*, although a strange sensation,

Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil

For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their nation,

They naturally pour the ' wine and oil,'

Samaritans in every situation ;

And thus Gulleyaz, though she knew not why,

Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

But tears must stop like all things else ; and soon

Juan, who for an instant had been moved

To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone

Of one who dared to ask if ' he *had* loved,'

Called back the stoic to his eyes, which shone

Bright with the very weakness he reproved ;

And although sensitive to beauty, he

Felt most indignant still at not being free.

Juan replies,

' Thou ask'st if I can love ? be this the proof

How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee* :

In this vile garb, the distaff's web and woof

Were fitter for me—love is for the free !

I am not dazzled by this splendid roof—

Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.'

The rage of Gulleyaz is of a towering kind :

If I said fire flashed from Gulleyaz' eyes,
'Twere nothing—for her eyes flashed always fire ;
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise ;
For ne'er till now she knew a checked desire ;
Even ye who know what a checked woman is,
All that you know would much fall short of this.

* * * * *

A storm it raged—and like the storm it passed—
Passed without words—in fact, she could not speak,
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flowed in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud ;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers—
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head ;
Her second to cut only his—acquaintance :
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred ;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance ;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed ;
Her sixth to stab herself ; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

Her tears move Juan more than her rage, and he is making his apologies, when Baba enters to announce the coming of the sultan. The monarch of the east, preceded by a long file of attendants, then enters :

His highness was a man of solemn port,
 Shawled to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
 Snatched from a prison to preside at court ;
 His lately bow-strung brother caused his rise ;
 He was as good a sovereign of the sort
 As any mentioned in the histories
 Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine
 Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
 With more than oriental scrupulosity ;
 He left to his vizier all state affairs,
 And showed but little royal curiosity ;
 I know not if he had domestic cares—
 No process proved connubial animosity ;
 Four wives, and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
 Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen !

If now and then there happened a slight slip,
 Little was heard of criminal or crime—
 The story scarcely passed a single lip—
 The sack and sea had settled all in time,
 From which the secret nobody could rip :
 The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
 No scandals made the daily press a curse—
 Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
 Was also certain that the earth was square,
 Because he had journeyed fifty miles, and found
 No sign that it was circular any where ;
 His empire also was without a bound—
 'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,
 By rebel Pachas, and encroaching giaours,
 But then they never came to ' the Seven Towers ;'
 Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
 To lodge there when a war broke out, according

To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
 Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
 Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
 Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
 Their lies, ycleped dispatches, without risk or
 The singeing of a single inky whisker.

His highness looks about him, and, seeing Juan in his female dress, observes that it is a pity a mere Christian should be so pretty. This speech raises the envy of all the other ladies present, whom he leaves, at the end of the canto, tossing their heads at his highness's preference of the new-comer.

With the canto, of which we have just ended the examination, all the real merit of 'Don Juan,' such as it was, ended. Up to this point the excellencies were so mingled with the faults and improprieties of the poem, that, although the former made 'the judicious grieve,' they were impelled to exclaim, every now and then, 'With all its faults—and faults it has many—none but Lord Byron could have written some of the stanzas which "Don Juan" contains.'

The sixth canto begins with describing the storm of passion which raged in the breast of Gulleyaz when she was compelled to dismiss the youth upon whom she had fixed her affections. This is feebly and fantastically done. Juan follows, in the train of the ladies of the seraglio, the old governante, or, as she is called, 'the mother of the maids,' to the chambers in which they commonly reside. A new-comer is, in a seraglio as well as in every other place, an object of attraction. Three of the ladies take a fancy to Juan, or, as he is called in his female disguise, Juanna. The hour for going to rest approaches, and the mother of the maids is somewhat embarrassed how to dispose of her new charge, the beds being all full. She proposes to share her own with Juanna; but the three ladies we have mentioned are all desirous of showing her the most hospitable attentions, and offer their beds. At length the matron fixes upon Dudù, the quietest of the three, and to her care Juanna is consigned.

Dudù's character is thus drawn :

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
 Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
 With the most regulated charms of feature,
 Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning

Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And, pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions, and so forth,
Which, some call ‘ the sublime : ’ I wish they’d try it :
I’ve seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive—and serene,
It may be, more than either—not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall ;
She never thought about herself at all.

The description of the chamber and its inmates is very powerfully
and fancifully given :

There was deep silence in the chamber : dim
And distant from each other burned the lights,
And slumber hovered o’er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants : if there be sprites,
They should have walked there in their sprightliest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue and clime and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost and care and warmth induced to shoot.
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath
And lips apart, which showed the pearls beneath.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through a clou-
The moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.
A third's all pallid aspect offered more
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betrayed
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore
Beloved and deplored; while slowly strayed
(As night dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark fringes.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hushed, and stony sleep;
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
Or Lot's wife done in salt—or what you will;—
My similes are gathered in a heap;
So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
With a carved lady on a monument.

And, lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?
A lady of 'a certain age,' which means
Certainly aged—what her years might be
I know not, never counting past their teens;
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,
As ere that awful period intervenes
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
To meditate upon their sins and self.

The slumbers of the odalisques is broken by a loud scream from Dudù. The whole of the seraglio are awakened by it, and throng with the mother of the maids about the bed of the girl, who, in answer to their inquiries, says that she had a frightful dream, which caused her to cry out. The matron scolds her for disturbing her companions, and particularly for having frightened the new-comer. Of this, however

she is at least guiltless, for Juanna is lying in a sound sleep by her side, and not only is not disturbed by the scream, but does not wake until after repeated shaking by the assembled odalisques. The matron threatens to remove Juanna from Dudù's couch, but at length is pacified by the former's intercession: the ladies retire to their separate couches, and the night passes without any further noise. The whole of this incident is taken from a licentious French book, and has not even the poor merit of being original.

The waking of the sultana is well told :

With the first ray, or rather grey, of morn,
 Gulleyaz rose from restlessness; and pale
 As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,
 Arrayed herself with mantle, gem, and veil :
 The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
 Which fable places in her breast of wail,
 Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
 Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

The sultan having quitted her, she enters her boudoir, whither she summons the faithful Baba, and puts a thousand questions to him respecting Juan. These are all very perplexing to answer, for he knows that the truth will be highly displeasing to the sultana, and yet he dares not lie. He pursues a middle course, and tells her highness that he was obliged to leave the youth in the care of the mother of the maids: he tells, too, where he slept; but he does not say a word of Dudù's dream. The intelligence fills her with rage; dissappointed passion almost bursts her heart; while the necessity of adopting some measures to prevent the detection of her imperfect intention agonizes her soul :

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
 Of inspiration gathered from distress,
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
 The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
 Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
 And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.
 Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
 Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow.



Baba before the Sultana Gulbeyaz.

Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa, (for it was all pillow,
 A low, soft, Ottoman,) and black Despair
 Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore, whose shingles check
 Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
 Concealed her features better than a veil ;
 And one hand o'er the Ottoman lay drooping,
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale :
 Would that I were a painter, to be grouping
 All that a poet drags into detail !
 Oh that my words were colours ! but their tints
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

She bids Baba bring Dudù and Juan before her, and bids him also have the boat ready by the secret portal. Baba, who knows too well the fatal meaning of this order, and who, if he cares little for the lives of the victims which he knows are likely to be sacrificed, has some regard for his own, which may be brought into jeopardy by the intended vengeance of Gulleyaz, endeavours to divert her from it. His entreaties are in vain, and in this posture of affairs the canto breaks off.

The seventh canto is of a warlike character, and begins, after a short exordium, with describing the fortress of Ismail, a very strong place on the Danube, and deemed by the Turks, who held it, to be impregnable. It was attacked by the Russian forces, and, after frequent fruitless attempts, it seemed that the opinion of the Turks was well founded. The Prince Potemkin, tired of the delay, sent General Souvaroff, whose talents and bravery were well known, to assume the command of the besieging force, with the short instructions contained in the following sentence—' You will take Ismail, at whatever price !'

The arrival of Souvaroff restores the declining spirits of the Russian soldiery, and his discipline soon puts them in a situation to attempt the assault again with a better prospect of success. The facts of the following stanzas are taken from an authentic history of the siege :

At full gallop drew
 In sight two horsemen, who were deemed Cossacques
 For some time, till they came in nearer view.
 They had but little baggage at their backs ;

For there were but *three* shirts between the two ;
 But on they rode upon two Ukrainé hacks,
 Till, in approaching, were at length descried,
 In this plain pair, Souvaroff and his guide.

* * * * *

Certes matters took a different face :

There was enthusiasm and much applause,
 The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
 And all presaged good fortune to their cause
 Within a cannon-shot length of the place
 They drew, constructed ladders, repaired flaws
 In former works, made new, prepared fascines,
 And all kinds of benevolent machines.

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind

Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
 As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;
 Or as a little dog will lead the blind,

Or a bell-wether form the flock's connexion
 By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual ;
 Such is the sway of your great men o'er little,

The whole camp rung with joy ; you would have thought

That they were going to a marriage feast :
 (This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
 Since there is discord after both at least.)

There was not now a luggage-boy but sought
 Danger and spoil with ardour much increased.
 And why ? because a little, odd, old man,
 Stripped to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

* * * * *

New batteries were erected ; and was held

A general council, in which unanimity,
 That stranger to most councils, here prevailed,
 As sometimes happens in a great extremity ;
 And, every difficulty being dispelled,

Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,
 While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,
 Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.*

* Fact : Souvaroff did this in person.



Souvaroff teaching his Recruits to use the Bayonet.



It is an actual fact, that he, commander
 In chief, in proper person deigned to drill
 The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
 His time a corporal's duty to fulfil;
 Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
 To swallow flame, and never take it ill :
 He showed them how to mount a ladder (which
 Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.
 Also he dressed up, for the nonce, fascines,
 Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,
 And made them charge with bayonet these machines,
 By way of lesson against actual Turks ;
 And, when well practised in these mimic scenes,
 He judged them proper to assail the works ;
 At which your wise men sneered in phrases witty :—
 He made no answer ; but he took the city.

The army is preparing for the attack on the following day, when five persons are brought in by a party of Cossacques. These are no other than our hero—his friend the Englishman, who was exposed for sale with him at Constantinople—and two Turkish women and a man. Johnson, the Englishman, is known to Souvaroff by his having formerly served in a Russian regiment. He is placed by the old general in the same post again ; Juan is taken to the general's tent ; and the two ladies, at the request of the males, are put in a place of safety. From this time we hear nothing more of them, nor are we even told who they are, so that the reader is at full liberty to suppose them to be Gulleyaz, Dudù, and Baba, or any others whom he may choose to fancy. All that is said upon the subject is by Johnson, who tells Souvaroff,

These are two Turkish ladies, who
 With their attendant aided our escape.

So that in all probability Gulleyaz' sanguinary determination was changed either by persuasions or by her passion, or by accident, and they thus find themselves before Ismail.

The canto ends with a fine description of the night before the battle :

Hark ! through the silence of the cold dull night,
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
 Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
 Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank

Of the armed river, while with straggling light
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
 Which curl in curious wreaths—How soon the smoke
 Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak !

Here pause we for the present—as even then
 That awful pause, dividing life from death,
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
 Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath !
 A moment—and all will be life again !
 The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either faith !
 Hurra ! and Allah ! and—one moment more—
 The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

The assault is narrated in a way which shows that, besotted as his Muse had become, Lord Byron possessed the power of description in an eminent degree. We pass over these details to follow the progress of the hero :

Juan and Johnson joined a certain corps,
 And fought away with might and main, not knowing
 The way, which they had never trod before,
 And still less guessing where they might be going ;
 But on they marched, dead bodies trampling o'er,
 Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing,
 But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
 To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

Thus on they wallowed in the bloody mire
 Of dead and dying thousands—sometimes gaining
 A yard or two of ground, which brought them nigher
 To some odd angle for which all were straining ;
 At other times, repulsed by the close fire,
 Which really poured as if all hell were raining,
 Instead of heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er
 A wounded comrade sprawling in his gore.

Though 'twas Don Juan's first of fields, and though
 The nightly muster and the silent march
 In the chill dark, when courage does not glow
 So much as under a triumphal arch,
 Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
 A glance on the dull clouds, (as thick as starch,



The Russian Officer cutting off the Moslem's Head.

Which stiffened heaven,) as if he wished for day ;—
Yet for all this he did not run away.

* * * *

But to continue ;—I say not *the* first,

But of the first, our little friend Don Juan
Walked o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nurst

Amidst such scenes—though this was quite a new one
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst

Of glory, which so pierces through and through one,
Pervaded him—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

And here he was—who upon Woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child ; howe'er
The man in all the rest might be confest,

To him it was Elysium to be there ;
And he could even withstand that awkward test
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,

'Observe your lover when he *leaves* your arms ;'
But Juan never left them, while they had charms—

Unless compelled by fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.

But *here* he was !—where each tie that can bind
Humanity must yield to steel and flame :

And *he* whose very body was all mind,
Flung here by Fate, or circumstance, which tame
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,
Dashed on like a spurred blood-horse in a race.

The horrors of the sanguinary conflict are then told ; but this part of the poem is feeble and prolix. The accident which has furnished a subject for one of the engravings which decorate this volume, and which really happened in the course of the siege, is told in the following stanzas :

A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
Seized fast as if 'twere by the serpent's head,
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel.
In vain he kicked, and swore, and writhed, and bled,
And howled for help as wolves do for a meal—

The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
 As do the subtle snakes described of old.
 A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
 Of a foe o'er him, snatched at it, and bit
 The very tendon which is most acute—
 (That which some ancient Muse or modern wit
 Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through't
 He made the teeth meet, nor relinquished it
 Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said
 To the live leg still clung the severed head.

Juan is checked in his headlong career by the sight of a helpless child, about to become the prey of two Cossacques. He saves her, at the risk of his own life, by treating her pursuers in the only way which could possibly have induced them to forego their intentions—that is, by cutting them down; and, then leaving her in the charge of some of the men of the corps he had joined—promising them rewards if they preserved her, and death if they suffered her to be harmed—he pursues his way. This is a refreshing spot in the narration of bloody deeds which fills this canto:

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
 Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group
 Of murdered women, who had found their way
 To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
 And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
 A female child of ten years tried to stoop,
 And hide her little palpitating breast
 Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.
 Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child
 With flashing eyes and weapons: matched with them
 The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
 Has feelings pure and polished as a gem—
 The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild:
 And whom for this at last must we condemn?
 Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ
 All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?
 Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,
 Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright;
 Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
 When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,





Don Juan saving the Child from the Cossagues.

I shall not say exactly what he *said*,

Because it might not solace 'ears polite ;'
But what he *did* was to lay on their backs—
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

One's hip he slashed, and split the other's shoulder,

And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
If there might be surgeons who could solder

The wounds they richly merited, and shriek
Their baffled rage and pain ; while, waxing colder

As he turned o'er each pale and gory cheek,
Don Juan raised his little captive from
The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

And she was chill as they, and on her face

A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race ;

For the same blow which laid her mother here
Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace

As the last link with all she had held dear ;
But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed

Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mixed
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protégée ; while her's, transfixed

With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase.

The gallant resistance made by the old Tartar chief who held the town—and who fought to the last, surrounded by his five sons—is also a fine episode. Juan and Johnson, touched at his courage, endeavour, but in vain, to persuade him to surrender. He answers only by blows :

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both

Juan and Johnson ; whereupon they fell,

The first with sighs, the second with an oath,

Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell,

And all around were grown exceeding wroth

At such a pertinacious infidel,

And poured upon him and his sons like rain,
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

That drinks and still is dry. At last they perished—

His second son was levelled by a shot ;

His third was sabred ; and the fourth, most cherished

Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot ;

The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourished,

Had been neglected, ill used, and what not,

Because deformed, yet died all game and bottom,

To save a sire who blushed that he begot him.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,

As great a scorner of the Nazarene

As ever Mahomet picked out for a martyr,

Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,

Who make the beds of those, who won't take quarter

On earth, in Paradise ; and, when once seen,

Those Houris, like all other pretty creatures,

Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

* * * * *

But, with a heavenly rapture on his face,

The good old khan, who long had ceased to see

Houris, or aught except his florid race,

Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—

When he beheld his latest hero grace

The earth, which he became like a felled tree,

Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast

A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,

Stopped as if once more willing to concede

Quarter, in case he bade them not ' aroint !'

As he before had done. He did not heed

Their pause nor signs : his heart was out of joint,

And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,

As he looked down upon his children gone,

And felt—though done with life—he was alone.

But 'twas a transient tremor :—with a spring

Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,

As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
 Against the light wherein she dies : he clung
 Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
 Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young ;
 And, throwing back a dim look on his sons,
 In one wide wound poured forth his soul at once.

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who
 Spared neither sex nor age in their career
 Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
 And lay before them with his children near,
 Touched by the heroism of him they slew,
 Were melted for a moment ; though no tear
 Flowed from their blood-shot eyes, all red with strife,
 They honored such determined scorn of life.

The city is at length taken, and Juan sent to Petersburg with the dispatch announcing the victory to the empress. With this event the canto concludes.

The beginning of the ninth canto is full of political ravings, which may well be passed over without abating the entertainment of our readers, and without doing any wrong to Lord Byron. We shall content ourselves with pursuing the hero :

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
 Was left upon his way with the dispatch,
 Where blood was talked of as we would of water ;
 And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
 O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
 Fair Catharine's pastime—who looked on the match
 Between these nations as a main of cocks,
 Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

And there in a *kibitka* he rolled on,
 (A cursed sort of carriage, without springs,
 Which on rough roads leave scarcely a whole bone,)
 Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
 And orders, and on all that he had done—
 And wishing that post-horses had the wings
 Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
 Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

Thus he arrives at Petersburg, and here the poet begs you will

Suppose him in a handsome uniform ;

A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,

Waving, like sails new shivered in a storm,

Over a cocked hat in a crowded room,

And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,

Of yellow casimire we may presume,

White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk

O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk ;

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,

Made up by youth, Fame, and an army tailor—

That great enchanter, at whose rod's command

Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns paler,

Seeing how Art can make her work more grand,

(When she don't pin men's limbs in like a gaoler)—

Behold him placed as if upon a pillar ! He

Seems Love turned a lieutenant of artillery !

His bandage slipped down into a cravat ;

His wings subdued to epaulettes ; his quiver

Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at

His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever ;

His bow converted into a cocked hat ;

But still so like, that Psyche were more clever

Than some wives (who make blunders no less stupid)

If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whispered, and

The empress smiled ; the reigning favorite frowned—

I quite forget which of them was in hand

Just then, as they are rather numerous found,

Who took by turns that difficult command

Since first her majesty was singly crowned :

But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,

All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,

Blushing and beardless ; and yet ne'ertheless

There was a something in his turn of limb,

And still more in his eye, which seemed to express,

That, though he looked one of the seraphim,

There lurked a man beneath the spirit's dress.

Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï.*

The lustful Empress of Russia becomes enamoured of Don Juan, and he is in a short time her favorite paramour. Offices and honours, and rank and wealth, flow to him in profusion; and the remainder of the canto is filled with not very decent allusions to, and descriptions of, this infamous woman's amours.

In the next canto Juan falls sick. His physicians prescribe change of air; and the empress, although very reluctant to part with him, at length consents to his quitting her. He is dispatched to England as an envoy extraordinary on a secret mission:

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negotiation
Between the British cabinet and Russian,
Maintained with all the due prevarication
With which great states such things are apt to push on;
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
Which Britons deem their 'uti possidetis.'

The approach to England is described in such a manner as must convince every one that Lord Byron's hatred of his country was, for the greater part, mere affectation. He speaks of it as the place in which all his best affections sprung, and where alone they could flourish so as to produce his happiness. The journey to London is whimsically told; and its beauties touched lightly, but strikingly:

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;
Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,
Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
In the same quaint uninterested tone:—
There's glory again for you, gentle reader! All
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,
Half-solved into those sodas or magnesias,
Which form that bitter draught, the human species.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:
He breathed a thousand Cressies as he saw

* He was the 'grande passion' of the grande Catharine;—see her Lives, under the head of 'Lanskoï.'

That casque, which never stooped except to Time.

Even the bold churchman's tomb excited awe,
Who died in the then great attempt to climb
O'er kings, who *now* at least *must talk* of law
Before they butcher.

* * * * *

On, on, through meadows, managed like a garden,
A Paradise of hops and high production ;
For, after years of travel by a bard in
Countries of greater heat but lesser suction,
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
The absence of that more sublime construction,
Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

And when I think upon a pot of beer——

But I won't weep !—and so drive on, postilions !
As the smart boys spurred fast in their career,
Juan admired these highways of free millions ;
A country in all senses the most dear
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,
Who ' kick against the pricks ' just at this juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road !

So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.
Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail ;—but, onwards as we roll,
' Surgit amari aliquid '—the toll !

Alas ! how deeply painful is all payment !

Take lives, take wives, take aught except men's purses.
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses.
They hate a murderer much less than a claimant
On that sweet ore which every body nurses.—
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.

So said the Florentine : ye monarchs, hearken
 To your instructor ! Juan now was borne,
 Just as the day began to wane and darken,
 O'er the high hill, which looks with pride or scorn
 Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark in
 Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn
 According as you take things well or ill ;—
 Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill !

In the eleventh canto Don Juan's approach to London is impeded by an accident likely enough to have occurred at the time when the action of the poem is supposed to have taken place, or even now, on Shooter's Hill. We insert it for the purpose of showing the power which Lord Byron possessed over the language ; and that, beautifully as he could sometimes write, he could sometimes also ' sound the very bass strings of humility !'.

The man who has stood on the Acropolis,
 And looked down over Attica ; or he
 Who has sailed where picturesque Constantinople is,
 Or seen Tombuctoo, or bath taken tea
 In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
 May not think much of London's first appearance—
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill ;
 Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
 Which looks along that vale of good and ill
 Where London streets ferment in full activity ;
 While every thing around was calm and still,
 Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
 Heard—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
 Of cities, that boils over with their scum :—

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
 Walked on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
 And, lost in wonder of so great a nation,
 Gave way to't, since he could not overcome it.
 ' And here,' he cried, ' is Freedom's chosen station ;
 Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it

Racks, prisons, inquisitions ; resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

‘ Here are chaste wives, pure lives ; here people pay
But what they please ; and if that things be dear,
’Tis only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to show how much they have a year.
There laws are all inviolate ; none lay
Traps for the traveller ; every highway’s clear :
Here’—— He was interrupted by a knife,
With ‘ Damn your eyes ! your money or your life !’——

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads
In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
Behind his carriage ; and, like handy lads,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that isle of riches
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth, ‘ God damn !’
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought ’twas only their ‘ Salām,’
Or ‘ God be with you !’——and ’tis not absurd
To think so ; for, half English as I am,
(To my misfortune,) never can I say
I heard them wish ‘ God with you,’ save that way ;——

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
And, being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant’s pudding——
Who fell, as rolls an ox o’er in his pasture,
And roared out, as he writhed his native mud in,
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
‘ Oh Jack ! I’m floored by that ere bloody Frenchman !’
On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
And Juan’s suite, late scattered at a distance,
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.





The Footpad shot by Don Juan on Blackheath.

Juan, who saw the Moon's late minion bleed
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
And wished he had been less hasty with his flint.

'Perhaps,' thought he, 'it is the country's wont

To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some innkeepers who don't

Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.

But what is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up; I'll help you with the load.'

But, ere they could perform this pious duty,

The dying man cried 'Hold! I've got my gruel!
Oh! for a glass of *max*! We've missed our booty;

Let me die where I am!' And as the fuel
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
His breath—he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying 'Give Sal that!'—and died.

The cravat, stained with bloody drops, fell down

Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,

Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,

A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

Don Juan, having done the best he could

In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as 'Crowner's quest' allowed, pursued

His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should

In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.

Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
 Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?
 Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow Street's ban)
 On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
 Who on a lark with black-eyed Sal (his blowing),
 So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?*

Juan arrives at London, where his official character, his reputation, his accomplishments, and his person, raise him into high favour with people of *ton*. In the course of this canto Lord Byron put in execution the intention he had formed of ridiculing the higher circles of English society, and particularly that part of them which is composed of learned ladies, or blue-stockings :

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
 And with the pages of the last Review
 Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
 Advanced in all their azure's highest hue :
 They talked bad French of Spanish, and upon its
 Late authors asked him for a hint or two ;
 And which was softest, Russian or Castilian ?
 And whether in his travels he saw Iliou ?

Juan, who was a little superficial,
 And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
 Examined by this learned and especial
 Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer :

* The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days :

' On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
 In spite of each gallows old scout ;
 If you at the spellken can't hustle,
 You'll be hobbled in making a clout.
 ' Then your blowing will wax gallows haughty ;
 When she hears of your scaly mistake,
 She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
 That her Jack may be regular weight.'

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq. Professor of Pugilism, who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic, as well as mental, accomplishments.

His duties warlike, loving, or official,
 His steady application as a dancer,
 Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
 Which now he found was blue instead of green.

However, he replied at hazard, with
 A modest confidence and calm assurance,
 Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
 And passed for arguments of good endurance.
 That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith,
 (Who at sixteen translated 'Hercules Furens'
 Into as furious English,) with her best look,
 Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

Juan knew several languages—as well
 He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
 To save his fame with each accomplished belle,
 Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.
 There wanted but this requisite to swell
 His qualities (with them) into sublime :
 Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
 Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

However, he did pretty well, and was
 Admitted as an aspirant to all
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
 At great assemblies or in parties small,
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
 That being about their average numeral ;
 Also the eighty 'greatest living poets,'
 As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

After a short digression the poet thus proceeds :

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril
 Amongst live poets and blue ladies, past
 With some small profit through that field so sterile,
 Being tired in time, and neither least nor last
 Left it before he had been treated very ill ;
 And henceforth found himself more gaily classed
 Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
 The Sun's true son—no vapour, but a ray.

His morns he passed in business—which, dissected,
Was like all business, a laborious nothing,
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Called 'Parks,' where there is neither fruit nor flower
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
But, after all, it is the only 'bower'
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar
Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurled
Like harnessed meteors; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirled;
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of 'Or Molu.'

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three thousandth courtesy; there the waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's *in*, or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small 'Jack Horner,'
And let the Babel round run as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,

Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.
 But this won't do, save by-and-by; and he
 Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
 Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
 Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, to where
 He deems it is his proper place to be;
 Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,
 Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill
 Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

Having brought him to England, the author was a little puzzled what to do with him. The chastisement which his poem had already met with made him at once cautious and angry: the first feeling was proved by his pause; the second by the following stanza; which is wholly untrue:

But how shall I relate in other cantos
 Of what befell our hero in the land,
 Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as
 A moral country? But I hold my hand—
 For I disdain to write an *Atalantis*;
 But 'tis as well at once to understand
 You are *not* a moral people, and you know it
 Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

The twelfth canto is very much in character with the latter part of that which we have just dismissed, and is at once beneath Lord Byron and uninteresting to our readers. It is like Theodore Hook's novels put into verse; but rather more true, and therefore not quite so amusing. It tells of the doings of high life, which are always very dull doings, and which no persons care for except those distinguished simpletons who are the actors in them. We think ourselves, however, bound to extract one passage, in which Lord Byron speaks of English women. There is in it a lurking reluctant confession that he thought, as every body besides does, they are not to be equalled by the females of any country: but still his spleen is uppermost, and the 'aliquid amari' rises almost in spite of him. He says of a 'fair Briton':

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
 Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning;

Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble
 le those bravuras (which I still am learning
 To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
 And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);—

She cannot do these things, nor one or two

Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his due;

Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,

Nor settles all things in one interview,

(A thing approved as saving time and toil);—

But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

And if in fact she takes to a ‘grande passion,’

It is a very serious thing indeed:

Nine times in ten ’tis but caprice or fashion,

Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,

The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,

Or wish to make a rival’s bosom bleed:

But the tenth instance will be a tornado,

For there’s no saying what they will or may do.

The poet takes his hero to see all the sights of London, and, among others, one in which the proud patriotism of this wilfully unhappy man discovers itself—the king of a free nation on a throne, the firmest foundation of which is in his people’s love:

He saw, however, at the closing session,

That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,

A king in constitutional possession

Of such a throne as is the proudest station,

Though despots know it not—till the progression

Of freedom shall complete their education.

’Tis not mere splendour makes the show august

To eye or heart—it is the people’s trust.

After so much wanton and ungentlemanly (we use this word because we think it peculiarly applicable to Lord Byron, in whom his rank and birth made politeness necessary, and, as regarded society, a failing in it little short of a crime) abuse as the bard had lavished upon the present king, it is not a little strange to find the following stanza. We give him no credit for it, because we believe it sprung

much more from aristocratic insolence and vanity than from any proper feeling. It is, however, true:

There too he saw (whate'er he may be now)
 A prince, the prince of princes, at the time
 With fascination in his very bow,
 And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
 Though royalty was written on his brow,
 He had *then* the grace too, rare in every clime,
 Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
 A finished gentleman from top to toe.

The thirteenth canto begins in a mighty serious strain. The poet says he is growing old, and that gravity well befits his waning years. He consoles himself that, although he can love no longer, he can hate still; and that this is a more solid and a more lasting enjoyment. He says, however, that he now neither loves nor hates in much excess, 'though once 'twas not so.' He would willingly redress the wrongs of men, but that the too true tale of Don Quixote had shown him that such efforts were in vain. The allusion to this book is a little prosaic, but nevertheless very clever:

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad
 Because it makes us smile: his hero's right,
 And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad,
 His only object; and 'gainst odds to fight,
 His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!
 But his adventures form a sorry sight;—
 A sorrier still is the great moral taught
 By that real Epic unto all who have thought.
 Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
 To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
 Opposing singly the united strong,
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless native;—
 Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
 Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative?
 A jest, a riddle, fañe through thin and thick sought?
 And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

He then introduces Lady Adeline Amundeville, an English peeress of high birth and beauty, the wife of an English lord high in the cabinet:—

Chaste was she, to Detraction's desperation,
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—
 A man known in the councils of the nation,
 Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
 Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
 Proud of himself and her: the world could tell
 Nought against either, and both seemed secure—
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

Juan had become acquainted with her husband in the course of his diplomatic business: a mutual esteem for each other had caused an intimacy, and Juan was a frequent and welcome guest at the peer's house.

The further description of Lady Adeline is highly characteristic, and touched with a most experienced hand:

There also was of course in Adeline
 That calm Patrician polish in the address,
 Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
 Of any thing which Nature would express :
 Just as a Mandarin finds nothing fine—
 At least his manner suffers not to guess
 That any thing he views can greatly please.
 Perhaps we have borrowed this from the Chinese.

* * * * *

But Adeline was not indifferent: for
 (Now for a common place !) beneath the snow,
 As a volcano holds the lava more
 Within—*et cætera*. Shall I go on?—No !
 I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,
 So let the often-used volcano go.
 Poor thing ! How frequently, by me and others,
 It hath been stirred up till its smoke quite smothers !
 I'll have another figure in a trice :—
 What say you to a bottle of champagne ?
 Frozen into a very vinous ice,
 Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
 Yet in the very centre; past all price,
 About a liquid glassful will remain ;
 And this is stronger than the strongest grape
 Could e'er express in its expanded shape :

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence ;
 And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
 A hidden nectar under a cold presence.

And such are many—though I only meant her,
 From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,

On which the Muse has always sought to enter :—
 And your cold people are beyond all price,
 When once you have broken their confounded ice.

The peer and his consort go to their seat in the country, whither Juan is invited to accompany them. In announcing this the author has playfully versified the ordinary form in which such notifications are made by the 'Morning Post,' the gazette of all fashionable amusements :

' We understand the splendid host intends
 To entertain, this autumn, a select
 And numerous party of his noble friends ;
 'Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,
 The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
 With many more by rank and fashion decked ;
 Also a foreigner of high condition,
 The Envoy of the secret Russian mission.'

In describing Norman Abbey, the seat of Lord Henry Amundeville, the poet has given a true sketch of his own Newstead Abbey. This passage, therefore, becomes doubly interesting for its excellence, and for its local fidelity.

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair—
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
 Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal : it lies perhaps a little low,
 Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
 To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
 Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally

His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters—as day awoke,

The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,

Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take

In currents through the calmer water spread
Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake

And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed :

The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,

Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding

Its shriller echoes—like an infant made

Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet ; and, thus allayed,

Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods ; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile

(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.

These last had disappeared—a loss to Art :

The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,

And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of Time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,

Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;

But these had fallen—not when the friars fell,

But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell

The annals of full many a line undone—

The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain

For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,

The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,

With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round,

Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled ;

She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall.

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.

Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :
The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
The fact :—I've heard it—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gushed through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been

Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells too and refectory, I ween :
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene ;
 The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
 By no quite lawful marriage of the Arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur ; but, when combined,
 Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
 We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
 Nor judge at first if all be true to Nature.

The picture-gallery is described with equal skill. The comparison between an English Autumn and those of every other country is gratifying, because it shows, with a thousand other proofs, that Lord Byron's contempt of his native land was only a skin-deep affectation.

The mellow Autumn came, and with it came
 The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
 The corn is cut, the manor full of game ;
 The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
 In russet jacket :—lynx-like is his aim,
 Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
 Ah nutbrown partridges ! Ah brilliant pheasants !
 And ah, ye poachers !—'Tis no sport for peasants.

An English Autumn, though it hath no vines,
 Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
 The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
 The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
 Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines ;
 The Claret light, and the Madeira strong.
 If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her
 The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
 Which makes the Southern Autumn's day appear
 As if 'twould to a second spring resign
 The season, rather than to winter drear—

Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine—
 The sea-coal fires, the earliest of the year ;
 Without doors too she may compete in mellow,
 As what is lost in green is gained in yellow.

* * * * *

I have seen more than I'll say :—but we will see
 How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
 The party might consist of thirty-three
 Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.
 I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
 But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
 By way of sprinkling, scattered amongst these
 There also were some Irish absentees.

We have not room for the catalogue of the guests, who are enumerated in the fourteenth canto with great power and bitterness.

Among these Juan was a great favorite : he shot and hunted with the men, and did both as well as the most thorough-bred Englishman. He talked with the ladies—never fell asleep after dinner—and danced like a gentleman. The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, a lady who loved *agacerie*, begins a serious flirtation with him :

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
 Desirable, distinguished, celebrated
 For several winters in the grand, *grand Monde*.
 I'd rather not say what might be related
 Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground ;
 Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated :
 Her late performance had been a dead set
 At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville is vexed at the dead set which the duchess makes at the Spaniard, and entertains fears on his account which are by no means well founded, for Juan knows how to take care of himself at least as well as her ladyship, and too well to dread the attack of her Grace of Fitz-Fulke.

She then endeavours to persuade her husband to caution Juan ; but he, like a wise man, declines, on the plea that he never interferes in the business of anybody but the king.

Lady Adeline's benevolence is not chilled by this repulse ; but by

way of securing Juan from the wicked duchess, she recommends him to marry :

Next to the making matches for herself,
 And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
 Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
 There's nothing women love to dabble in
 More (like a stockholder in growing pelf)
 Than match-making in general : 'tis no sin
 Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
 That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.
 But never yet (except of course a miss
 Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
 Or wed already, who object to this)
 Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
 Some drama of the marriage unities,
 Observed as strictly both at board and bed
 As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
 They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

She points out to him various ladies for this purpose, and, among others, one whom Lord Byron ought not to have introduced. It is surely enough, even for a poet's malice, to wound and make miserable, without also making ridiculous, a woman whose only fault had been to believe that he was worthy of her hand. We do not hesitate to insert the passage, because it can do Lady Byron no harm : the heart which has borne the fierce and destructive blows which have been poured upon hers can neither fear nor feel such petty malignity as this :

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
 That usual paragon, an only daughter,
 Who seemed the cream of equanimity,
 Till skimmed—and then there was some milk and water,
 With a slight shade of Blue too it might be,
 Beneath the surface ; but what did it matter ?
 Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
 And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

Among these unmarried ladies, however, Lady Amundeville forgot to mention one, Aurora Raby, whose charms entitled her to notice ; and this omission, by a natural consequence, made Juan think the more of that young lady.

Lord Byron ends his fifteenth canto with preparing his readers for a ghost, and the manner in which he does it convinces us that he clung to the superstition—if superstition it be—of believing in spectral apparitions, together with many wise men, and many more who do not deserve that appellation, but who comprise the great majority of the whole world :

Grim reader ! did you ever see a ghost ?

No ; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb !
And don't regret the time you may have lost,

For you have got that pleasure still to come :
And do not think I mean to sneer at most
Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
That source of the sublime and the mysterious :—
For certain reasons, my belief is serious.

Serious ? You laugh ;—you may ; that will I not ;
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.

I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where ? That shall I not recall,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,

' Shadows the soul of Richard' may appal.
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the Philosopher of Malmsbury.*

The night (I sing by night—sometimes an owl,
And now and then a nightingale) is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
Rattles around me her discordant hymn :

Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to Heaven they would not look so grim ;
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sate up too late :

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way
To rhyme at noon—when I have other things

To think of, if I ever think—I say
I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
Treating a topic which, alas ! but brings

* Hobbes ; who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

Shadows;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are !

How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

The sixteenth canto brings the spectre, for whose coming, lest his readers should be frightened, the poet thought fit to prepare them in the last. Juan has retired after a day of revelry to his chamber, and is sitting half undressed in a thoughtless mood—not a very usual one with him—when the adventure occurs :

As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique house,
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

It was no mouse, but, lo ! a monk, arrayed
In cowl and beads and dusky garb, appeared,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard ;
His garments only a slight murmur made ;
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly ; and, as he passed Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
Coined from surviving superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,

But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And *did* he see this? or was it a vapour?

Once, twice, thrice passed, repassed—the thing of air,
Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place;
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,

Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He taxed his tongue for words, which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow passed away—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spectre seemed to evaporate.

Juan, frightened out of his wits, returns to his bed; but his attempts to sleep are all in vain. The morning finds him pale and *distract*. The singularity of his appearance excites great curiosity at the breakfast table, and Lady Amundeville asks him if he has seen the ghost of the Friar. He asks what she means, and is told that, by an old legend connected with the family history, it is said that a Black Friar haunts the castle:—but take the answer in Lord Henry's words:

'Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar—
The spirit of these walls?'—'In truth not I.'
'Why Fame—but Fame you know's sometimes a liar—
Tells an odd story, of which by-the-by:
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

At the request of the peer his lovely consort sings, accompanying herself on her harp, a ballad relating to this legend, which is set to the air 'It was a Friar of Orders Grey:'

After some fascinating hesitation—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,

I can't tell why, to this dissimulation—

Fair Adeline, with eyes fixed on the ground

At first, then kindling into animation,

Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,

And sang with much simplicity—a merit

Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it :—

• Beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,

Who sitteth by Norman stone,

For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,

And his mass of the days that are gone.

When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,

Made Norman Church his prey,

And expelled the friars, one friar still

Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,

To turn church lands to lay,

With sword in hand, and torch to light

Their walls, if they said nay ;

A monk remained, unchased, unchained,

And he did not seem formed of clay,

For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,

Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,

It is not mine to say ;

But still to the house of Amundeville

He abideth night and day.

By the marriage bed of their lords ; 'tis said,

He flits on the bridal eve ;

And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death

He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,

And when aught is to befall

That ancient line, in the pale moonshine

He walks from hall to hall.

His form you may trace, but not his face—

'Tis shadowed by his cowl ;

But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,

And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway,
 For he is yet the church's heir,
 Whoever may be the lay,
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night :
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
 And he'll say nought to you ;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then, Grammercy ! for the Black Friar ;
 Heaven sain him ! fair or foul,*
 And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul.'

This explanation does not calm Juan's perturbation ; his efforts to recover his self-possession during the day are in vain. At night he is sitting in his chamber listening, and expecting a second visitation :

And not in vain he listened—Hush ! what's that ?
 I see—I see !—Ah, no !—'tis not—yet 'tis—
 Ye powers ! it is the—the—the—Pooh ! the cat !
 The devil may take that stealthy pace of his !
 So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
 Or tiptoe of an amatory miss,
 Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

Again—what is't ? The wind ? No, no—this time
 It is the sable Friar as before,
 With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
 Again, through shadows of the night sublime,
 When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
 The starry darkness round her like a girdle
 Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,*
 Which sets the teeth on edge ; and a slight clatter,

* See the account of the Ghost of the Uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony raised by Schroepfer—'Karl—Karl—was—walt wolt mich?'

Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,
Came over Juan's ear, which throbbed, alas!

For immaterialism's a serious matter ;
So that even those, whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them *tête-à-tête*.

Were his eyes open ?—Yes ! and his mouth too.

Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which Eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.

Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,

Tremendous to a mortal tympanum :

His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What opened next ?—the door.

It opened with a most infernal creak,

Like that of hell. ' *Lasciate ogni speranza
Voi che entrate !*' The hinge seemed to speak,

Dreadful as Dante's rhyme, or this stanza ;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak ;

A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit ?
Or how is't *matter* trembles to come near it ?

The door flew wide, not swiftly—but, as fly

The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back ; nor close—but stood awry,

Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burned high,

For he had two, both tolerably bright,
And in the door-way, darkening Darkness, stood
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken

The night before ; but, being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken ;

And then to be ashamed of such mistaking ;
His own internal ghost began to awaken

Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—
Hinting that soul and body, on the whole,
Were odds against a disembodied soul.



Don Juan surprised by a midnight Visitor.



And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce;
 And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated;
 But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
 Followed, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
 Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
 At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
 The ghost stopped, menaced, then retired, until
 He reached the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal Powers!
 It touched no soul, nor body, but the wall,
 On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers
 Chequered with all the tracery of the hall;
 He shuddered, as no doubt the bravest cowers
 When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.
 How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
 Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!*

But still the shade remained; the blue eyes glared,
 And rather variably for stony death;
 Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
 The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath.
 A straggling curl showed he had been fair-haired;
 A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
 Gleamed forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
 The moon peeped, just escaped from a grey cloud.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
 His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!
 It pressed upon a hard but glowing bust,
 Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
 He found, as people on most trials must,
 That he had made at first a silly blunder,
 And that in his confusion he had caught
 Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seemed a sweet soul
 As ever lurked beneath a holy hood:

* '——— *Shadows, to-night,*
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers,' &c.
 SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.*

A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
 Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
 Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
 And they revealed—alas! that e'er they should!
 In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown* bulk,
 The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke!

Thus breaks off this singular poem, of which, taken as a whole, we cannot regret that we have no more.

CHAPTER XII.

THE somewhat lengthened notice of 'Don Juan' into which we have thought it expedient to go has prevented us from observing strictly the order of time in which Lord Byron's poems were published: we shall now, however, resume the connexion of them, and proceed to speak of 'Werner,' a tragedy which came out early in the year 1822. It is founded upon one of the stories in Miss Lee's 'Canterbury Tales;' and, although the subject is deeply interesting, and even worthy of the honour which the labours of Lord Byron have conferred upon it, we cannot but wonder that so inventive a mind as his should have chosen to be indebted to any other writer for the plot of his tragedy, which without too great an effort he might have fabricated for himself.

Miss Lee's tale is called 'Kuitznar,' and is the longest and the best in the collection which we have mentioned. It does not fall within our plan to allude more particularly to that tale, but justice to the authoress compels us to observe that it is highly creditable to her talents; and, although it is slight, and has rather an unfinished appearance, it is equal, in all the characteristics of romantic narrative, to any similar production in this language.

Lord Byron dedicated his tragedy to 'the illustrious Goëthe,' and did himself at least as much honour as he conferred upon that gifted and universal genius of Germany, by professing himself to be 'one of his humblest admirers.' The tragedy which we proceed now to describe opens with a dialogue between Werner and his wife. He is at this time just recovered from a sickness which has seized him on a journey which he was making from Hamburgh towards Bohemia, and which compelled him to stop on the Silesian frontier. He is accom-

panied by his wife, from a dialogue with whom we learn that Werner is an assumed name—that he who bears it is the disinherited son of a wealthy nobleman of Prague, and has been for years pining in want and misery, and hiding from a powerful enemy, who has wrongfully obtained possession of his patrimonial estates. He has had one son, who was educated by Werner's father, but who has quitted the castle of his ancestors, and gone to seek his fortune no one knows whither. Werner is now lodging in a deserted palace belonging to one of the Silesian princes, by permission of the Intendant. He learns that the Oder has overflowed, and that a nobleman whose impatience induced him to attempt the passage at a dangerous time has been carried away, and would have been drowned but for the assistance of some strangers. One of these strangers, Gabor, soon after enters. He is a blunt reckless soldier of fortune, and, as it turns out afterwards, partly soldier, partly bandit, but yet a bandit of the higher order; not by any means what Mr. Peachum calls a poor 'petty larceny rascal,' but one who, although he scorns to commit a robbery in a house or under quiet commonplace circumstances, has no objection to fire a castle, or to cry 'Stand!' to a true man. He learns that Werner is poor, and offers him his purse; but he finds that he is no less proud than poor by his refusal to accept his offer. The rescued nobleman afterwards appears, and is recognised by Werner to be the Count Stralenheim, his old persecutor. The count—who, although he has not seen his victim for more than twenty years, suspects his identity—resolves to make sure of it, and dispatches messengers to Hamburg, as well to prove that, as to enable him, under some forged accusation, to get possession of Werner's person, when his death would soon be certain. The swelling of the water makes the passage of the messengers impossible; and things are in this state when the other stranger, who had been mainly instrumental in rescuing Count Stralenheim, reaches the castle. The count is prepossessed in favour of this person, whose youth and frank manners, prompt and active intrepidity, and strikingly handsome appearance, make him wish to engage him in his service. The youth accepts his offers, and, in an interview with Werner and his wife, he discovers his own father and mother. Before this, however, an incident has occurred which has a main operation in the business of the drama. The apartments inhabited by Werner are at one end of the old palace, while those occupied by the count are at the other extremity. Werner suspects but too truly the danger in which he is; but, poor, and almost wholly destitute, he has not the means of escaping

from it. A secret passage, known only to him, leads to the count's chamber : he treads it, and finds his enemy sleeping by the fire, while a table near him is covered with gold. Werner's first impulse is to kill his foe ; but his heart revolting at the idea of shedding blood, he chooses the lesser crime of robbery, and takes from the table a rouleau of gold, for the purpose of enabling him to fly from the pursuit which he fears. He regains his own chamber safely. The count, on waking, discovers his loss, and institutes an inquiry for it. Ulric, the young stranger, in endeavoring to trace the robber, finds his own parents, and learns from his father's lips the extent of his guilt and the character of the Count Stralenheim, who stands between him and his patrimonial estates. He is of a daring and impetuous spirit; and, although he would stop at the commission of no crime himself, he feels disgraced by that of his father. He, however, wastes no time in reproaches : he bids him hasten his departure ; and gives him a valuable ring, with which to bribe the Intendant's assistance. Suspicion of the robbery alights on Gabor, the other stranger ; and Ulric, although he knows his innocence, does not attempt to free him from the accusation ; while Gabor's own haughty and violent demeanour helps to encourage the belief that he is guilty. Werner, on the contrary, offers him an asylum in his chamber till midnight, when Gabor resolves to pursue his journey. To favour his escape from the Intendant, Werner shows him the secret passage. By virtue of the jewel which his son has given him he then secures all the means for his own escape, which is to take place before daybreak. While Werner is waiting in the garden Ulric comes to him, and with great apparent agitation asks him if he has killed the Count Stralenheim. Werner denies this with horror. Ulric says he is satisfied of his father's innocence, but he adds that the count is murdered in his chamber. Werner then tells his son that Gabor was acquainted with the passage ; and, as he has fled from the castle, there remains no doubt on the mind of either of them that he has perpetrated the foul deed. Ulric, however, insists on his father's pursuing his journey, and they part.

The fourth act begins in the castle of Siegendorf, near Prague, where the poor fugitive Werner, become, by the death of Stralenheim, the Count of Siegendorf, and the possessor of the domains of his ancestors, is living with his wife, his son, and Ida Stralenheim, the young and beautiful daughter of the deceased count. The manner of Ulric's life—the mystery which accompanies some of his actions—and the character of the wild young men whom he makes his com-

panions—give great pain to the old count, who endeavors to persuade him to give them up. His son answers him evasively. The father then recommends him to marry Ida; and to this, although he does not refuse to comply, Ulric evinces great reluctance. Ida, on the other hand, is intensely enamoured of ‘her cousin;’ and, with the simplicity of a young and loving girl, she makes no secret of a passion which she believes is returned. A great festival is celebrated in Prague, where the count sees, for the first time since the night of the murder, Gabor, whom he suspects to have perpetrated it. He gives orders to have him secured, but he is not to be found. The description of the festival, and of the effect which the sight of Gabor had on the count, are very powerfully given:

The church was thronged; the hymn was raised;
 ‘*Te Deum*’ pealed from nations, rather than
 From choirs, in one great cry of ‘God be praised’
 For one day’s peace, after thrice ten dread years,
 Each bloodier than the former: I arose
 With all the nobles, and as I looked down
 Along the lines of lifted faces—from
 Our bannered and escutcheoned gallery, I
 Saw, like a flash of lightning, (for I saw
 A moment, and no more,) what struck me sightless
 To all else—the Hungarian’s face! I grew
 Sick; and, when I recovered from the mist
 Which curled about my senses, and again
 Looked down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving
 Was over, and we marched back in procession.

Ulr. Continue.

Sie. When we reached the Muldau’s bridge,
 The joyous crowd above, the numberless
 Barks manned with revellers in their best garbs,
 Which shot along the glancing tide below,
 The decorated street, the long array,
 The clashing music, and the thundering
 Of far artillery, which seemed to bid
 A long and loud farewell to its great doings,
 The standards o’er me, and the tramlings round,
 The roar of rushing thousands—all—all could not
 Chase this man from my mind; although my senses
 No longer held him palpable.

Ulr. You saw him
 No more, then ?
Sie. I looked, as a dying soldier
 Looks at a draught of water, for this man ;
 But still I saw him not ; but in his stead—
Ulr. What in his stead ?
Sie. My eye for ever fell
 Upon your dancing crest ; the loftiest,
 As on the loftiest and the loveliest head
 It rose the highest of the stream of plumes
 Which overflowed the glittering streets of Prague.
Ulr. What's this to the Hungarian ?
Sie. Much ; for I
 Had almost then forgot him in my son,
 When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
 The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
 Of shouting, I heard in a deep low voice,
 Distinct, and keener far upon my ear
 Than the late cannon's volume, this word—' *Werner !*'
Ulr. Uttered by—
Sie. HIM ! I turned—and saw—and fell.
Ulr. And wherefore ? Were you seen ?
Sie. The officious care
 Of those around me dragged me from the spot,
 Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause ;
 You, too, were too remote in the procession
 (The old nobles being divided from their children)
 To aid me.

Gabor is then brought in, and taxed with the murder by the old count in the presence of his son. He denies it ; and, being asked how he will disprove the charge, he replies ' By the presence of the murderer ! ' A scene ensues which unravels the whole mystery of the tragic tale :

Sie. Name him !
Gab. He
 May have more names than one. Your lordship had so
 Once on a time.
Sie. If you mean me, I dare
 Your utmost.

Gab. You may do so, and in safety,
I know the assassin.

Sie. Where is he?

Gab. (*pointing to ULRIC.*) Beside you!
[*ULRIC rushes forward to attack GABOR;*
SIEGENDORF interposes.

Sie. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

[*He turns to ULRIC.*

Ulric, repel this calumny, as I
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,
I could not deem it earth-born: but, be calm;
It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[*ULRIC endeavors to compose himself.*

Gab. Look at him, Count, and then hear me.

Sie. (*first to GABOR, and then looking at ULRIC.*)
I hear thee.

My God! you look——

Ulr. How?

Sie. As on that dread night
When we met in the garden.

Ulr. (*composes himself.*) It is nothing.

Gab. Count, you are bound to hear me. I came hither.
Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down
Amidst the people in the church, I dreamed not
To find the beggared Werner in the seat
Of senators and princes; but you have called me,
And we have met.

Sie. Go on, Sir.

Gab. Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire who profited
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as ever?—
And poorer by suspicion on my name.
The baron lost in that last outrage neither
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought—
A life which stood between the claims of others
To honours and estates scarce less than princely.

Sie. These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less
To me than to my son.

Gab. I can't help that.

But let the consequence alight on him
 Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
 I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
 I know you innocent, and deem you just.
 But ere I can proceed—*Dare* you protect me?—
Dare you command me?

[*Siegendorf first looks at the Hungarian, and then at Ulric, who has unbuckled his sabre, and is drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its sheath.*

Ulr. (*looks at his father and says*) Let the man go on
Gab. I am unarmed, Count—bid your son lay down
 His sabre.

Ulr. (*offers it to him contemptuously.*) Take it.

Gab. No, Sir, 'tis enough
 That we are both unarmed—I would not choose
 To wear a steel which may be stained with more
 Blood than came there in battle.

Ulr. (*casts the sabre from him in contempt*) It—or
 some

Such other weapon, in my hands—spared yours
 Once when disarmed and at my mercy.

Gab. True—
 I have not forgotten it : you spared me for
 Your own especial purpose—to sustain
 An ignominy not my own.

Ulr. Proceed.
 The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.
 But is it for my father to hear further?

[*To Siegendorf.*

Sie. (*takes his son by the hand.*) My son ! I know my
 own innocence—and doubt not
 Of yours—but I have promised this man patience ;
 Let him continue.

Gab. I will not detain you
 By speaking of myself much ; I began
 Life early—and am what the world has made me.
 At Frankfort on the Oder, where I passed
 A winter in obscurity, it was
 My chance at several places of resort

(Which I frequented sometimes, but not often)
 To hear related a strange circumstance
 In February last. A martial force,
 Sent by the state, had, after strong resistance,
 Secured a band of desperate men, supposed
 Marauders from the hostile camp.—They proved,
 However, not to be so—but banditti,
 Whom either accident or enterprise
 Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests
 Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
 Many amongst them were reported of
 High rank—and martial law slept for a time.
 At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
 And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction
 Of the free town of Frankfort. *Of their fate*
 I know no more.

Sie. And what is this to Ulric?

Gab. Amongst them there was said to be one man
 Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
 Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,
 And courage as unrivalled, were proclaimed
 His by the public rumour; and his sway,
 Not only over his associates, but
 His judges, was attributed to witchcraft.
 Such was his influence:—I have no great faith
 In any magic, save that of the mine—
 I therefore deemed him wealthy; but my soul
 Was roused with various feelings to seek out
 This prodigy, if only to behold him.

Sie. And did you so?

Gab. You'll hear. Chance favored me:
 A popular affray in the public square
 Drew crowds together: it was one of those
 Occasions where men's souls look out of them,
 And show them as they are—even in their faces;
 The moment my eye met his I exclaimed
 'This is the man!' though he was then, as since,
 With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
 I had not erred, and watched him long and nearly:
 I noted down his form—his gesture—features,

Stature and bearing—and, amidst them all,
Midst every natural and acquired distinction,
I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye
And gladiator's heart.

Ulr. (smiling.) The tale sounds well.

Gab. And may sound better.—He appeared to me
One of those beings to whom Fortune bends
As she doth to the daring—and on whom
The fates of others oft depend; besides,
An indescribable sensation drew me
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune
Was to be fixed by him.—There I was wrong.

Sie. And may not be right now.

Gab. I followed him,
Solicited his notice—and obtained it—
Though not his friendship:—it was his intention
To leave the city privately;—we left it
Together—and together we arrived
In the poor town where Werner was concealed,
And Stralenheim was succoured——Now we are on
The verge—*dare* you hear further?

Sie. I must do so—
Or I have heard too much.

Gab. I saw in you
A man above his station—and if not
So high, as now I find you, in my then
Conceptions—'twas that I had rarely seen
Men such as you appeared in height of mind,
In the most high of worldly rank; you were
Poor—even to all, save rags.—I would have shared
My purse, though slender, with you—you refused it.

Sie. Doth my refusal make a debt to you,
That thus you urge it?

Gab. Still you owe me something,
Though not for that—and I owed you my safety,
At least my seeming safety—when the slaves
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds
That *I* had robbed him.

Sie. I concealed you—I,
Whom, and whose house, you arraign, reviving viper!

Gab. I accuse no man—save in my defence.
 You, Count! have made yourself accuser—judge—
 Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.
 Be just, and *I'll* be merciful.

Sie.

You merciful!

You! Base calumniator!

Gab.

I. 'Twill rest

With me at last to be so. You concealed me—
 In secret passages known to yourself,
 You said, and to none else. At dead of night—
 Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
 Of tracing back my way—I saw a glimmer,
 Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light.
 I followed it, and reached a door—a secret
 Portal—which opened to the chamber, where,
 With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
 As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
 I looked through, and beheld a purple bed,
 And on it Stralenheim!—

Sie.

Asleep! And yet

You slew him—Wretch!

Gab.

He was already slain,

And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own
 Blood became ice.

Sie.

But he was all alone!

You saw none else? You did not see the—

[*He pauses from agitation.*

Gab.

No.

He, whom you dare not name—nor even I
 Scarce dare to recollect—was not then in
 The chamber.

Sie. (to Ulric.) Then, my boy! thou art guiltless still—
 Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once—Oh! now
 Do thou as much!

Gab.

Be patient! I can *not*

Recede now, though it shake the very walls
 Which frown above us. You remember—or,
 If not, your son does—that the locks were changed,
 Beneath *his* chief inspection, on the morn
 Which led to this same night: how he had entered

He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar, I saw
A man who washed his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more!

Sie. Oh! God of Fathers!

Gab. I beheld his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them:—behold them in Count Ulric's!
Distinct—as I beheld them—though the expression
Is not now what it then was;—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime—so lately.

When this dreadful story is told (during the whole of which Ulric has stood silent) Siegendorf bids Gabor retire into an adjoining closet, and then asks his son what he says to it. Ulric coolly replies that it is true; and in a few speeches he displays the whole of his character, and the motives which urged him to this crime:

Ulr. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

Sie. How so?

Ulr. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before?
When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or, had the prince's household been
Then summoned, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loitered on the way? Or could *you*, *Werner*,
The object of the baron's hate and fears,
Have fled—unless, by many an hour before
Suspicion woke, I sought and fathomed you,
Doubting if you were false or feeble? I
Perceived you were the latter; and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

Sie. Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,



Gabor accusing Ulric of the Murder of Strahlenheim.



Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice ?

Ulr. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay, between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured
Could *I* be calm ? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling ? You
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself ;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it ?

Sie. Oh ! my dead father's curse ! 'tis working now.

Ulr. Let it work on ! the grave will keep it down !
Ashes are feeble foes : it is more easy
To baffle such than countermine a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.
Yet hear me still !—If *you* condemn me, yet
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often
To listen to him ! *Who* proclaimed to me
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion ?
That passion was our nature ? that the goods
Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune ?
Who showed me his humanity secured
By his *nerves* only ? *Who* deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day ? By his disgrace which stamped
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a *felon's* brand ! The man who is
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think* ? We have done
With right and wrong ; and now must only ponder
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination—but not idly.
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*
His *life* ; when due, I but resumed the debt.

He, you, and I, stood o'er a gulf wherein
 I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first
 The torch—you showed the path; now trace me that
 Of safety—or let me!

Sie. I have done with life!

Ulr. Let us have done with that which cankers life—
 Familiar feuds and vain recriminations
 Of things which cannot be undone. We have
 No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,
 And have within these very walls men whom
 (Although you know them not) dare venture all things.
 You stand high with the State: what passes here
 Will not excite her too great curiosity.
 Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,
 Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:
 We must have no *third* babblers thrust between us.

When Ulric has gone out to put his intention into practice, the old count, resolved to save Gabor, strips off his jewels, and, giving them to him, points out a passage by which he may escape. He does so; and Ulric, upon his return, finds his prey gone, and himself, therefore, in danger of being denounced. He immediately announces his intention of joining the 'Black Band,' with whom he has been always secretly in league. The countess and Ida enter: the count, in his despair, tells his wife that she has given birth to a demon. Ida, indignant at hearing this, says—

Ida. (*taking Ulric's hand.*) Who shall dare say this
 of Ulric?

Sie. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

Ida. (*stooping to kiss it.*) I'd kiss it off, though it
 were mine!

Sie. It is so!

Ulr. Away! it is your father's! [*Exit Ulric.*]

Ida. Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

[*Ida falls senseless—Josephine stands speechless
 with horror.*]

Sie. The wretch hath slain

Them both!—My Josephine, we are now alone!

Would we had ever been so!—All is over

For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

Thus this tragedy concludes: it is beyond question the worst that Lord Byron ever wrote. There are some attempts at humour in the character of the Intendant, but they are very feeble. Much of the verse is prosaic, and, with the exception of the quotations we have made, there are no really impassioned passages in the whole play. The well-sustained mystery of the plot is its best character; and to all the praise which that deserves Miss Lee is, as we have said, entitled, as well as to many of the best things in the dialogue.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the latter part of the year 1821 Mr. Leigh Hunt left England, to take up his residence in Italy. He was induced to adopt this proceeding partly on account of the state of his health, which rendered a change of climate highly advisable, if not absolutely necessary; and still more, perhaps, because Mr. Shelley was then living at Pisa, and because his invitation to his friend was warmly backed by Lord Byron's. It was proposed, as the most effectual means of rendering a service to Mr. Hunt, that a periodical publication should be established, to which his friends should contribute; and it was reasonably enough expected that the names of Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley, added to the reputation which Mr. Hunt had already acquired in the literary world, would be enough to ensure the success of this project. Mr. Medwin gives, in Lord Byron's words, an account of this affair. We cannot but feel some disgust at the coarse strain in which Lord Byron speaks of his friend, and the careless tone in which he talks of his own intention to assist him, as if he were bestowing charity on him. This, however, was too often Lord Byron's way of thinking and speaking of all men who stood beneath him in the advantages of birth and wealth. Mr. Hunt has, we suppose, too much sense to care about the matter, or to feel hurt that it should be known his means are not of the most extensive kind; and, as there is much real and well-deserved praise bestowed upon his constancy and intrepidity, he has the less reason to object to Lord Byron's quizzing him for his affectation and conceit. The passage we allude to is this:—

‘I have got Hunt with me,’ said Lord Byron. ‘I will tell you how I became acquainted with him.

‘One of the first visits I paid to Hunt was in prison. I remember Lady Byron was with me in the carriage, and I made her wait longer than I intended at the gate of the King’s Bench.

‘When party feeling ran highest against me, Hunt was the only editor of a paper, the only literary man, who dared say a word in my justification. I shall always be grateful to him for the part he took on that occasion. It was manly in him to brave the obloquy of standing alone.

‘Shelley and myself furnished some time ago a suite of apartments in my house for him, which he now occupies. I believe I told you of a plan we had in agitation for his benefit. His principal object in coming out was to establish a literary journal, whose name is not yet fixed.

‘I have promised to contribute, and shall probably make it a vehicle for some occasional poems;—for instance, I mean to translate Ariosto. I was strongly advised by Tom Moore, long ago, not to have any connexion with such a company as Hunt, Shelley, and Co.; but I have pledged myself, and besides could not now, if I had ever so great a disinclination for the scheme, disappoint all Hunt’s hopes. He has a large family, has undertaken a long journey, and undergone a long series of persecutions.

‘Moore tells me that it was proposed to him to contribute to the new publication, but that he had declined it. You see I cannot get out of the scrape. The name is not yet decided upon,—half-a-dozen have been rejected.

‘Hunt would have made a fine writer, for he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if he had not been spoiled by circumstances. He was brought up at the Blue-coat foundation, and had never till lately been ten miles from St. Paul’s. What poetry is to be expected from such a course of education? He has his school, however, and a host of disciples. A friend of mine calls “Rimini,” *Nimini Pimini*; and “Foliage” Follyage. Perhaps he had a tumble in “climbing trees in the Hesperides!”* But “Rimini” has a great deal of merit. There never were so many fine things spoiled as in “Rimini.”

The first number of the ‘Liberal’ was published in the beginning of 1822, after a due flourish of trumpets; but its contents were by no means calculated to satisfy the expectations which had been raised. It is not our purpose to allude to any other part of this work than that with which Lord Byron was concerned.

* The motto to his book entitled ‘Foliage.’

We have mentioned, in a previous part of this volume (p. 484), the anger which was excited in Lord Byron's mind at the chastisement bestowed on 'Don Juan' by Mr. Southey. We there, in his lordship's own words, informed the reader that he had written a 'Vision of Judgment,' by way of parody on Southey's:—it remains for us now to notice the poem itself.

The publication had been delayed long after it had been completed, because the author's friends thought it would add little to his fame; and Lord Byron himself did not seem too anxious, after the first burst of his anger had subsided, that it should be made. At length, in the first number of 'The Liberal,' it did appear.

The 'Vision of Judgment' is written in the Ottavà Rima: it begins by describing the gate of heaven, where St. Peter is said to be dozing through indolence; his keys having grown rusty, and the lock dull, because so few persons had applied there for admittance of late. The death of George the Third is then told, and some observations made upon his life, which are indecent, coarse, untrue, and pitiful. The afflictions of the deceased king ought to have protected him from some of the things which are set down in ribald verse against him. Lord Byron's own feelings, his pride, his generosity, his respect for his own station, ought to have prevented him doing what the most infamous scribbler that ever disgraced literature would have blushed at being guilty of. To leave these animadversions, which are wrung from us—and a subject on which we cannot trust ourselves to say all that we feel—we proceed with the poem. The soul of the king is carried to heaven's portal by an angelic troop. Satan follows them; and in the description of his appearance is some touch of sublimity:

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
 A spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

The Archangel Michael issues from the gate, and asks Satan what he would have. The fallen spirit claims the king's soul. He alleges against him all the political evils of his reign, with which he had as much to do as the people of the next generation; and taxes him with

natural calamities, which neither he nor any other mortal could have prevented, any more than they could abolish the measles or the small-pox, or any other of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' Michael bids him call his witnesses. First Wilkes appears, who declines to say any thing against the king, and is reproached by Satan, as our Irish orator at the Old Bailey bullies a witness who will not swear all that the learned person wishes. Then Junius comes; but what he says, or meant to say, is not quite intelligible: he, however, vanishes; and then Washington, Horne Tooke, and Franklin, are called. At this moment Asmodeus enters, with a burden on his back, which, upon his laying it down, turns out to be Dr. Southey. Asmodeus has caught him 'anticipating,' as he says, 'the very business they are now upon.' Southey is thus described:

The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
 A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
 Was by no means so ugly as his case;
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony '*de se*.'

Upon being called on to make answer to Asmodeus's charge—

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
 Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
 Of which he buttered both sides; 'twould delay
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 'Wat Tyler'—'Rhymes on Blenheim'—'Waterloo.'

He had written praises of a regicide;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever;
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
 Had turned his coat—and would have turned his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory ; he had called
Reviewing ' the ungentle craft,' and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawled—
Fed, paid, and pampered by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been mauled :
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows.

He had written Wesley's ' Life : '—Here, turning round
To Sathan, ' Sir, I am ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser ; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers :
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints.'

Sathan bowed, and was silent. ' Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael ? There are few
Whose memoirs could be rendered more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work ; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet ; by the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

' But, talking about trumpets, here's my " Vision !"
Now you shall judge, all people ! yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment ; and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall !
I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso ! When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.'

He ceased, and drew forth an MS. ; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent ; so
He read the first three lines of the contents ;
But, at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanished, with variety of scents,

Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his 'melodious twang.'

The confusion which ensued it seems impossible to describe. St. Michael endeavours to blow his trump, for the purpose of stilling the uproar; but 'his teeth were set on edge, he could not blow.' St. Peter, who was more irascible, raised his keys, and knocked the poet down, who fell into the Lake of Keswick:

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoyed, like corks,
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be still like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to crawl some 'Life' or 'Vision,'
As Wellborn says—'the devil turn'd precisian.'

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And showed me what I in my turn have shown:
All I saw farther in the last confusion
Was, that King George slipped into heaven for one;
And, when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

And thus ends this ill-timed and ill-tempered effort to be revenged on Dr. Southey, in accomplishing which Lord Byron was rash enough to encounter the disgust of most of his countrymen, and the hate of some of them. The publisher, Mr. J. Hunt, was indicted for this poem; and the trial took place in January, 1824. Before he was brought up for judgment Lord Byron was no more; and this circumstance probably influenced the Court in the sentence which was passed. Mr. J. Hunt was condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds.

In a succeeding number of the 'Liberal' a dramatic poem, or '*Mystery*,' as the noble author chose to call it, came forth, not avowed by Lord Byron, but well known to be his.

The previous announcement, that Lord Byron had employed his talents upon a subject similar to that which had engaged the author of '*Lalla Rookh*,' excited, as it was well calculated to do, a considerable sensation. The difference of style and feeling, and expression, between

these poets, although both of them were known to possess genius of the very highest order, made the public look forward with deep interest to the appearance of the two poems. Mr. Moore's was published first, and, if it did not add much to his reputation, was still not far below his former doings. Lord Byron's appeared, and was wholly different not only from Mr. Moore's, but from every thing that he had previously done. It was a mixture of profound skill and culpable negligence; and, while it was in some respects worthy of its author, it was in others not superior to the common run of magazine poetry. If the same pains had been bestowed upon it as Lord Byron was wont to take with his productions before they were submitted to the public eye, it would, in all probability, have ranked with his best efforts. But the spell was, upon him; he had lost all respect for the public voice; he had even lost all respect for his own lofty genius, and for the fame which he had achieved. 'Villainous company had been the ruin of him;' and he wrote for the 'Liberal' what was not worthy of a more honorable destiny.

The mystery of 'Heaven and Earth,' by which title Lord Byron chose to call this poem, is professedly only a sketch, and one *part* alone of it was written. It is said, in the title-page, to be founded on the following passage in Genesis, chap. vi.—'And it came to pass—that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.' The scene is laid in a district in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat, and the time at which the action passes is that immediately preceding the deluge. In the first scene Anah and Aholibamah, two of the daughters of the seed of Cain, enter, and from the dialogue between them is learnt that they love, and are loved by, two of the angels. The idea of this may have been suggested by the passage which has been quoted; but the manner in which it is executed may be traced to the splendid fictions of the Rosicrucian philosophy, as it is developed by the ingenious author of the 'Comte de Gabalis.' The contrast between the sisters, and the different modes of the same passion which prevail in the minds of each, are traced with a delicacy and force which was all Lord Byron's own, and in which, notwithstanding the faults of the poem, every reader must see and acknowledge the master-hand. Anah is mild, confiding, timid; loving so fondly and so well that she seeks the sole reward of all her anxiety in the enjoyment of her passion, and in being permitted to love her seraph-lord, Azazel. Aholibamah, on the other hand, loves no less, but with a more lofty passion; she feels

that her affection raises her to that heaven of which her Samiasa is a denizen, and is happy because his love equals her own. Her pride mixes up with and even strengthens her passion, and makes it independent of all but itself.

Japhet, the son of Noah, loves Anah, but seeks in vain to inspire a similar feeling in a bosom which is all another's. His passion, which neither contempt nor repulse can diminish, is made still more desperate by the certainty which he possesses of the destruction of the world and of Anah, while he is doomed to the agony of surviving her. A soliloquy of his, in which he anticipates the coming destruction, is very fine. The scene is laid amid the rocks of Caucasus :

Ye wilds, that look eternal ; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable ; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty ;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal ! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters ; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths searched by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den !
And man—Oh, men ! my fellow beings ! who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I ? Who shall be left to weep ? My kinsmen,
Alas ! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye ? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope ? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despaired for her ?
And can it be !—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep ?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow ? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,

Leaving it with a crown of many hues ?
 No more to be the beacon of the world
 For angels to alight on, as the spot
 Nearest the stars ? And can those words '*no more*'
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the predestined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding ? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of Earth's daughters from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
 Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolonged,
 To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
 The salt morass subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguished sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life ? How much
 Breath will be stilled at once ! All beauteous world !
 So young, so marked out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more.

This soliloquy is interrupted by the exultation of a troop of bad spirits, who issue from a cavern singing over the approaching fate of the proud inhabitants of the earth. This is one of the finest specimens of Lord Byron's lyrical powers : it is at once beautiful and sublime. The spirit rejoices at the death of the abhorred race—the death

Not slow, not single—not by sword, nor sorrow,
 Nor years, nor heartbreak, nor time's sapping motion,
 Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow !
 Earth shall be ocean !
 And no breath,
 Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave !
 Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot :
 Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
 Shall lift its point to save,

Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,
 After long looking o'er the ocean wide
 For the expected ebb which cometh not:

All shall be void,

Destroyed!

Another element shall be the lord

Of life, and the abhorred

Children of dust be quenched; and of each hue

Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;

And of the variegated mountain

Shall nought remain

Unchanged, or of the level plain;

Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:

All merged within the universal fountain,

Man, earth, and fire, shall die,

And sea and sky

Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

* * * *

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

Rejoice!

No more the human voice

Shall vex our joys in middle air

With prayer;

No more

Shall they adore;

And we, who ne'er for ages have adored

The prayer-exacting Lord,

To whom the omission of a sacrifice

Is vice;

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources poured

Until one element shall do the work

Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,

Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk

In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where

The deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,

Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,

And the striped tiger shall lie down to die,

Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;

Till all things shall be as they were,
Silent and uncreated, save the sky ;

While a brief truce

Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use ;
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subduing deluge, from its slime,
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
Into a world, shall give again to Time
New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—
With all companionship of hate and toil,
Until——

Japh. (interrupting them.) The eternal will
Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil ; and redeem
Unto himself all times, all things ;
And, gathered under his Almighty wings,
Abolish hell !

And to the expiated Earth
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless Paradise,

Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well !

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wondrous spell ?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh ; first in pain,
And then in glory.

These extracts would be enough to show that Lord Byron's hand, and his heart, was in this ; and that, although indolence and anger against himself and against the world (as little deserved by the world as by himself) could imbitter and obscure the source of his genius, it could never drive the waters backward, or prevent their flowing out in a powerful stream.

The angels, who by the way cut rather a sorry figure among the antediluvians, are rebuked by Noah for their crime in thus seeking an union with the daughters of Earth. Raphael comes to summon them back to earth ; but they first hesitate, and at last refuse to obey him. He then degrades them from their high office ; but they still retain their immortality, and some of their power : the latter they

employ to save the women who love them, by carrying them off to some other world.

The deluge approaches :—the despair of the mortals, who, in agony and horror, behold it coming, is dreadfully described :

Lo ! they come,

The loathsome waters in their rage !

And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb !

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour

When Paradise upsprung,

Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,

Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),

So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,

Are overtopt,

Their summer blossoms by the surges lopt,

Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—

They meet the seas,

And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine ease

In thine allotted Ocean-tent ;

And view, all floating o'er the element,

The corpses of the world of thy young days :

Then to Jehovah raise

Thy song of praise !

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead

Who die in the Lord !

And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,

Yet, as *his* word,

Be the decree adored !

He gave me life—he taketh but

The breath which is his own :

And though these eyes should be for ever shut,

Nor longer this weak voice before his throne

Be heard in supplicating tone,

Still blessed be the Lord,

For what is past,

For that which is :

For all are his,

From first to last—

Time—space—eternity—life—death—

The vast known and immeasurable unknown.

He made, and can unmake;

And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan?

No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of MORTALS.

Where shall we fly?

Not to the mountains high;

For now their torrents rush with double roar,

To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,

Already grasps each drowning hill,

Nor leaves an unsearched cave.

Enter a WOMAN.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!

Our valley is no more:

My father and my father's tent,

My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent

And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,

The little rivulet which freshened all

Our pastures green,

No more are to be seen.

When to the mountain cliff I climbed this morn,

I turned to bless the spot,

And not a leaf appeared about to fall;—

And now they are not!

Why was I born?

Japh. To die! in youth to die;

And happier in that doom,

Than to behold the universal tomb

Which I

Am thus condemned to weep above in vain.

Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

For another number of the 'Liberal' Lord Byron translated the first canto of Pulci's inimitable poem, the 'Morgante Maggiore.' It is very well done, but a little too prosaic: it does not convey (and what translation can?) at once the archness of the original, with the exquisite beauty of its versification. The poem itself divides, as Lord Byron says,

with that of Boiardo, 'the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one, and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft.'

The canto which Lord Byron translated describes the Paladin Orlando leaving the court of Charlemagne in great anger at the calumnies and treacheries of Ganellone, to which Charles lent too ready an ear. The knight journeys into distant lands, and at length reaches an abbey, where he finds the inhabitants in great dread of the attacks of three giants, who annoy them by throwing fragments of the rocks at them, and by all imaginable devices making their lives uncomfortable, and even dangerous. Orlando offers to go and fight them; and, notwithstanding the abbot's remonstrances, he actually does go. He kills two of the monstrous brethren, Passamont and Alabaster, and then goes in search of Morgante, whom he converts to Christianity:

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
 Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
 And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
 And shut himself at night within his birth.
 Orlando knocked, and knocked again to goad
 The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
 The door to open, like a crazy thing,
 For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him,
 And Mahomet he called, but Mahomet
 Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him!

But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
 At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
 And to the gate he came with great regret—
 'Who knocks here?' grumbling all the while, said he:
 'That,' said Orlando, 'you will quickly see.'

'I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
 Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;



Orlando at Morgante's Cave.

For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's ;
From Heaven itself is issued out this sentence :
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster.'

Morgante said, ' O gentle cavalier !
Now by thy God say me no villainy ;
The favour of your name I fain would hear ;
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy.'
Replied Orlando, ' So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly ;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored.'

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,
' I have had an extraordinary vision ;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition ;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition ;
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be.'

Orlando carries his new convert to the monastery, to beg pardon of the abbot and the monks for the many wrongs he has done them ; and, as a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, and of his abhorrence of his former evil course, he cuts off the hands of his dead brethren.

The abbot is frightened at first when he sees Morgante ; but, being soon convinced of his devout intentions, he gives him a long exhortation to lead a godly life, which Morgante hears to his great edification.

There is a sad want of water in the convent, to supply which the giant takes an enormous tub on his shoulder, and goes to the fountain to fill it. This is, however, a service of some danger, the fountain being beset by a herd of wild boars, from whom any body but so tall a fellow as Morgante would have found it very difficult to save his bacon. He gives a good account of the boars :

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite thorough,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
 Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
 And reached the passage with so swift a foot
 Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
 He gave him such a punch upon the head*
 As floored him, so that he no more arose—
 Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
 Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
 The other pigs along the valley fled;
 Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
 Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The ton was on one shoulder, and there were
 The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
 On to the abbey, though by no means near,
 Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
 Orlando, seeing him so soon appear,
 With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
 marvelled to see his strength so very great;—
 So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

Morgante becomes very popular among the almost famishing monks by the supplies which he thus brings them. The abbot, by way of rewarding him, gives him a horse; which, wholly unable to bear the monster's weight, bursts under him, to the great wonder and vexation of Morgante, who makes nothing of lifting the dead steed upon his shoulder, and carrying him out of sight into the wood.

Orlando is soon tired of the idle life at the monastery; and, having with great difficulty found some armour to fit Morgante, they proceed on their adventures; and thus ends the canto.

The business of translation was wholly beneath Lord Byron; and, but that it is our design to give our readers an account of all his lordship's literary productions, we should hardly have noticed this.

The 'Liberal' only went to a fourth Number.

* 'Gli dette in sulla testa un gran punzone.' It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. '*A punch on the head,*' or '*a punch in the head,*' '*un punzone in sulla testa,*' is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.



Morgante carrying the dead Horse.

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD BYRON permitted himself to indulge his ill temper so far as to write a satire—and not a good one—on the political affairs of the times. There is one passage in it which is really interesting and beautiful: it is that in which the poet alludes to the imprisonment and death of Buonaparte. With this extract we shall dismiss the ‘Age of Bronze:’

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o’er which they crawled of late,
Chained to the chariot of the chieftain’s state?
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that’s great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle’s lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o’er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O’er curtailed dishes and o’er stinted wines;
O’er petty quarrels upon petty things.
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
A surgeon’s statement and an earl’s harangues!
A bust delayed, a book refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
Is this indeed the Tamer of the Great,
Now slave of all could tease or irritate—
The paltry gaoler and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great;
How low, how little, was this middle state,

Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear !
Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still :
Vain was his sickness,—never was a clime
So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime ;
And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gained the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face,
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind ;
Smile—for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.

The subject of the next poem which Lord Byron published was suggested by the description given, in ' *Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*,' of the fertility and beauty of that singular, and to us almost new, country. Lord Byron's mind received a most powerful and highly-pleasing impression from that account. He was never tired of talking of it to his friends, and announced his intention of introducing into some of his works the new and poetical feelings which his fancy had conjured up in connexion with a country rich in all the productions of nature, and uncorrupted by the vices of civilization. He was for some time at a loss for a subject, which, indeed, it must be obvious to every one, is not very easy to be found. History has as yet had little to do with the countries to which the descriptions were to refer, and without some foundation it is almost impossible to build up enough of a narration to answer the purpose even of a poem. It was no less difficult so to connect the doings of the inhabitants of the old world with those of the new one as to excite the sympathies of such as were to be his readers. At length, in the history of the mutiny by the crew of the *Bounty*, in the South Seas, in the year 1789, Lord Byron found the materials which, in his hands, were soon wrought into the shape which he required.

Captain Bligh had been sent out on an expedition to the South Seas, generally for scientific purposes ; and to make discoveries as well respecting the navigation in those latitudes, of which very little was then known, as to add to the knowledge which was already pos-

ressed in Europe of the natural productions of the countries which bordered them. To transplant the bread-tree was also one of the objects of his labours. Captain Bligh had made a long voyage, in which, although he had encountered many difficulties and hardships, he had been tolerably successful. He had made a stay of twenty-three weeks at the island of Otaheite, where he had procured some valuable additions to his collections. The crew behaved very well; and with a large, and in his situation a very valuable cargo, Captain Bligh sailed for home. A few days afterwards, while the ship was near one of the South-Sea Islands, Captain Bligh was awakened in the morning by finding himself seized by some of his crew: they bound him, and carried him on deck with many threats. Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, was the leader of this mutiny; and by him all the rest of the rebellious crew were commanded. The long-boat was then lowered, and such of the crew as were, or were supposed to be, attached to the captain's interests—in all fourteen persons—were ordered into her. Some cordage, and a very small quantity of provisions, being stowed in the boat, the captain was released, and made to join the boat's crew. The mutineers offered him no other violence; but, casting off, the boat was left to make its way as well as it could. After the most dreadful difficulties Captain Bligh reached England; but the whole of his labours had been, of course, frustrated by the loss of his ship, and the collections which it contained. The mutineers went back to Otaheite, where they remained until a ship, which had been dispatched from England for the purpose of bringing the mutineers to justice, arrived there. Some of the mutineers were taken; others were killed in defending themselves, and of the latter number was Christian. The inducements to the mutiny are supposed, by Captain Bligh, to have been the beauty and amiability of the women of Otaheite, as well as the richness and salubrity of the climate:

‘It will naturally be asked,’ he says, ‘what could be the cause of such a revolt? In answer, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hope of a happier life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; which, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

‘The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation; possessed of great sensibility; and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay

among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other concomitant circumstances, it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away, where they had the power of fixing themselves in the midst of plenty, in one of the finest islands in the world, where there was no necessity to labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it. The utmost, however, that a commander could have expected, was desertions, such as have already happened more or less in the South Seas, and not an act of open mutiny.'

Upon this subject, and availing himself particularly of the latter topic, in order to introduce that interest which is indispensably necessary to poems of this sort, Lord Byron founded his poem of 'The Island, or Christian and his Comrades.'

The first canto is occupied with telling the tale of the mutiny. The second begins with a paraphrase of the prose translation from one of the songs of the Tonga islanders, printed in 'Mariner's Account.' It is extremely pretty; and the mode of expressing the idea of sweetness and beauty being connected with the flowers which bloom over the graves of heroes is new—at least to our poetry:

'Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds!' the damsels said:
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree,
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but Ocean strives!
Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And plait our garlands gathered from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
But lo ! night comes, the Mooa woos us back.

Then we are introduced to Torquil, a young Scotch islander, one of the mutineers, and the swarthy beauty whose charms have drawn him to Otaheite, and for whom he has renounced all the allurements and advantages of the civilized world. The description of *La belle Sauvage* is very beautiful :

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripened rapidly save crime ;
The infant of an infant world, as pure
From Nature—lovely, warm, and premature ;
Dusky like Night, but Night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars ;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell !
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep ;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak ;
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darkened wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
Herself a billow in her energies,
To bear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less :
Her wild and warm, yet faithful, bosom knew
No joy like what it gave ; her hopes ne'er drow

Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
 Sad proof reduces all things from their hues :
 She feared no ill, because she knew it not,
 Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot :
 Her smiles and tears had passed, as light winds pass
 O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
 Whose depths unsearched, and fountains from the hill,
 Restore their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring, and trample on the wave,
 And crush the living waters to a mass,
 The amphibious desert of the dank morass !
 And must their fate be hers ? The eternal change
 But grasps humanity with quicker range ;
 And they who fall but fall as worlds will fall,
 To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

The passion of the young lovers—that passion which Lord Byron
 always described so well and so powerfully—is told with exquisite
 delicacy :

The love which maketh all things fond and fair—
 The youth which makes one rainbow of the air—
 The dangers past, that make even man enjoy
 The pause in which he ceases to destroy—
 The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
 Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel—
 United the half savage and the whole,
 The maid and boy, in one absorbing soul:
 No more the thundering memory of the fight
 Wrapped his weaned bosom in its dark delight ;
 No more the irksome restlessness of Rest
 Disturbed him like the eagle in her nest,
 Whose wetted beak and far-pervading eye
 Darts for a victim over all the sky ;
 His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
 At once Elysian and effeminate,
 Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn.

* * * * *
 Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
 Neuha, the South-Sea girl, was all a wife,

With no distracting world to call her off
From love ; with no society to scoff
At the new transient flame ; no babbling crowd
Of coxcombry in admiration loud,
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy ;
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of Love.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They passed the Tropic's red meridian o'er ;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man:
What deemed they of the future or the past ?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast :
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide ;
Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tower ;
They reckoned not, whose day was but an hour ;
The nightingale, their only vesper bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell ;
The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the North he mellows o'er the deep,
But fiery, full and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
And then for light into each other's eyes,
Wondering that summer showed so brief a sun,
And asking if indeed the day were done ?

The voluptuous indolence of the lovers is interrupted by the hoarse sound of a seaman's voice. This is Ben Bunting, one of the mountaineers, who comes to seek Torquil, to impart to him the ill news

that a ship has been seen in the offing. After a short apostrophe to tobacco, of which, after investigating its varied shapes, Lord Byron prefers its 'naked beauties—a cigar,' the figure of this sailor is described, and has given a subject to the very spirited engraving which is inserted here :

Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
 His constant pipe, which never yet burned dim,
 His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
 Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
 But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
 Not over tightly bound, nor nicely spread :
 And stead of trowsers (ah ! too early torn !
 For even the mildest woods will have their thorn)
 A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
 Now served for inexpressibles and hat ;
 His naked feet and neck, and sun-burnt face,
 Perchance might suit alike with either race.
 His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
 Which two worlds bless for civilizing both ;
 The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
 And somewhat stooped by his marine abode,
 But brawny as the boar's ; and hung beneath,
 His cutlass drooped, unconscious of a sheath,
 Or lost or worn away ; his pistols were
 Linked to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
 (Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
 Though one missed fire, the other would go off)—
 These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust
 As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
 Completed his accoutrements, as Night
 Surveyed him in his garb heteroclite.

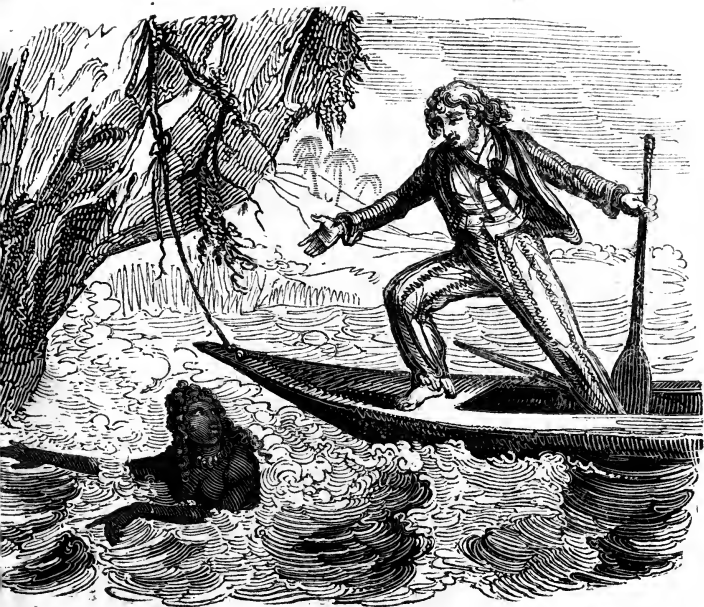
Torquil hears his news with dismay, not because he fears the fate which he may have to endure, but because it brings with it the necessity of being separated from his loved and loving Neuha.

The resistance which Christian and his comrades make against the pursuing crew of the ship is short and vain : the few who are not either killed or taken retreat to a rock, where they stand thus :

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
 Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest,



Ben Bunting announcing a Sail.



Neuha leading Torquil to the submarine Cave.

The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once spread
Along his cheek was livid now as lead ;
His light brown locks so graceful in their flow
Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow.
Still as a statue, with his lips comprest
To stifle even the breath within his breast,
Fast by the rock, all menacing but mute,
He stood ; and, save a slight beat of his foot,
Which deepened now and then the sandy dint
Beneath his heel, his form seemed turned to flint.
Some paces further Torquil leaned his head
Against a bank, and spoke not, but he bled,—
Not mortally—his worst wound was within :
His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in,
And blood-drops sprinkled o'er his yellow hair
Showed that his faintness came not from despair,
But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essayed to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe,
A trophy which survived a hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheered ten thousand nights.

Still the noise of the pursuit nears, and at this moment two canoes appear. Neuha is with them : she places Torquil in one ; Christian, with the other survivors, enters the other ; and they row away with the utmost rapidity, followed by the ship's boats. For the purpose of diverting the pursuers, the two canoes take separate courses. Neuha rows to a large rock, where to land was impossible—and where the hope of escape seemed to be cut off. While Torquil is beginning to despair, Neuha plunges into the water, and bids him follow her :

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and, pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, ' Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow !'
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.
There was no time to pause—the foes were near—
Chains in his eye and menace in his ear ;
With vigour they pulled on, and, as they came,
Hailed him to yield, and by his forfeit name.

Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's skill
 Was native, and now all his hope from ill ;
 But how or where ? He dived, and rose no more ;
 The boat's crew looked amazed o'er shore and shore.
 There was no landing on that precipice,
 Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.
 They watched awhile to see him float again,
 But not a trace rebubbled from the main :
 The wave rolled on, no ripple on its face,
 Since their first plunge recalled a single trace ;
 The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,
 That whitened o'er what seemed their latest home,
 White as a sepulchre above the pair
 Who left no marble (mournful as an heir) ;
 The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide
 Was all that told of Torquil and his bride ;
 And but for this alone the whole might seem
 The vanished phantom of a seaman's dream.
 They paused and searched in vain, then pulled away,
 Even Superstition now forbade their stay.
 Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
 But vanished like a corpse-light from a grave ;
 Others, that something supernatural
 Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall ;
 While all agreed that in his cheek and eye
 There was the dead hue of eternity.
 Still as their oars receded from the crag,
 Round every weed a moment would they lag,
 Expectant of some token of their prey ;
 But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

Within this rock was a cavern, the existence of which was a secret to all but Neuha. After diving for a short time, she and her lover, who followed her, rose on the other side, and found a safe and convenient asylum in the rocky cavern.

Christian was, in the mean time, followed by the sailors, who had been baffled in their hope of taking Torquil. The mutineers land on a rugged rock, and sell their lives dearly : they are all killed, but not before many of their assailants have fallen. The manner of Christian's death is a vigorous picture :—

Christian died last—twice wounded ; and once more
Mercy was offered when they saw his gore ;
Too late for life, but not too late to die,
With though a hostile hand to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he drooped along
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
The sound revived him, or appeared to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spake ;
He beckoned to the foremost who drew nigh,
But, as they neared, he reared his weapon high—
His last ball had been aimed, but from his breast
He tore the topmost button of his vest.
Down the tube dashed it, levelled, fired, and smiled
As his foe fell ; then, like a serpent, coiled
His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
Looked desperate as himself along the deep ;
Cast one glance back, and clenched his hand, and shook
His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook ;
Then plunged : the rock below received like glass
His body crushed into one gory mass,
With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm ;
A fair-haired scalp, besmeared with blood and weeds,
Yet reeked, the remnant of himself and deeds ;
Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
Yet glittered, but at distance—hurled away
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
The rest was nothing—save a life mispent,
And soul—but who shall answer where it went ?
'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead.

Neuha keeps her lover in safety in the cavern until the ship has left the shore ; when she returns him to her wondering countrymen, who, to honour her courage and devotion, call the cavern 'Neuha's Cave' to this day.

The general character of this poem is, that it is more tame—that it contains more of a quiet beauty, but not perhaps, therefore, less of beauty—than most of his previous publications. It was certainly a subject which pleased himself ; and, although there is not great care

evident in its construction, or elaborateness in its finish, it is full of interest and delightful excitement.

In the early part of 1824 a drama was produced, called 'The Deformed Transformed.' It had long been talked of as having engaged Lord Byron's labours. It is founded upon a very horrible romance, called the 'Three Brothers;' the author of which is not certainly known, but who is supposed to have been the late M. G. Lewis. In the first scene Arnold, the hero of the drama, who is the youngest of seven sons, is driven from his paternal hovel by his mother, who loads him with abuse and reproach for no other than the very unnatural reason that he is deformed. The grief and despair which the youth feels at this cruel treatment impel him to get rid of a life which has become hateful to him: he is about to destroy himself, when he sees a cloud issue from the neighbouring fountain. A tall black man comes from it, and approaches him. This, to be brief, is the devil himself, who offers to give Arnold, in exchange for the misshapen figure which he bears at present, his choice of the brightest forms that the world ever held. Arnold, startled at the offer, asks upon what terms. The devil replies:

We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
Great things within you. You shall have no bond
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.

The demon then conjures up the shapes of Julius Cæsar, of Alcibiades, of Socrates, of Anthony, of the Macedonian Demetrius, and of Achilles, upon the last of which Arnold fixes his choice. The following speech of Arnold's will display that character of mind which the poet has meant to convey in his person:

Had no Power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which Spirit may, to make
Its way, with all Deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
A hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have looked
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful



The Deformed transformed.

Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
 Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
 Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
 In turn, because of this vile crooked clog
 Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
 It all, had not my mother spurned me from her.
 The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
 Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
 Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
 I knew the passionate part of life, I had
 Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
 Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
 Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
 And perseverance could have done, perchance
 Had made me something—as it has made heroes
 Of the same mould as mine.

The demon then utters an incantation, at the same time that he moulds some red earth into the shape of Achilles: when it is concluded Arnold falls senseless on the ground;—the figure of earth rises slowly, and the phantom which the demon has conjured disappears, part by part, as the figure is animated. Arnold exults in his new form, while his former body, now an object of his contempt and loathing, lies before him. This the demon assumes; and Arnold starts with horror at seeing the shape which he once wore inhabited by the fiend. The manner in which this is effected is very curious: the demon invokes the elements; and, when he has concluded his charm, an ignis fatuus flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body lately Arnold's. The stranger then disappears, and the body rises. Arnold exclaims:

Oh! horrible

Stran. (*in Arnold's late shape.*) What! tremblest thou?

Arn.

Not so—

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
 Thou lately worst!

Stran.

To the world of shadows.

At the instigation of the demon, who assumes the name of Cæsar, Arnold sets off for Italy, where the war was then raging, and Rome itself was invested by the troops under the command of the Constable

Bourbon. Four black horses are brought in by two demoniacal grooms, and the travellers begin their journey.

A scene takes place before the walls of Rome between the Constable Bourbon and his followers, among whom are Arnold and the hunchbacked demon, who here plays the Thersites of the camp. His reflections on the folly of mankind, and the wickedness of that portion of it who are soldiers, conclude the first part of the drama :

And these are Men, forsooth!

Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!

This is the consequence of giving Matter

The power of Thought. It is a stubborn substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,

Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis

The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business

Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now

To bring one down amongst them, and set fire

Unto their ant-hill; how the pismires then

Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing

From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth

One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit Caesar.*]

The second part of the drama begins with a scene before the walls of Rome. A chorus of spirits is heard in the air, describing, by anticipation, the horrors of the approaching conflict. The assailants then enter. Arnold is about to mount the wall, but is prevented by Bourbon, who insists on being the first in this perilous attempt. As he is mounting a shot strikes him, and he falls mortally wounded. The death of Bourbon is effectively described by the introduction of the demon's remark, respecting the Chevalier Bayard, who, it will be remembered, with his last breath reproached Bourbon for his desertion of his country. The following extract will show with what force this part of the drama is conceived :

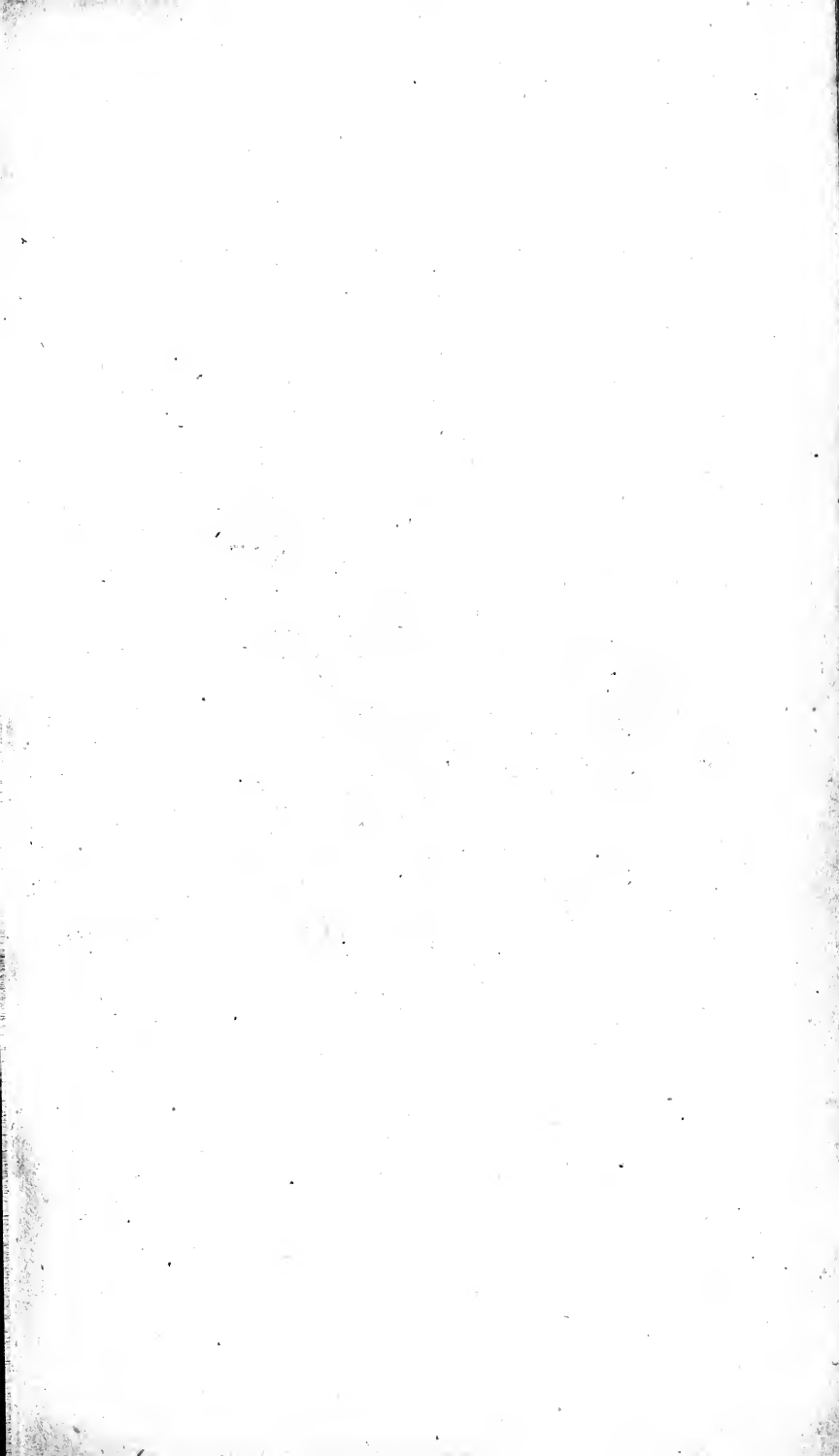
Bour.

Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;

Let not the soldiers see it.





The Death of Bourton.

Arn. You must be
Removed; the aid of—

Bour. No, my gallant boy;
Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

Cæs. Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross?
We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead :—it did the same for Bayard.

Bour. Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
But I deserve it.

Arn. (to *Cæsar*.) Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer
A Christian 'Vade in pace'?

Arn. Silence! Oh!
Those eyes are glazing, which o'erlooked the world,
And saw no equal.

Bour. Arnold, shouldst thou see
France—But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer
—Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!
You lose time—they will conquer Rome without thee.

Arn. And without *thee*!

Bour. Not so; I'll lead them still
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious!

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bour. You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is win-
ning. [Bourbon dies.]

The rest of the drama is very dull, being filled with mere 'last dying speeches' of the 'people who are killed on both sides. One incident is an exception to this remark, and from this probably the author intended the chief interest of the drama to proceed. A lady, flying from the pursuit of two soldiers, reaches the church of St. Peter, and for refuge ascends the altar, where, clasping the massy gold crucifix, she exclaims to the warriors 'Respect your God!' This, however, is insufficient to check them, and in her despair she throws down the immense cross, which kills one of the soldiers. The

rest are about to destroy her, when Arnold, entering rescues her at the peril of his life. He begs her to descend; but she, preferring death to the fate which seems to await her, dashes herself down from the lofty altar on the marble floor:

Arn. (to Olimpia.) Lady! you are safe.

Olim.

I should be so,

Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dashed,
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man.

Arn. I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olim. No! Thou hast only sacked my native land,—
No injury!—and made my father's house
A den of thieves—No injury!—this temple—
Slippery with Roman and holy gore.
No injury! And now thou would preserve me,
To be—but that shall never be!

*[She raises her eyes to heaven, folds her robe round
her, and prepares to dash herself down on the side
of the altar opposite to that where Arnold stands.]*

Arn.

Hold! hold!

I swear.

Olim. Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even Hell would loathe thee.
I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

Olim. I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome!
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shall have of me!
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeemed infant) than the holy water
The Saints have sanctified!

*[Olimpia waves her hand to Arnold with disdain, and
dashes herself on the pavement from the altar.]*

Arnold and Cæsar bear her out for the purpose of procuring assistance, which, as she still breathes, may restore her; and thus the second part ends.

Of the third part no more was written than a chorus of peasants singing before the gates of a castle in the Appennines. The following is an extract from this song:

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!
The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their Herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The ledge of day-light's lengthened hours:
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin Violet.

Enter Cæsar.

Cæsar (singing).

The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle,
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the Rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.

He drinks—but what's drinking?
 A mere pause from thinking!
 No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

It is impossible now to do more than guess at what Lord Byron meant in the conclusion of this poem—whether he proposed to follow the course of the romance, or to invent new adventures for his hero: we are inclined to adopt the latter opinion.

This was Lord Byron's last poem, with the exception of an ode (which we shall hereafter have to notice); and here we shall add the opinions which were entertained of his personal and poetical merit by two of the greatest men who have graced the age in which we live—Goëthe and Sir Walter Scott. The first is a translation of a letter, addressed by the German poet to Mr. Medwin:

‘ Weimar, 16th of July, 1824.

‘ It has been thought desirable to have some details relative to the communication that existed between Lord Noel Byron, alas! now no more! and Goëthe: a few words will comprise the whole subject.

‘ The German poet, who, up to his advanced age, has habituated himself to weigh with care and impartiality the merit of illustrious persons of his own time, as well as his immediate contemporaries, from a consideration that this knowledge would prove the surest means of advancing his own, might well fix his attention on Lord Byron; and, having watched the dawn of his great and early talents, could not fail to follow their progress through his important and uninterrupted career.

‘ It was easy to observe that the public appreciation of his merit as a poet increased progressively with the increasing perfection of his works, one of which rapidly succeeded another. The interest which they excited had been productive of a more unmingled delight to his friends, if self-dissatisfaction and the restlessness of his passions had not in some measure counteracted the powers of an imagination all-comprehensive and sublime, and thrown a blight over an existence which the nobleness of his nature gifted him with a more than common capacity for enjoying.

‘ His German admirer, however, not permitting himself to come to a hasty and erroneous conclusion, continued to trace, with undiminished attention, a life and poetical activity equally rare and irreconcilable, and which interested him the more forcibly, inasmuch as he could discover no parallel in past ages with which to compare them, and found

himself utterly destitute of the elements necessary to calculate respecting an orb so eccentric in its course.

‘ In the mean while the German and his occupations did not remain altogether unknown or unattended to by the English writer, who not only furnished unequivocal proofs of an acquaintance with his works but conveyed to him, through the medium of travellers, more than one friendly salutation.

‘ Thus I was agreeably surprised by indirectly receiving the original sheet of a dedication of the tragedy of “Sardanapalus,” conceived in terms the most honourable to me, and accompanied by a request that it might be printed at the head of the work.

‘ The German poet, in his old age, well knowing himself and his labours, could not but reflect with gratitude and diffidence on the expressions contained in this dedication, nor interpret them but as the generous tribute of a superior genius, no less original in the choice than inexhaustible in the materials of his subjects;—and he felt no disappointment when, after many delays, “Sardanapalus” appeared without the preface: he, in reality, already thought himself fortunate in possessing a fac-simile in lithograph,* and attached to it no ordinary value.

‘ It appeared, however, that the noble lord had not renounced his project of showing his contemporary and companion in letters a striking testimony of his friendly intentions, of which the tragedy of “Werner” contains an extremely precious evidence.

‘ It might naturally be expected that the aged German poet, after receiving from so celebrated a person such an unhopèd-for kindness (proof of a disposition so thoroughly amiable, and the more to be prized from its rarity in the world), should also prepare, on his part, to express most clearly and forcibly a sense of the gratitude and esteem with which he was affected.

‘ But this undertaking was so great, and every day seemed to make it so much more difficult,—for what could be said of an earthly being whose merit could not be exhausted by thought, or comprehended by words?

‘ But when, in the spring of 1823, a young man of amiable and engaging manners, a Mr. S——, brought, direct from Genoa to Weimar, a few words under the hand of this estimable friend, by way of recommendation, and when shortly after there was spread a report that the noble lord was about to consecrate his great powers and varied talents

* Goethe does not mention of what nature the lithograph was.

to high and perilous enterprise, I had no longer a plea for delay, and addressed to him the following hasty stanzas :

“ One friendly word comes fast upon another
 From the warm South, bringing communion sweet,—
 Calling us amid noblest thoughts to wander
 Free in our souls, though fettered in our feet.
 How shall I, who so long his bright path traced,
 Say to him words of love sent from afar ?—
 To him who with his inmost heart hath struggled,
 Long wont with fate and deepest woes to war ?
 May he be happy !—*thus* himself esteeming,
 He well might count himself a favored one !
 By his loved Muses all his sorrows banished,
 And he *self-known*,—e’en as to *me* he’s known !”

‘ These lines arrived at Genoa, but found him not. This excellent friend had already sailed ; but, being-driven back by contrary winds, he landed at Leghorn, where this effusion of my heart reached him. On the eve of his departure, July 23d, 1823, he found time to send me a reply, full of the most beautiful ideas and the divinest sentiments which will be treasured as an invaluable testimony of worth and friendship among the choicest documents which I possess.

‘ What emotions of joy and hope did not that paper once excite !—but now it has become, by the premature death of its noble writer, an inestimable relic, and a source of unspeakable regret ; for it aggravates to a peculiar degree in me, the mourning and melancholy that pervade the whole moral and poetical world,—in me, who looked forward (after the success of his great efforts) to the prospect of being blessed with the sight of this master-spirit of the age,—this friend so fortunately acquired ; and of having to welcome, on his return, the most humane of conquerors.

‘ But still I am consoled by the conviction, that his country will at once *awake*, and shake off, like a troubled dream, the partialities, the prejudices, the injuries, and the calumnies with which he has been assailed,—that these will subside and sink into oblivion,—that she will at length universally acknowledge that his frailties, whether the effect of temperament, or the defect of the times in which he lived, (against which even the best of mortals wrestle painfully,) were only momentary, fleeting, and transitory ; whilst the imperishable greatness to which he has raised her now and for ever remains, and will remain illimitable

in its glory, and incalculable in its consequences. Certain it is, that a nation who may well pride herself on so many great sons will place Byron, all radiant as he is, by the side of those who have done most honour to her name.'

The following is a letter written by Sir Walter Scott, a few days after the news of Lord Byron's death reached England :

'Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned from another quarter by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His lordship died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April. That mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced ; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes ; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up ? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old ;—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition ;—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path—such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder ? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

'The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart—for Nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress ; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded upon disin-

interested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error—so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and, if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feelings

on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of 'Don Juan;' and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country :

" He was as independent—ay, much more,
 Than those who were not paid for independence ;
 As common soldiers, or a common—Shore,
 Have in their several acts or parts ascendance
 O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
 Who do not give professional attendance.
 Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
 To prove their pride as footmen to a beggar."

' We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas ! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not be remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of "Childe Harold,"—a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels ; no living upon the resource of past reputation ; none of that *codling* and petty precaution which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists ; and, although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the honorable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his "Don Juan"), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen ; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither "Childe Harold," nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of "Don Juan," amidst verses which

the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest :

“ All that’s bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.”

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments ; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD BYRON’S residence in Italy had become irksome from various causes. The censures which had been passed—some of them just and earnest, others marked only by the petty malignity which distinguishes a certain description of critics—gave him pain, and, by their frequent recurrence, irritated him to an astonishing degree. He felt that he was declining in reputation, and he resolved to do something which should convince the world that, although there were moments when circumstances might prevent the full blaze of his powers from showing itself in unobscured brilliancy, the flame burnt still, and would never be extinguished. The political state of Italy had given him great disgust ; and he even thought of going to the United States of America. Perhaps the necessity of a change of scene to so active a spirit as his was stronger than any other motive ; but, whatever might have

induced the resolution, certain it is that, in the early part of 1823, he resolved to go to Greece :

No one could accuse him of being a blind enthusiast. In his travels during his younger days he had imbibed a greater personal esteem for the character of the Turks than for that of their slaves. He may have persuaded himself that his personal endeavours and his pecuniary resources might possibly contribute to the liberation of Greece. No undertaking could interest him more strongly ; the object, the scene, the danger, were powerful incentives.

It appeared that no Christian power was likely to take part in the struggle of the Greeks. Most of the Europeans who went to their assistance had either perished, or, discontented, had abandoned them. It was generally believed that a powerful expedition was preparing on the part of the Turks ; the eyes of all Europe were then turned, not towards the east, but the west. Spain alone occupied the public attention. Such a state of things would have made others desist : it stimulated Lord Byron.

In the mean time he received a letter from his friend Mr. Hobhouse, informing him of the interest that the English were beginning to take in favour of the Greeks ; that a committee had been formed, many of whom were his friends ; that Mr. Blaquiere had been sent into Greece to learn more exactly the state of affairs, and that he would touch at Genoa, to communicate with his lordship. In the middle of April Mr. Blaquiere arrived in company with Mr. Luriotti, afterwards Greek deputy in London.

They begged his lordship to concur with his other friends : he replied that he was fully disposed so to do, and to assist the cause not only with his means, but personally, if the Greeks would accept of his services, and if his going to Greece would be of any advantage to that country.

He then decided on as early a departure as possible.

Several accounts have already been made public respecting the few events which marked his lordship's residence in Greece. These accounts differ in some respects, but each of them contains some particulars in which the others are deficient. The principal ones are, a highly intelligent and able article which appeared in the 'Westminster Review,' and which was commonly attributed to Mr. Hobhouse ; a narrative of Lord Byron's last journey into Greece, by Count Peter Gamba, the brother of the Countess Guiccioli ; and a very interesting

volume, by the Honorable Colonel Leicester Stanhope, called 'Greece in 1823 and 1824.' From these several accounts, and some others of less note, we have compiled the history which follows of the latter part of Lord Byron's life, and of his lamented death; which will be found to contain every particular relating to those events.

The motives which induced Lord Byron to leave Italy and join the Greeks, struggling for emancipation from the yoke of their ignorant and cruel oppressors, are of so obvious a nature, that it is scarcely worth while to allude to them. It was in Greece that his high poetical faculties had been first most powerfully developed; and they who know the delight attendant, even in a very inferior degree, upon this intellectual process, will know how to appreciate the tender associations which, 'soft as the memory of buried love,' cling to the scenes and the persons that have first stimulated the dormant genius. Greece, a land of the most venerable and illustrious history, of a peculiarly grand and beautiful scenery, inhabited by various races of the most wild and picturesque manners, was to him the land of excitement,—never-cloying, never-wearying, ever-changing excitement:—such must necessarily have been the chosen and favorite spot of a man of powerful and original intellect, of quick and sensible feelings, of a restless and untameable spirit, of warm affections, of various information,—and, above all, of one satiated and disgusted with the formality, hypocrisy, and sameness of daily life. It appeared to him that there was a good chance of his being useful in a country which he loved—a field of honorable distinction was open to him, and doubtless he expected to derive no mean gratification from witnessing so singular and instructive a spectacle as the emancipation of Greece.—A glorious career apparently presented itself, and he determined to try the event. When he had made up his mind to leave Italy for Greece, he wrote from Genoa to Mr. Trelawney, one of his most intimate friends and constant companions, then at Rome, saying,

'Trelawney, you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I am at last determined—Greece is the only place I ever was contented in—I am serious—and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing:—they all say I can be of great use in Greece. I do not know how, nor do they; but, at all events, let us try!'

He had, says this friend, who knew him well, become ambitious of a name, or rather by one great effort to wipe out the memory of those

deeds which his enemies had begun rather freely to descant on in the public prints; and to make his name as great in glorious acts as it already was by his writings.

Lord Byron embarked from Leghorn and arrived in Cephalonia in the early part of August, 1823, attended by a suite of six or seven friends, in an English vessel (the *Hercules*, Captain Scott), which he had hired for the express purpose of taking him to Greece. His lordship had never seen any of the volcanic mountains, and for this purpose the vessel deviated from its regular course in order to pass the island of Stromboli. The vessel lay off this place a whole night in the hopes of witnessing the usual phenomena, when, for the first time within the memory of man, the volcano emitted no fire—the disappointed poet was obliged to proceed in no good humour with the fabled forge of Vulcan. ‘Nothing happened,’ says the Count Gamba, in his account of Lord Byron’s last journey to Greece—‘nothing happened during our voyage. Lord Byron enjoyed excellent health, and was always in good spirits. He was generally on deck; and, as he never undressed to lie down, he often rose at night. He took his meals on deck. Fruit, cheese, and vegetables, as long as they kept fresh, formed his diet. He both read and conversed much. We were all cheerful; the presence of the Ionian adventurer alone gave us cause for uneasiness. The old Captain Scott, a plain honest sailor, frequently amused Lord Byron with his quaint observations.

‘On the morning of the 3d of August we cast anchor in Argostoli, the principal port of Cephalonia.

‘Whilst waiting for answers to inquiries which he had dispatched to procure information from the Morea respecting the position of several Greek forces, we took a journey across the island of Cephalonia to Ithaca, leaving most of the servants, and every thing else, on board. The first day we reached St. Euphemia, one of the principal ports of the island on the side of Ithaca. An English magistrate, who resided there, politely offered us his hospitality. But notwithstanding a journey of six hours on mules, under a scorching sun, and over nearly impassable roads, Lord Byron was resolved to proceed on to Ithaca the same day. We crossed the narrow strait, between the two islands, in an open four-oared boat. The season, the time of day, and the beautiful views of the surrounding coasts, rendered our tour agreeable. Our boatmen landed us at Ithaca.

‘It was now near sunset: the town of Vathi was more than six miles distant, over a hilly road: we were eight in company, with some

luggage, and rather fatigued : no house, no sign of a human being, was to be seen. Lord Byron proposed passing the night in some of the many caves on the coast. We refreshed ourselves with some ripe grapes which grew upon the hill. Romantic adventures were displeasing to none of us, but it was to be feared less the night air might injure Lord Byron's health ; for which reason, Mr. Hamilton Browne and myself ascended the hill, whilst the others were bathing. After an hour's walk we discovered a house in a recess, surrounded by trees. A boy was standing before the door, who, from his appearance and dress, did not appear to be a peasant. Mr. Browne asked him, in Greek, if it were possible to find a guide to the town, and some mules ? What was our agreeable surprise to hear an answer, in good Venetian, from a female within, that she would immediately call her husband, then in the field, and that we could certainly be provided with a mule and a servant. She then came out to us. Her appearance, though she was somewhat worn by years and domestic cares, was not unpleasing. Her husband had formerly been a merchant at Trieste : the house, and a small quantity of land, which they cultivated, remained to them after the wreck of their fortune. The husband appeared ; and, though ignorant who we were, not only offered us the mule and servant, but every hospitality his house could afford. The way to the town being long and steep, and no other mules to be found, we gladly accepted the kind offer ; and, returning, we found Lord Byron just come out of the water : he refused the use of the mule, and walked up to the house, rather more than an hour distant.

Our good host, a warm patriot, and formerly a rich merchant, entertained us for some time with accounts of the prowess of the Greeks, rivalling, as he said, the glory of their ancestors. He told us, also, the story of the misfortunes which had brought him to that solitude. He spread before us some excellent grapes, of various sorts, besides other fruit, and wine. It was one of those delightfully cool nights which, in such climates, fully repay us for the heat of the day. On one side were two high mountains, on the other the declivity of the hill which led to the shore where we had disembarked. On the summit of one of the mountains tradition places a castle, founded by Ulysses ; and on the side a cave, where he deposited the presents of the Pheacians. Our host, who valued himself on his erudition, made us pay a trifle for his hospitality by obliging us to listen to his long antiquarian dissertations.

Lord Byron, who delighted more in the beauties of nature than in

learned lore, remained out late, talking much of his former travels in Greece, and of the real happiness he felt amidst such magnificent scenery.

‘We all slept in a small room, in our cloaks; and in the morning Mr. Browne started early for Vathi, with a letter which Lord Byron had for the commandant, Captain Knox, who immediately sent his boat to the nearest shore, with mules, guides, &c. An officer, who commanded a detachment in Ithaca, came with Mr. Browne. Lord Byron ascended to the grotto, but the steepness and height prevented him from reaching the remains of the castle. I myself experienced considerable difficulty in gaining it. Lord Byron sat reading in the grotto, but fell asleep. I awoke him on my return, and he said that I had interrupted dreams more pleasing than ever he before had in his life. We arrived at Vathi in the afternoon. Captain Knox and his amiable lady showed us the most polite attention.

‘On the following day Captain Knox accompanied us to the fountain of Arethusa, to which are attached many classical traditions: but we left them to the learned, and found the never-fading beauties of nature sufficiently attractive. We remained a few hours, and dined there. On other days we visited other parts of the island, and particularly one part, where are some remains, which go by the name of the School of Homer. We there found a refugee, an old bishop, whom Lord Byron, ten years before, knew in Livadia. He took great delight in questioning him on the fate of those whom he remembered formerly in Greece. Names and circumstances were so fresh in his memory, that the good old bishop could with difficulty follow him. Some had distinguished themselves in the present revolution; others were dead, or sunk into calamity and distress.

‘The first opportunity of displaying his benevolent feelings towards the victims of barbarism and tyranny, in the present glorious struggle, occurred in Ithaca. Many poor families had fled there from Scio, Patras, and other parts of Greece. Lord Byron gave three thousand piastres to the commandant, for their relief; and he induced a family, once rich in Patras, but now reduced to the greatest misery, to pass over to Cephalaria, where he provided them with a house, and assigned them a monthly allowance.

‘In a few days we returned to Cephalaria. We called again on our good host, and, dining at St. Euphemia, we passed the night at Samo, in an old convent, on the summit of a mountain on the opposite side of the gulf. At five, on the following evening, we reached Argostoli,

and went aboard the *Hercules*. We had been eight days absent, travelling generally from nine in the morning until four or five in the evening, and, in that season and climate, under a most scorching sun. Lord Byron never enjoyed better health or spirits; and we were persuaded that strong exercise, and even fatigue, contributed to the health of his mind and body.'

Lord Byron remained at Metaxata more than a month, during which time his occupations seem to have been arranged in the following order:—'Leaving his bedroom at nine, he was employed in answering letters and settling affairs with me till eleven. He then breakfasted, and took nothing but a cup of tea. Towards noon he got on horseback, and generally remained out till three. Sometimes we went into the town. We then dined together, but he only ate cheese and vegetables. After dinner, we sometimes practised firing with a pistol. He then retired into his chamber till seven; and, after conversing with us till twelve, he retired to his chamber for the night, several hours of which, however, he passed in reading, for latterly he slept ill.'

The following anecdote is highly characteristic of Lord Byron's mind and temper:—'We learnt that a party of peasants employed in road-making had imprudently excavated a high bank, which had fallen down and overwhelmed a dozen persons. Colonel Napier had arrived at this moment, and set off in search of assistance. Lord Byron dispatched Bruno to the spot, and we followed as soon as our horses could be got ready. When we came to the place, we saw a most lamentable spectacle indeed. A crowd of women and children were assembled round the ruins, and filled the air with their cries. Three or four of the peasants who had been dug from under ground were carried before us half dead to the neighbouring cottages; and we found Mr. Hill, a friend of Lord Byron, and the superintendent of those works, in a state of the utmost consternation. Notwithstanding, however, an immense body of people continued flocking to the place, and it was thought that there were still some other workmen under the fallen earth, no one would make any further efforts. The Greeks stood looking on without moving, as if totally indifferent to the catastrophe, or despairing of doing any good. This enraged Lord Byron very much: he seized a spade himself, and began to work as hard as he could; but it was not until after being threatened with the horsewhip that the peasants would follow his example. Some shoes and hats were found; but the story of two men being discovered is incorrect. Lord Byron never could be an idle spectator of any

calamity. He was peculiarly alive to the distresses of others ; and was perhaps a little too easily imposed upon by every tale of woe, however clumsily contrived. The slightest appearance of injustice or cruelty, not only to his own species, but to animals, roused his indignation, and commanded his interference, without the least calculation as to personal consequences.'

About the beginning of October he heard of the illness of his daughter Ada, which made him anxious and melancholy for several days. He left off his journal, nor did he again continue it till a second letter informed him of her recovery. Lord Sydney Osborne, a friend and relation, came from Corfu, and passed two or three days with him.

Lord Byron's continuance at Metaxata was occasioned by his not being quite sure to what part of Greece he should repair, and which was a point of the greatest importance. The country was afflicted by intestine divisions, and Lord Byron thought that, if he wished to serve it, he must keep aloof from faction. The different parties had their different seats of influence, and to choose a residence, if not in fact, was in appearance to choose a party. In a country where communication is impeded by natural obstacles and unassisted by civilized regulations, which had scarcely succeeded in expelling a barbarian master, and where the clashing interests of contending factions often make it advantageous to conceal the truth, the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate information may be easily supposed. It, therefore, became necessary to make some stay in a place which might serve as a convenient post of observation, and from which assistance could be rendered where it appeared to be most needed.

At the time of Lord Byron's arrival in the Ionian Islands, Greece, though even then an intelligent observer could scarcely entertain a doubt of her ultimate success, was in a most unsettled state. The third campaign had commenced, and had already been marked by several instances of distinguished success. Odysseus and Niketas had already effectually harassed and dispersed the two armies of Yusuff Pasha, and Mustapha Pasha, who had entered Eastern Greece, by the passes of Thermopylæ. Corinth, still held by the Turks, was reduced to the greatest extremities—and, indeed, surrendered in the course of the autumn.—The Morea might almost be said to be thoroughly emancipated. Patras, Modon, and Coron, and the Castle of the Morea did then and still hold out against the combined assaults of

famine and the troops of the besiegers. But the ancient Peloponnesus had, at this moment, more to fear from the dissensions of its chiefs than the efforts of the enemy—they had absolutely assumed something like the character of a civil war. The generals had been ordered on different services, when it appeared that the funds destined for the maintenance of their armies were already consumed in satisfying old demands for arrears. Much confusion arose, and a bloody conflict actually took place in the streets of Tripolitza, between a troop of Spartiates and another of Arcadians, the followers of rival leaders. The military chiefs, at the head of whom was the able but avaricious Colocotronis, at that time vice-president of the executive government, were jealous of the party which may be termed the civil faction. Over this party presided Mavrocordatos, who, as a Constantinopolitan, was considered as a foreigner, and who, on account of his being a dexterous diplomatist, a good letter-writer, and a lover of intrigue, was regarded with feelings of jealousy and hatred by the rude and iron-handed generals of the Morea. Mavrocordatos was secretary for foreign affairs, and was accused of holding correspondence with foreign courts without the knowledge of the government, and of aiming at getting himself elected the president of the legislative body. It turned out that the actual president fled from the seat of government, and that Mavrocordatos was elected into the office. He too was soon obliged to retreat, and had just resigned the office and retired to the island of Hydra, where the *civil* and commercial party was strong, and where he was held in considerable estimation, when Lord Byron arrived at Cephalaria.

At this moment, too, Western Greece was in a very critical situation—Mustapha, Pasha of Scutari, was advancing into Acarnania in large force, and was on the point of being resisted by the chivalrous devotion of the brave Marco Bozzari. This chief, worthy of the best days of Greece, succeeded on the 9th of August (O. S.) by his famous night-attack, in cutting off a considerable part of the Turkish army, and fell a sacrifice to his generous efforts. In spite of this check, however, the Pasha advanced and proceeded towards Anatolico and Messolonghi; the latter place was invested by Mustapha, and the Albanian chief, Omer Vrioni, by the early part of October. The Turkish fleet had arrived in the waters of Patras about the middle of June, and continued to blockade (at least nominally) Missolonghi, and all the other ports of Western Greece, up to the arrival of Lord Byron.

Previous to Marco Bozzari's arrival at Carpenissi, the little village where he discomfited the Turks, he had heard of Lord Byron's arrival in Greece; and it is not a little remarkable that the last act he did before proceeding to the attack was to write a warm invitation for his lordship to come to Missolonghi, offering to leave the army, and to give him a public reception in a manner suitable to the occasion and serviceable to the cause.

To all who know the circumstances of that memorable battle, and the character of this heroic man, this letter cannot fail to be interesting. We will translate the part which relates to Lord Byron. It is dated at the 'piccolo villaggio' of Carpenissi on the $\frac{3}{20}$ of August.

'I am delighted,' he says to a friend in Cephalonia, 'with your account of Lord Byron's disposition with respect to our country. The advice you have given his lordship to direct his attention to Western Greece has caused us the greatest satisfaction; and I feel obliged by your continued exertions in the service of our country. I am not a little pleased at his lordship's peculiar attention to my fellow-countrymen the Suliotes, on whom he has conferred the honour of selecting them for his guards. Avail yourself of this kindness of his lordship, and persuade him to come as speedily as possible to Missolonghi, where we will not fail to receive him with every mark of honour due to his person; and, as soon as I hear of his arrival, I will leave the army here, and proceed to join him with a few companions. All will soon be right; the disturbances in Roumelia are only temporary, and will be easily settled. I trust you are informed of all that has occurred here—that the Pasha of Scutari has advanced to Aspropotamos and Agrapha, and has penetrated to Carpenissi. We are going to meet him; we have possession of all the strong posts, and trust that the enemy will be properly resisted.'

Bozzari alludes to almost the first act of Lord Byron in Greece which was the arming and provisioning of forty Suliotes, whom he sent to join in the defence of Missolonghi. After the battle he transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large store from Italy, and pecuniary succour to those who had been wounded in the battle.

He had already made a very generous offer to the government, to which he himself alludes, as well as to the dissensions in Greece, in a letter of which this is an extract:

'I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of

Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Bozzari (since killed); but the government have answered me through ———, of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the two I have a difficult part to play: however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible——'

The narrative of the daring enterprise in which this gallant Greek fell is highly interesting.

Marco Bozzari had undertaken to arrest the march of the Pasha of Scutari, and of Omer Vrioni, who were crossing the mountains towards Anatolico. The enemy were between 15 and 20,000 strong: he had only a few hundred troops; notwithstanding this, he harassed them perpetually with the utmost skill and bravery. When he made his attack on the night on which he wrote to Lord Byron, he had but 300 Suliotes, and, assembling them, he told them that he intended to penetrate into the enemy's camp, and would not be followed except by volunteers: all his men came forward. Bozzari was acquainted with the Turkish watch-word, and in the dead of night rushed into the camp, where, for three hours, he slaughtered the Turks, and spread confusion in all their quarters, until they began to suspect the small number of their assailants. More than five hundred Turks of Scitairi defended a large ditch, which crossed the camp. Marco was already wounded, and his friends wished him to retire; but he resolved to try another assault against this party. As he was kneeling on one knee to reload his musket, a ball struck him in the head, and he fell dead on the spot. His companions secured his remains, and carried them to Missolonghi.

This account was received from his brother and from Lambro Zerva, who were at his side when he fell.

Though strongly solicited in the most flattering manner by Count Metaxa, the Exarch of Missolonghi, and others, to repair to that place, Lord Byron had too reasonable a fear of falling into the hands of a party to take a decided step in his present state of information.— He determined to communicate alone with the established government: for this purpose he dispatched two of the friends who had accompanied him to Greece, Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Browne

in order to deliver a letter from him to the government, and to collect intelligence respecting the real state of things, while he himself remained, as we have said, at Metaxata.

It was hither that Dr. Kennedy, a methodistical physician then residing in Cephalonia, used to resort for the purpose of instilling the importance of religious meditation and certain scriptural truths into the mind of Lord Byron, who had the reputation of not holding them in sufficient reverence. These conferences, we are informed by an auditor of them, if not of the most instructive, were yet of a very amusing kind. The doctor, though he is said to be an able man in this his *lay* profession, seldom brought his arguments to bear upon his lordship; who, having the advantage in quickness of intellect, and often in the clearness of his logic, would frequently put Dr. Kennedy's ideas in disorder by a single vigorous onset. Lord Byron showed a most remarkable acquaintance with the Bible, and by his quotations, aptly applied to the question in dispute, very often brought his antagonist to a stand; when, turning down the page, for he generally brought a little library of theology to the contest, he would promise to return to the next meeting with a full and satisfactory answer to the argument.

The two friends whom Lord Byron had dispatched to the government proceeded to the Morea, and crossed the country to Tripolitza, from which place it appeared that the two assemblies had removed to Salamis. At Tripolitza, however, they had an opportunity of seeing Colocotronis, some of the other distinguished chiefs, as well as the confidential officers of Mavrocordatos' suite, whom he had left behind him in his precipitate retreat from the chair of the legislative assembly. Here, consequently, they were able to collect a considerable quantity of information, and procure answers to the questions with which Lord Byron had charged them; after doing which they proceeded onwards to the place where the assembly was collecting. Colocotronis was found to be in great power; his palace was filled with armed men, like the castle of some ancient feudal chief, and a good idea of his character may be formed from the language he held. He declared that he had told Mavrocordatos that, unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would put him on an ass, and whip him out of the Morea; and that he had only been withheld from doing it by the representations of his friends, who had said that it would injure the cause. He declared his readiness to submit to a democratic government if regularly constituted; but swore that he and the other chiefs and their followers

would shed the last drop of their blood, rather than submit to the intrigues of a foreigner. He himself at that time intended to proceed to the congress at Salamis to settle the affairs of the country, and he invited Lord Byron and all the other British Phillhellenes to communicate with the general government, and to send their succours to them alone. His sentiments were shared by the other chiefs, and the name of Mavrocordatos was never mentioned with respect in the Peloponnesus, where it seemed he had lost all influence. His influence reigned in another quarter, and for that reason his suite were very solicitous that Lord Byron's friends should proceed to Hydra, instead of to Salamis, and expressed a hope that Lord Byron himself would act, in the difference between the prince and Colocotronis, not as a simple mediator, but in a decisive manner, '*avec une main de fer*,' as they were convinced that the former character would be useless.

The congress met at Salamis to deliberate on the most important questions—the form of the government, and the measures of the future campaign. The legislative assembly consisted of fifty, and the executive of five. Every thing is described as wearing the appearance of reality—the chiefs and people acknowledging, and, as far as strangers could judge, obeying, the government and its decrees. They received the agents of Lord Byron in the most friendly manner, and opened every thing to them without reserve—and enabled them to convey to him a very instructive account of the real state of affairs. Ulysses, (Odysseus,) a brave and dexterous mountain-chief of great power and consummate military skill at that time, and still in command of Athens, was about to lead five thousand Albanians into Negropont, whither Mr. Trelawney agreed to accompany him as his aide-de-camp, being promised any number of men he chose under his command, and under the expectation of passing the winter there very agreeably between Turk and woodcock shooting. Colocotronis and his son, a fine spirited young man, with all their forces, were to undertake the siege of Patras. Tombasi, the admiral of Hydra, was in command at Candia, where active warfare was expected. Staicos was to remain at Corinth, which surrendered in October, very soon after the congress. Marco Bozzari's brother, with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordatos, were to take charge of Missolonghi, which at that time (October, 1823) was in a very critical state, being blockaded both by land and sea.

'There have been,' says Mr. Trelawney, 'thirty battles fought and won by the late Marco Bozzari and his gallant tribe of Suliotes, who are shut up in Missolonghi. If it fall, Athens will be in danger, and

thousands of threats cut. A few thousand dollars would provide ships to relieve it—a portion of this sum is raised;—and Mr. Trelawney adds, in a spirit worthy of him and his deceased friend, ‘*I would coin my heart to save this key of Greece!*’

A report like this was sufficient to show the point where succour was most needed; and Lord Byron’s determination to relieve Missolonghi was still more decidedly confirmed by a letter which he received from Mavrocordatos from Hydra (Oct. 21), in answer to one which his lordship had addressed to him on the subject of the dissensions which reigned in the government, and the prince’s desertion of his post. In this very able and creditable letter Mavrocordatos attempts to set Lord Byron right with respect to the dissensions in the Morea, and points out, with great justice, that, though the government may be divided, the *nation is not*; and that, whatever at any time may have been the difference of opinion, all parties have joined hand and heart, and fought to the last extremity against the common enemy. He attributes such dissensions as do exist to the want of money; and predicts their immediate disappearance when means are found to pay the fleets and armies. He goes on to speak of Lord Byron’s intentions:—

‘I should do myself an injustice, my lord, if I were not to speak to you with the frankness which you expect from me; I cannot agree with you when you say your best plan is to rest in observation. I will never advise you to run the risk of appearing to embrace the interests of a party; but all the world knows, and no one better than myself, that you are come here with the firm intention of succouring Greece:—this Greece is now before you, under your eyes; you may see at the first glance which is the part in danger,—that Missolonghi is blockaded by land and by sea, that it is destitute of provisions, and on the point of falling into the hands of the Turks, who afterwards will have no difficulty in penetrating into the Morea and seizing upon its most fertile provinces, from whence it will be hard, nay, impossible to dislodge them. To carry succour to this place, to save it, is to save Greece itself. Is this declaring for a party? Is it not rather to do that which the feelings of honour and humanity dictate to us all? Influenced by these and other reasons, I never know when to leave off inviting you to come to the succour of Missolonghi.’

At this time Mavrocordatos was endeavoring to collect a fleet for the relief of Missolonghi. Lord Byron’s intentions, under the circumstances to which this letter alludes, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from him, dated the 29th Oct. 1823:—

Corinth is taken—and a Turkish squadron is said to be beaten in the Archipelago—the public progress of the Greeks is considerable—but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of government I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four hundred thousand piastres, which, at the desire of the Greek government, I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they could have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for, although I had the letters of ———, one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean, also of ———, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through *English* merchants: these, however, have proved both able, and willing, and upright, as usual.' He continues—

It is my intention to proceed by sea to Nauplia di Romania as soon as I have managed this business—I mean the advance of the four hundred thousand piastres for the fleet. My time here has not been entirely lost; indeed you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last named the deputies, and I have written a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordatos, which I understand was forwarded to the legislative body by the prince.

He did not, however, depart for the government at the time he had expected. Just at this period Colonel Stanhope, who had been appointed by the Greek Committee in London to be Lord Byron's co-operator, arrived at Cephalonia on his way to Missolonghi. Lord Byron gave him a letter of introduction to Mavrocordatos, written in that emphatic style which distinguished his conversation.

Cephalonia, 2d December, 1823.

Prince.—The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived from London for fifty days, after having visited all the committees of Germany. He is charged by our committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in common

with all Europe, respects and admires the courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordatos.

'I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over every thing in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures; either to re-conquer her liberty, or to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province: she has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Walachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it *to-morrow*; if of that of Italy, the *day after*; but if she wishes to become *truly Greece, free and independent*, she must resolve *to-day*, or she will never again have the opportunity.

'I am, with due respect,

'Your highness's obedient servant, — N. B.

'P. S. Your highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek government, as much as it laid in my power to do; but I should wish that the fleet, so long and so vainly expected, were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way, and especially that your highness should approach these parts either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner.'

In another letter, written a few days after this, we find a circumstance mentioned which probably turned his views from the Morea to Western Greece. It must be remembered that the Suliotes were his old favorites, and that their late bravery had raised them still higher in his estimation:

'The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my direction, and go over and *put things to rights* in the Morea, which, without a force, seems impracticable; and really though very reluctant, as my letters will have shown you, to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power there-for. Had I gone sooner they would have forced me into one party or the other, and I doubt as much now. But we will do our best — Dec. 7, 1823.'

His lordship seems to have been too sensitive on this point, and, as we think, attached too great an importance to these dissensions. We

may quote against him a sentence from a letter of one of his intimate friends.

‘I am convinced if they (the Greeks) succeed in getting the loan, the liberty of Greece will be definitely founded on a firm basis. True, there is much difference of opinion existing amongst the people in authority here, as well as in every other country, and some little squabbling for place and power, but they all unite against the common enemy. Love of liberty and execration of their barbarous oppressors actuate them. What they want, to ensure success and consolidate the government, is money—money—money.’

Lord Byron, in his correspondence, however, continues to allude to these unfortunate differences, and is pleasant upon the gasconading which distinguishes the Greek of this day as it did the Greek of the age of Cleon.

‘C—— will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods in behalf of the Greeks, who seem to have no enemies in heaven or earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord among themselves. But these too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated; and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the ‘petite guerre’ of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the Spartans, but they have not inherited their style.—Dec. 10, 1823.’

Soon after the date of this letter the long-desired squadron arrived in the waters of Missolonghi; and, in a letter written three days after the date of the last, (Dec. 13th,) his lordship says,

‘I momentarily expect advices from Prince Mavrocordatos, who is on board, and has (I understand) dispatches from the legislative to me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.’

In the same light and agreeable manner in which he touches upon every subject, he proceeds to speak of the committee supplies, which had been sent out to him as its agent; an office which he had taken upon himself with great readiness, and executed with considerable judgment and discrimination.

‘The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the committee have arrived in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in

landing (I ought not to have omitted the press, but forgot it at the moment—excuse the same); they are pronounced excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer, and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already), mere “pearls to swine,” as the Greeks are ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music; the maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the committee.’

He speaks again of the supplies, however, with more pleasantry than foresight; for the very articles, which he seems to have thought thrown away, proved of remarkable service, more particularly the trumpets. The Turks are so apprehensive of the skill and well-directed valour of the *Franks*, that even the supposed presence of a body of such troops is sufficient to inspire a panic. The Greeks, aware of this have frequently put their enemy in disorder by sounding these same despised bugles. The Greeks know this weak side of the Turks so well, that they sometimes consider a collection of old European *hats* a piece of ammunition more effectual than much heavier artillery. The *sight* of a *hat*, if well cocked, in the occidental fashion, espied among the Greek forces, is often as terrific as the sound of a trumpet:

‘The supplies of the committee are very useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough in the present state of Greece: for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away; none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho; for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send somebody to listen to them.’ He goes on, ‘We will do our best; and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more general exertion; for my part I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honorably clung to:—if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks’ conduct—and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans.’

This determination never to desert the Greeks, as long as he could be of any service to them, is repeatedly expressed in his correspondence. He concludes a letter to his banker, in Cephalonia, on business, with this sentence: ‘I hope things here will go well, some time or other—I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists, *first or second*.’

Lord Byron had the more merit in the zeal and energy with which he espoused the interests of the Hellenic cause, for he had not suffered himself to be disgusted by the real state of things, when stripped

of their romance by actual experience ; and he was too wise to be led away by a blind enthusiasm. He seems to have been actuated, *in the main*, for we must not expect perfection either in Lord Byron or the Greeks, by a steady desire to benefit a people who deserved the assistance and sympathy of every lover of freedom and the improvement of mankind. He speaks to this point himself ; and here we may remark, as in almost every line he ever wrote, the total absence of *cant* ;—which unfortunately colours the writings and conversations of almost every man who imagines himself to live in the eye of the world :

‘ I am happy to say that ——— and myself are acting in perfect harmony together : he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the committee, and is publicly, as well as personally, a very valuable acquisition to our party, on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow and Eton, &c. ; but Colonel Stanhope and I set him to rights on those points, which was absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return—but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally. I can assure you that Colonel Stanhope and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of themall—but, like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth—with its defects as well as beauties, more especially as success will remove the former—*gradually*.—Dec. 26, 1823.’

Lord Byron had by this time yielded to the solicitations of Mavrocordatos, who repeatedly urged him, in the most pressing manner, to cross over to Missolonghi, and who offered to send, and did send, ship after ship to Cephalonia, to bring him over. He seems to have been chiefly delayed by the difficulty in procuring money for his Italian bills. His anxiety to procure supplies is a constant subject of his correspondence :

‘ I have written,’ he says, in a letter dated 13th Oct. 1823, ‘ to our friend Douglas Kinnaid, on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits he can command (and I have a year’s income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me) ; for, till the Greeks get their loan, it is probable I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am “ good upon ’Change,” that is to say.—I pray you to repeat as much to *him* ; and say that I must, in the interim, draw on Messrs. R—— most formidably—to say the

truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have begun to fight again : and still more welcome shall they be, if they will go on—but they have had, or are to have, four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one “swoop,” and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more ; and how can I refuse if they will fight ? and especially if I should happen to be in their company ? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the honorable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor, and mine income for the year A. D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders or drafts of mine, for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live a thousand years ! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes’ constitution.’

When the supplies were procured, and his other preparations made for departure, two Ionian vessels were hired, and, embarking his horses and effects, his lordship sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December. Anchoring at Zante the same evening, the whole of the following day was occupied in making his pecuniary arrangements with Mr. ———, and, after receiving a quantity of specie on board, he proceeded towards Missolonghi. Two accidents occurred on this short passage, which might have been attended with very serious consequences. Count Gamba, an intimate friend who had accompanied his lordship from Leghorn, had been charged with the vessel in which the horses and part of the money were embarked ; when off Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and the place of their destination, they were surprised at daylight on finding themselves under the bows of a Turkish frigate. Owing, however, to the activity displayed on board Lord Byron’s vessel, and her superior sailing, she escaped, while the second was fired at, brought to, and carried into Patras. Gamba and his companions, being taken before Yusuff Pasha, fully expected to share the fate of the unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief sacrificed last year at Prevesa, though also taken under the Ionian flag ; and their fears would most probably have been realized, had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by the count. Aware that nothing but stratagem and effrontery could save him, he no sooner saw himself in the Pasha’s power, than, assuming an air of hauteur and indifference, he accused the captain of the frigate of a scandalous breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours,

and concluded by informing Yusuff that he might expect the vengeance of the British government in thus interrupting a nobleman who was merely on his travels, and bound to Calamos! Whether the Turkish chief believed Gamba's story, or, being aware of the real state of the case, did not wish to proceed to extremities, he not only consented to the vessel's release, but treated the whole party with the utmost attention, and even urged them to take a day's shooting in the neighbourhood. Count Gamba gladly availed himself of these unexpected hospitalities, and, sailing the next day, passed over to Missolonghi, where, to his great surprise, Lord Byron had not yet arrived.

Owing to the wind's becoming contrary, Lord Byron's vessel took shelter at the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks within a few miles of Missolonghi; but, as this place afforded no means of defence in the event of an attack, it was thought advisable to remove to Dagromestre, where every preparation in their power was made, should any of the enemy's ships pursue them.

Having remained three days at Dagromestre, the wind came round, and allowed his lordship once more to set sail. On hearing what had happened, Prince Mavrocordatos dispatched a gun-boat to accompany his lordship's vessel; while a portion of the Greek squadron, stationed at Missolonghi, were also ordered to cruize in the offing, and prevent the Turkish vessels from approaching the coast. One of these coming up, the captain sent a boat on board, inviting his lordship to make the remainder of his voyage on board of his ship; this offer was, however, declined. As if the whole voyage was destined to be ominous of some future calamity, the vessel had not proceeded many miles before she grounded on a shoal near the Scrofes, and would probably have remained there, had it not been for the activity of his lordship's attendants, who jumped into the water, and assisted to push the vessel off; whilst their master urged the captain and crew to exert themselves, instead of invoking the saints, as is customary with Greek sailors on such occasions. As the wind continued to blow directly against their getting to Missolonghi, the vessel was again anchored between two of the numerous islets which line this part of the coast. Several gun-boats having arrived early the following morning, dispatched from Missolonghi to accompany his lordship, and assist him if required, the vessel accordingly sailed, but was forced to anchor in the evening, nor did she reach the town before the following day.

We can, however, give Lord Byron's account of his situation on the Scrofes, which we find in a hasty letter addressed to Colonel Stanhope,

and written on board the Cephaloniot vessel in which he sailed from Argostoli :

‘ We are just arrived here (the letter is dated 31st Dec. 1823), that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c. and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted) : but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the committee things—also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left—do you understand ?)—are taken by the Turkish frigate—and my party anymd self, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern, and hailed ; but we would not answer, and hove away) as well as this morning. Here we are with snow and blowing weather, within a pretty little port enough ; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols—and—I suspect—not more than four fighting people on board) is another question—especially if we remain long here—since we are blockaded out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance. You had better send my friend George Drako, and a body of Suliotes to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and all on board are taken into Patras, I suppose—and we must have a turn at the Turks to get them out ; but where the devil is the fleet gone ? the Greek I mean, leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again. Make my respects to Mavrocordatos, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here, not so much on my own account, as on that of the Greek boy with me—for you know what his fate would be—and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself, than have him taken out by those barbarians.’

Lord Byron was received at Missolonghi with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy : no mark of honour or welcome which the Greeks could devise was omitted. The ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed. Prince Mavrocordatos and all the authorities, with all the troops and the population collected together, met him on his landing, and accompanied him to the house which had been prepared for him, amidst the shouts of the multitude and the discharge of cannon. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which he had been expected, except the satisfaction which was displayed on his arrival.

The simplicity of Lord Byron’s manner of living was carried to an

extreme. The following order, which he gave to his superintendent of the household for the daily expenses of his own table, sets this in a remarkable point of view. It is this ; and amounts to no more than one piastre :

| | Paras. |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Bread, a pound and a half | 15 |
| Wine | 7 |
| Fish | 15 |
| Olives | 3 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 40 |

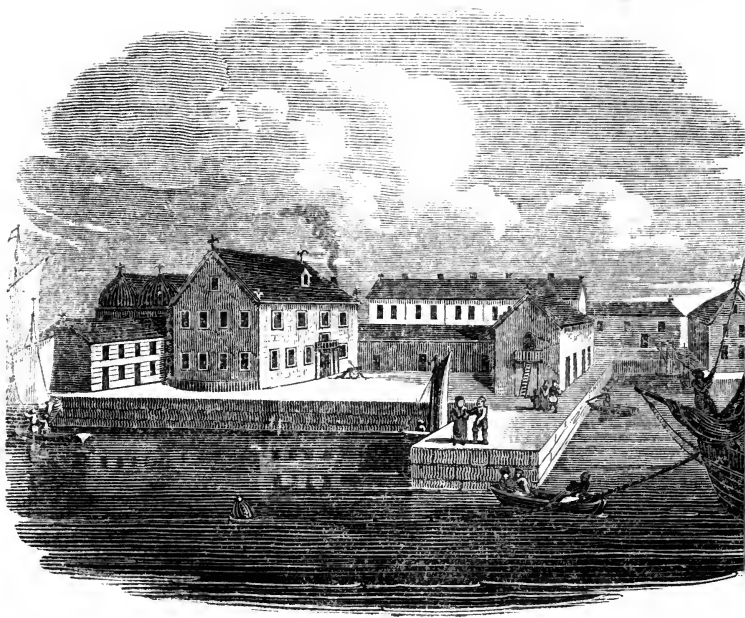
This was his dinner; his breakfast consisted of a single dish of tea, without milk or sugar. The place of his abode was as simple as his fare. Colonel Stanhope lived in the same house, and Lord Byron had two wretched rooms above him. In one of these he slept, in the other he received his guests ; but this second apartment was at night turned into a dormitory for us.

One of the first objects to which Lord Byron naturally turned his attention was to mitigate the ferocity with which the war had been carried on. This ferocity, not only excusable in the first instance, but absolutely necessary and unavoidable, had now, in a great measure, effected its object. The Greeks were by this time in a condition to be merciful ; and Lord Byron, in the most judicious manner, set about producing an improvement in the system of warfare on both sides.

The very first day of his lordship's arrival was signalized by his rescuing a Turk, who had fallen into the hands of some Greek sailors. The individual thus saved, having been clothed by his orders, was kept in the house until an opportunity occurred of sending him to Patras.

The only poem which Lord Byron wrote during his residence at Missolonghi, and which remains, was composed on his attaining his 36th year.

On the morning of the 22d of January Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said, with a smile, ' You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now :—this is my birth-day, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced those noble and affecting verses on his own birth-day, which were afterwards found written in his



Lord Byron's Residence at Missolonghi.

journal, with only the following introduction:—*January 22: on this day I complete my thirty-sixth year.*

'Tis time thine heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

If thou regret st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death

Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave—for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

It was easily perceptible from these lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece, and that he had made up his mind to ' return victorious, or return no more.' Indeed, he often said to me, ' Others may do as they please—they may go—but I stay here, *that is certain.*' The same determination was expressed in his letters to his friends ; and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the very natural presentiment—that he should never leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to Italy ? ' Yes,' said Tita ; ' if your lordship goes, I go.' Lord Byron smiled, and said, ' No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece—either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.'

His lordship had not been long at Missolonghi before an opportunity presented itself for showing his sense of Yusuff Pasha's moderation in releasing Count Gamba. Hearing that there were four Turkish prisoners in the town, he requested that Prince Mavrocordatos would place them in his hands : this being immediately granted, they were sent to the castle of the Morea, near Patras, with the following letter addressed to the Turkish chief :

' Missolonghi, January 23d, 1824.

' Highness !—A vessel, in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your highness. I have now to thank you, not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain, but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

' In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion.

These prisoners are liberated without any conditions; but, should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg that your highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity, more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

‘NOEL BYRON.’

The above act was followed by another not less entitled to praise, while it proves how anxious his lordship felt to give a new turn to the system of warfare hitherto pursued. A Greek cruiser having captured a Turkish boat, in which there were a number of passengers, chiefly women and children, they were also placed in the hands of Lord Byron, at his particular request: upon which a vessel was immediately hired, and the whole of them, to the number of twenty-four, sent to Prevesa, provided with every requisite for their comfort during the passage. The letter which accompanied these poor people was answered by the English consul, Mr. Meyer, who thanked his lordship in the name of Beker Aga, the Turkish governor of that place, and concluded by an assurance that he would take care equal attention should be in future shown to the Greeks who became prisoners.

Mavrocordatos, in his invitations to Lord Byron, had dwelt on the importance of his lordship's presence at Missolonghi, and had, no doubt, fired his imagination by the anticipation of success, and the scenes of brilliant achievement which he laid before him. ‘Soyez persuadé, Milord,’ he says, among much of the same kind, ‘qu'il ne dépendra que de vous, d'assurer le sort de la Grèce. Lepante et Patras, cernés par terre et par mer, ne tarderont pas de capituler; et maîtres de ces deux places, nous pouvons former des projets de l'occupation de Thessalie!’ Accordingly, Lord Byron landed at Missolonghi, animated with military ardour, and became, as one of the letters from the place, dated soon after his landing, expresses it, *soldier-mad*. After paying the fleet, which indeed had only come out under the expectation of receiving its arrears from the loan which he promised to make to the provisional government, he set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest and the most resolute of the soldiers of Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st of January, 1824, and an object worthy of them and their leader was not difficult to be found.

The castle of Lepanto, which commands the gulf of that name, was the only fortress occupied by the Turks in Western Greece. Its

position at the mouth of the gulf is one of great importance, and enables it to keep up a constant communication with Patras ; and, while this was the case, it was impossible to reduce it in the ordinary mode of starvation. The garrison consisted of 500 Turks, and a considerable number of Albanians ; the soldiers were clamorous for their pay, and much confusion was said to reign in the place. It was understood that the Albanians would surrender on the approach of Lord Byron, and on being paid their arrears, which amounted to 23,000 dollars. In every point of view the place was of the highest importance, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that a vigorous attack upon it would prove successful. Lord Byron was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and spent his whole time in preparing for the expedition. It was first intended that a body of 2,500 men should form the main body, and that Lord Byron should join them with his 500 Suliotes, and with a corps of artillery under Mr. Parry, which had been raised by the Greek committee in London. At the latter end of January, however, Lord Byron was appointed by the Greek government to the sole command of all the (3000) troops destined to act against Lepanto. He mentions this circumstance himself:

‘ The expedition of about two thousand men is planned for an attack on Lepanto ; and for reasons of policy with regard to the native Capitani, who would rather be (nominally at least) under the command of a foreigner than one of their own body, the direction, it is said, is to be given to me. There is also another reason, which is, that, if a capitulation should take place, the Mussulmans might perhaps rather have *Christian* faith with a Frank than with a Greek, and so be inclined to concede a point or two. These appear to be the most obvious motives for such an appointment, as far as I can conjecture ; unless there be *one* reason more, viz. that, under present circumstances, no one else (not even Mavrocordatos himself) seems disposed to accept such a nomination—and, though my desires are as far as my deserts upon this occasion, I do not decline it, being willing to do as I am bidden ; and, as I pay a considerable part of the clause, I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money ; besides, I am tired of hearing nothing but talk.’

While these preparations were making for the attack of Lepanto, there was no neglect of those salutary institutions which alone could enlighten the nation as to its dearest interests. Colonel Stanhope zealously labored at the formation of schools on the Lancasterian plan ; he established dispensaries for the preservation of the public

health; and, on the 12th of January (the 1st, according to the Greek style), appeared the programme of the 'Greek Chronicle.' Lord Byron, to the establishment of this paper, contributed at once 250 dollars. A trifling difference arose between the colonel and his lordship as to the conduct of this paper. Lord Byron wished, if possible, to provide against personal attacks, which, in a country like Greece, without laws and tribunals, must end in assassinations and deadly feuds; and also to prevent the intemperate abuse of those allied sovereigns, who, whatever may be thought of their policy, must necessarily have so much influence on the future destinies of Greece. Colonel Stanhope, on the contrary, approved of an unlimited liberty in the conduct of the newspaper, and established the 'Chronicle' on that principle. Lord Byron's difference of opinion with the colonel did not prevent him from being the real founder of the first and most independent paper that has appeared in Greece; for the 'Chronicle' was set up under the direction of Colonel Stanhope, but at the expense of his lordship. Another journal appeared at Missolonghi a month afterwards, called the 'Greek Telegraph,' and his lordship incurred the first charges of that publication.

The difference of opinion which prevailed between Lord Byron and Colonel Stanhope might, with men of less sense and temper, have led to results highly injurious to the interests of Greece. Stanhope is a thorough-paced radical of the Bentham school. Lord Byron was in his heart a true and fervent Tory, notwithstanding the little flights of expression in which he occasionally indulged, and which were rather adopted from the people about him than uttered from his own conviction. Both, however, were gentlemen, and persons of high honour. In the establishment of the newspaper Lord Byron would have had some check upon the licentiousness of which the press might be the occasion: Stanhope would have had it unrestricted. Colonel Stanhope gives an account of a curious conversation which passed between them on the subject:

Captain York, of the *Alacrity*, a ten-gun brig, came on shore, a few days ago, to demand an equivalent for an Ionian boat that had been taken in the act of going out of the Gulf of Lepanto with provisions, arms, &c. The Greek fleet, at that time, blockaded the harbour with five brigs, and the Turks had fourteen vessels of war in the Gulf. The captain maintained that the British government recognised no blockade that was not efficient, and that that efficiency depended on the numerical superiority of cannon. On this principle, without going at

all into the merits of the case, he demanded restitution of the property. Prince Mavrocordatos remonstrated, and offered to submit the case to the decision of the British government; but the captain peremptorily demanded restitution of the property in four hours. He received 200 dollars as an equivalent. Lord Byron conducted the business in behalf of the captain. In the evening he conversed with me on the subject. I said the affair was conducted in a bullying manner, and not according to the principles of equity and the law of nations. His lordship started into a passion. He contended that law, justice, and equity, had nothing to do with politics. That may be; but I will never lend myself to injustice. His lordship then began, according to custom, to attack Mr. Bentham. I said that it was highly illiberal to make personal attacks on Mr. Bentham before a friend who held him in high estimation. He said that he only attacked his public principles, which were mere theories, but dangerous;—injurious to Spain, and calculated to do great mischief in Greece. I did not object to his lordship's attacking Mr. Bentham's principles; what I objected to were his personalities. His lordship never reasoned on any of Mr. B.'s writings, but merely made sport of them. I would, therefore, ask him what it was that he objected to. Lord Byron mentioned his Panopticon as visionary. I said that experience in Pennsylvania, at Milbank, &c. had proved it otherwise. I said that Bentham had a truly British heart; but that Lord Byron, after professing liberal principles from his boyhood, had, when called upon to act, proved himself a Turk.—Lord Byron asked, what proofs have you of this?—Your conduct in endeavoring to crush the press, by declaiming against it to Mavrocordatos, and your general abuse of liberal principles.—Lord Byron said, that if he had held up his finger he could have crushed the press.—I replied, with all this power, which, by the way, you never possessed, you went to the prince and poisoned his ear.—Lord Byron declaimed against the Liberals whom he knew.—But what Liberals? I asked; did he borrow his notions of freemen from the Italians?—Lord Byron. No! from the Hunts, Cartwrights, &c.—And still, said I, you presented Cartwright's Reform Bill, and aided Hunt by praising his poetry and giving him the sale of your works.—Lord Byron exclaimed, You are worse than Wilson, and should quit the army.—I replied, I am a mere soldier, but never will I abandon my principles. Our principles are diametrically opposite, so let us avoid the subject. If Lord Byron acts up to his professions, he will be the greatest—if not, the meanest of mankind.—He said

he hoped his character did not depend on my assertions.—No, said I, your genius has immortalized you. The worst could not deprive you of fame.—Lord Byron. Well; you shall see: judge me by my acts. When he wished me good night, I took up the light to conduct him to the passage; but he said, What! hold up a light to a Turk!

Count Gamba, in alluding to this scene, has the following observation, after bearing testimony to the general correctness of the statement:—‘It is to be regretted, however, that the narrative closes before the excellent colonel has the opportunity of relating the last words which fell from Lord Byron in this conversation. Stanhope accused Lord Byron of being an enemy to the liberty of the press; to which his lordship replied, “And yet, without my money, where would your Greek newspaper be?”—and he concluded by the sentence already mentioned—*‘Judge me by my actions, not by my words.’*”

The following prospectus of the ‘Greek Telegraph’ will show what were the principles on which Lord Byron and his friends wished the press to be conducted in Greece:

‘Missolonghi, 16 (4) Marzo, 1824.’

‘PROSPECTUS.—Knowing the interest the Christian people take in the affairs of Greece, some of those engaged in that sacred cause have resolved on publishing for their information a weekly journal, to be entitled “The Greek Telegraph.”

‘Written contributions to this newspaper will be accepted from men of all nations and parties. The articles will be published in the language in which they are forwarded to the editors.

‘The motto selected is the following passage of Homer:

“When man becomes enslaved, Jove deprives him of half his virtues.”

‘Already we have explained that we belong to no faction: we are, however, free men, and consider that publicity is the very soul of justice. It should prevail in the senate; in the courts of law; and, above all, in giving vent to the unrestricted expression of the people’s thoughts. “The liberty of the press,” says Hume, “is attended with so few inconveniences, that it may be claimed as the common right of all mankind.” We are, nevertheless, enemies to all licentiousness; and our attachment to a free press is founded on a conviction that it is the best means of promoting public virtue.

‘The general object of the projectors of this journal is to convey intelligence to the world of the events that are passing in Greece.

‘In co-operation with the Greek committees in London and elsewhere, they will endeavour to encourage throughout the world every effort

towards the promotion of her freedom and the amelioration of her condition. We wish the Greeks to be all armed; their land forces and their navies efficient, and of a constitutional character; their tongues and their presses free—free as their own thoughts; their roads open, and posts established for circulation of their ideas on military, commercial, and political subjects. The people we hope to see in full enjoyment of religious liberty; their laws plain and comprehensive; and justice openly, speedily, and cheaply administered. We desire the Greeks to have possession of that which is dear to every heart—the lands of their ancestors; their country accessible to settlers, with all the capital and improvement they can bring into it; their hands stretched out in amity, and their ports wide open to all nations; and, finally, to behold their arms triumphant, and their Christian charity extended to their enemies. These are the unanimous sentiments of all high-minded men.

‘The “Greek Telegraph” will be published every Saturday.’

‘The subscription to it will be six dollars per annum.’

‘Those who wish to have this newspaper will address themselves to the editors of the “Greek Telegraph,” under cover to Segt. Doctor J. J. Mayer, at Missolonghi.’

‘The editors solicit the friends of Greece to forward news and contribute written articles in French, Italian, German, English, and other languages, for insertion in the “Greek Telegraph.”’

The difference of opinion between Lord Byron and Colonel Stanhope never interfered to prevent their strenuous co-operation to effect the glorious object in which they were jointly interested.

The expedition against Lepanto, however, had to experience delay and disappointment from much more important causes than the non-appearance of the engineer. The Suliotes, who conceived that they had found a patron whose wealth was inexhaustible, and whose generosity was as boundless, determined to make the most of the occasion, and proceeded to make the most extravagant demands on their leader for arrears, and under other pretences. Suliotes, untameable in the field, and equally unmanageable in a town, were at this moment peculiarly disposed to be obstinate, riotous, and mercenary. They had been chiefly instrumental in preserving Missolonghi when besieged the previous autumn by the Turks, had been driven from their abodes, and the whole of their families were at this time in the town, destitute of either home or sufficient supplies. Of turbulent and reckless character, they kept the place in awe; and Mavrocordatos having, unlike

the other captains, no soldiers of his own, was glad to find a body of valiant mercenaries, especially if paid for out of the funds of another; and, consequently, was not disposed to treat them with harshness. Within a fortnight after Lord Byron's arrival, a burgher refusing to quarter some Suliotes, who rudely demanded entrance into his house, was killed, and a riot ensued in which some lives were lost. Lord Byron's impatient spirit could ill brook the delay of a favorite scheme, and he saw, with the utmost chagrin, that the state of his favorite troops was such as to render any attempt to lead them out at present impracticable.

The project of proceeding against Lepanto being thus suspended, at a moment when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, and when he had fully calculated on striking a blow which could not fail to be of the utmost service to the Greek cause, it is no wonder that the unlooked-for disappointment should have preyed on his spirits, and produced a degree of irritability, which, if not the sole cause, contributed greatly to a severe fit of epilepsy, with which he was attacked on the 15th of February. His lordship was sitting in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope: the conversation turned upon the subject of the newspaper. The persons present agreed that, being written in Romaic, it was not well calculated to give foreigners, very few of whom understood it, a good account of what was passing in Greece. It was resolved, in order to obviate this objection, to publish another in different languages; and Lord Byron promised to contribute several articles. After this he drank some cider, and was talking in a jocular manner with Mr. Pafry, the engineer, when it was observed, from occasional and rapid changes in his countenance, that he was suffering under some strong emotion. On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and rose; but, finding himself unable to walk, he cried out for assistance. He then fell into a state of nervous and convulsive agitation, and was placed on a bed. For some minutes his countenance was much distorted. He, however, quickly recovered his senses; his speech returned, and he soon appeared perfectly well, although enfeebled and exhausted by the violence of the struggle. During the fit he behaved with his usual remarkable firmness, and his efforts in contending with and attempting to master the disease are described as gigantic. In the course of the month the attack was repeated four times: the violence of the disorder at length yielded to the remedies which his physicians advised; such as bleeding, cold bathing, perfect relaxation of mind, &c., and he gradually recovered.

An accident, however, happened a few days after his first illness, which was ill calculated to aid the efforts of his medical advisers. A Suliote, accompanied by the late Marco Bozzari's little boy, and another man, walked into the Seraglio—a place which before Lord Byron's arrival had been used as a sort of fortress and barrack for the Suliotes, and out of which they were ejected with great difficulty for the reception of the committee stores, and for the occupation of the engineers, who required it for a laboratory. The sentinel on guard ordered the Suliotes to retire; which being a species of motion to which Suliotes are not accustomed, the man carelessly advanced; upon which the sergeant of the guard (a German) demanded his business, and, receiving no satisfactory answer, pushed him back. These wild warriors, who will dream for years of a blow if revenge is out of their power, are not slow to follow up a push. The Suliote struck again—the sergeant and he closed and struggled, when the Suliote drew a pistol from his belt. The sergeant wrrenched it out of his hand, and blew the powder out of the pan. At this moment Captain Sass, a Swede, seeing the fray, came up, and ordered the man to be taken to the guard-room. The Suliote was then disposed to depart; and would have done so if the sergeant would have permitted him. Unfortunately, Captain Sass did not confine himself to merely giving the order for his arrest; for, when the Suliote struggled to get away, Captain Sass drew his sword and struck him with the flat part of it; whereupon the enraged Greek flew upon him with a pistol in one hand, and the sabre in the other; and at the same moment nearly cut off the captain's right arm, and shot him through the head with the pistol. Captain Sass, who was remarkable for his mild and courageous character, expired in a few minutes. The Suliote also was a man of distinguished bravery. This was a serious affair, and great apprehensions were entertained that it would not end here. The Suliotes refused to surrender the man to justice, alleging that he had been struck, which, in Suliote law, justifies all the consequences which may follow.

Mr. Parry, who has published one of the most interesting narratives of the affairs connected with Lord Byron's last residence in Greece, has described this Suliote guard with great accuracy. There are in his book also some other particulars connected with Lord Byron which are valuable, as well on account of the person to whom they relate as for the unaffected and manly tone in which they are told:

‘ Lord Byron had taken a small corps of Suliotes into his own pay,

and kept them about him as a body-guard. They consisted altogether of fifty-six men, and of these a certain number were always on duty. A large outer room in his lordship's house was appropriated to them, and their carbines were suspended against the walls. Like other soldiers, they found various means to amuse themselves when on guard. While some were walking about, discoursing violently and eagerly, with animated gestures, others were lying or sitting on the floor, playing at cards.

'In this room, and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather. On such occasions he was almost always accompanied by his favorite dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend. They were, indeed, very seldom separated. Riding or walking, sitting or standing, Lyon was his constant attendant. He can scarcely be said to have forsaken him even in his sleep. Every evening did he go to see that his master was safe, before he lay down himself, and then he took his station close to his door, a guard certainly as faithful, though not so efficient, as Lord Byron's corps of Suliotes. This valuable and affectionate animal was brought to England after Lord Byron's death, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Mrs. Leigh, his lordship's sister.

'With Lyon Lord Byron was accustomed, not only to associate, but to commune very much, and very often. His most usual phrase was, "Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon;" or "Lyon," his lordship would say, "thou art an honest fellow, Lyon." The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the ground. "Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more." Lyon sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as to say, "You may trust me, I will watch actively on every side." "Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog!" and Lyon jumped and kissed his master's hand, as an acknowledgment of his homage. In this sort of mingled talk and gambol Lord Byron passed a good deal of time, and seemed more contented, more calmly self-satisfied, on such occasions, than almost on any other. In conversation and in company he was animated and brilliant; but with Lyon and in stillness he was pleased and perfectly happy.

'When Lord Byron rode out, he was also attended by his Suliote guards. The captain, and a certain number, all on foot, preceded his lordship. Then came Lord Byron on horseback, accompanied on one

side by Count Gamba, and on the other by the Greek interpreter. Behind him rode two attendants; generally, these were his black groom and Tita, both dressed like the *chasseurs* usually seen behind the carriages of ambassadors, and another division of his guard closed the cavalcade. It was to me very surprising to see the swiftness of the Suliotes. Though they carried their carbines, they were always able to keep up with the horses, and Lord Byron sometimes put his cattle to their utmost speed. If their activity may be considered as at all resulting from the races in which their ancestors were so distinguished, we should find it difficult to bestow too much praise on such gymnastic exercises. But it should probably rather be attributed to their climate, their habits of life, and their frames being originally nervous and well formed. Whatever may have been the source of their fleetness, they were able to keep up with Lord Byron in his rides, and, whenever he quitted the town on horseback, they accompanied him, being answerable both to Greece and Britain for his safety. They were tall men, and remarkably well formed; and perhaps, take them altogether, no sovereign of Europe can boast of having a finer set of men for his body-guard.'

Mr. Parry has also described the ordinary course of Lord Byron's daily habits, which appear to have been simple in the extreme, and arranged upon a plan of such systematic regularity as he had perhaps never before practised :

• He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten. This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast, I generally waited on him to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

• If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

• It was at this period of the day also, if he did not ride out, that he was generally visited by Prince Mavrocordatos and the primates. If he rode out, the latter visited him towards three or four o'clock, and

the former came later in the evening, like one of his private friends. His rides were seldom extended beyond two hours, as he then returned and dined.

The reader may form an idea of the *fever* of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day, and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly brought-up and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman. He who had fed only on the richest viands of the most luxuriant parts of Europe, whose palate had been tickled, from his earliest days, with the choicest wines, now, at the call of humanity and freedom, submitted to live on the coarsest and meanest fare. He was ready, like some general of old Rome, to share the privations of the meanest soldier; and he showed, both by what he submitted to, and by the dangers he braved, that his love of liberty and of the good cause of mankind was not limited to writing a few words in their favour from a comfortable well-warmed library; or to sending from a table, smoking with all the superfluities of French cookery, a small check on his banker. The propriety and utility of some of his measures may possibly admit of a doubt, as, in fact, they have been censured; but of the purity of his intentions, and the intenseness of his zeal, the dangers he encountered, the privations he submitted to, the time and money he bestowed, and the life he forfeited, there are such proofs as no other man in this age and country has given.

After his dinner Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn. When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw except his servants; and then he retired, not however

to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours; getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him.'

In a letter dated a few days after Lord Byron's first attack, to a friend in Zante, he speaks of himself as rapidly recovering:

'I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it; but I have been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback; to-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as well can be, without any liquid but water, and without any animal food.' He then adds, 'Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them to Prevesa, that the English consul-general may consign them to their relatives. I did this at their own desire.' After recurring to some other subjects, the letter concludes thus: 'Matters are here a little embroiled with the Suliotes, foreigners, &c. but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause so long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful.'

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's improvement in health, his friends felt from the first that he ought to try a change of air. Missolonghi is a flat, marshy, and pestilential place, and, except for purposes of utility, never would have been selected for his residence. A gentleman of Zante wrote to him early in March, to induce him to return to that island for a time; to his letter the following answer was received on the 10th:

'I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even *supposed*) utility: there is a stake worth millions such as I am,—and, while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects, of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people.'

It may well be supposed after so severe a fit of illness, and that in a great measure superinduced by the conduct of the troops he had taken into his pay and treated with the height of generosity, that he was in no humour to pursue his scheme against Lepanto—supposing that his state of health had been such as to bear the fatigue of a cam-

campaign in Greece. Various pretexts were urged for delay by the intriguers of the Greek government and their agents, among whom Prince Mavrocordatos appears to have been a chief actor; among others, whether a true or a pretended one, is not exactly ascertained, a design of delivering up Missolonghi to the Turks was alleged against the Suliotes. But at last came Lord Byron's fatal illness, and all schemes of congresses and campaigns were for a time forgotten in the apprehensions entertained for his life, and in the subsequent lamentations over his death. The meeting took place at Salona, on the 16th of April. Mavrocordatos was not there; and Lord Byron was on his death-bed.

The last moments of great men have always been a subject of deep interest, and are thought to be pregnant with instruction. Surely, if the death-bed of any man will fix attention, it is that of one upon whose most trifling action the eyes of all Europe have been fixed for ten years with an anxious and minute curiosity, of which the annals of literature afford no previous example. We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness from the pen of Count Gamba, who we believe to have loved Lord Byron with the warmest affection:

'April 9.—Lord Byron had suffered visibly in his health during the last day or two: the events just mentioned, and the weather, had made him more than usually nervous and irritable: but he this morning received letters from Zante and from England, which raised his spirits exceedingly. They brought news of the probable conclusion of the loan, which was a great consolation indeed to us, in the midst of our distresses; but what comforted him personally was some favorable intelligence respecting his daughter and his sister. He learnt that the latter had been seriously indisposed at the very time of his fit, but had entirely recovered her health. He was delighted at this news; but he remarked the coincidence as something singular. He was, perhaps, on the whole, rather given to attach importance to such accidents; at least, he noted them as out of the common course of nature.

'He had not been on horseback for three or four days; and, though the weather was threatening, he resolved to ride. Three miles from the town we were overtaken by a heavy rain, and we returned to the town walls wet through, and in a violent perspiration. I have before mentioned that it was our practice to dismount at the walls, and return to our house in a boat. This day, however, I entreated him to

go back on horseback the whole way, as it would be very dangerous, warm as he was, to remain exposed to the rain in a boat for half an hour. But he would not listen to me, and said, "I should make a pretty soldier, indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle." Accordingly, we dismounted, and got into the boat as usual.

'Two hours after his return home he was seized with a shuddering: he complained of fever and rheumatic pains. At eight in the evening I entered his room; he was lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy. He said to me, "I suffer a great deal of pain: I do not care for death; but these agonies I cannot bear." The medical men proposed bleeding; but he refused, observing, "Have you no other remedy than bleeding?—there are many more die of the lancet than the lance." Some of the physicians answered, that it was not absolutely necessary to bleed as yet, and I fear were too much inclined to flatter his prejudice against that operation. But there was not then the slightest suspicion of any danger, nor was there any at that moment.

'April 10.—The next day he felt himself perpetually shuddering; but he got up at his usual hour, and transacted business; but he did not go from home.

'April 11.—He resolved to ride out this day an hour before his usual time, fearing that, if he waited later, the rain would prevent him altogether. We rode for a long time in the olive woods, and Lambro, a Suliote officer attached to our brigade, accompanied by a numerous suite, attended him. Byron spoke much, and appeared in good spirits.

'April 12.—The next day he kept his bed with an attack of rheumatic fever. It was thought that his saddle had been wet; but it is more probable that he was only suffering from the previous exposure to the rain, which perhaps affected him the more readily on account of his over-abstemious mode of life.

'April 13.—He rose from his bed the next day, but did not go out of the house. The fever appeared to be diminished; but the pains in his bones and head still continued: he was melancholy and very irritable. He had not been able to sleep since his attack, and he could take no other nourishment than a little broth, and a spoonful or two of arrow-root.

'April 14.—The following day he got out of bed at twelve: he was calmer; the fever was less, apparently, but he was very weak, and suffered from the pains in his head. He wished, however, notwithstanding the weather was threatening, to go out on horseback, or at least in a boat; but his physicians dissuaded him. It was now thought

that his malady was got under, and that in a few days he would be quite recovered. There was no suspicion of danger, and he told us he was rather glad of his fever, as it might cure him of his tendency to epilepsy. He received many letters, and he told me what answer I was to give to them.

‘April 15.—The fever was still upon him; but the pains in his head and his bones were gone. He was easier—he even wished to ride out; but the weather would not permit. He transacted business, and received many letters, particularly one on the part of the Turkish governor, to whom he had sent the prisoners he had set at liberty. The Turk thanked him, and asked for a repetition of this favour. The letter pleased him much. It appears, however, from the account of his English valet, Mr. William Fletcher, that both on this day and the day before he had entertained some suspicions that his complaint was of no ordinary nature, and that his physicians did not understand it; but he had not the least apprehension of danger.

‘April 16.—It happened unfortunately that I was myself confined to my bed this day by a sprained ankle, and could not see my lord; but they told me that he was better; that his complaint was following the usual course, and that there was no fear. He himself wrote an answer to the Turkish governor, and sent it to me to be translated into Greek; but in the evening he became worse.

‘April 17.—The next day I contrived to get to his room. His countenance at once awakened the most dreadful suspicions: he was very calm; he talked to me in the kindest manner about my accident, but in a hollow sepulchral tone. “Take care of your foot,” said he; “I know by experience how painful it must be.” I could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw.

‘This was the first day that the medical men seemed to entertain serious apprehensions of the event. He was bled twice, first in the morning, and at two in the afternoon, and lost about two pounds of blood. He did not faint, and his eyes were lively, but he had no sleep; he perspired on the head and neck; and the disease seemed attacking the head. I now for the first time heard some mention of Dr. Thomas, and of the necessity of sending for him from Zante. But Mr. Fletcher said that he had proposed this two or three days previously, but that my lord refused. For my own part, I do not think that there was any suspicion of danger until the seventeenth—at least, I heard nothing of it; on the contrary, he was

thought better on the day before. He was dreadfully distressed by want of sleep, and he now said to Doctor Millingen, "I know that, without sleep, a man must die or go mad: I would sooner die a thousand times." He repeated this to his valet, Mr. Fletcher.

'April 18.—During the night of the seventeenth he had some attacks of delirium, in which he talked of fighting; but neither that night nor the next morning was he aware of his peril. This morning his physicians were alarmed by appearances of inflammation of the brain, and proposed another bleeding, to which Lord Byron consented, but soon ordered the vein to be closed. At twelve o'clock I came to his bedside. He asked me if there were any letters come for him. There was one from the Archbishop Ignatius to him, which told him that the sultan had proclaimed him, in full divan, an enemy of the Porte. I thought it best not to let him know of the arrival of this letter. A few hours afterwards other letters arrived from England, from his most intimate friends, full of good news, and most consolatory in every way, particularly one from Mr. Hobhouse, and another from the Honorable Douglas Kinnaird; but he had then lost his senses—it was too late. But at the time first mentioned, Lord Byron, when I told him there were no letters, said, "I know there is one from Luriottis to Mavrocordatos." "It is true," said I, "my lord." "That is just what I want to see," he replied. Accordingly in five minutes I returned with the letter. He opened it himself—it was written partly in French, partly in Greek. He read it into English from the French without hesitation, and attempted to translate the Greek. Fearing that it might fatigue him too much, I offered to get it translated. "No, no," he said, and at last made it out himself. This letter mentioned that the loan was concluded; that my lord was to be the head of a commission for its disposal; and that part of the money would be immediately transmitted.

There was another part of the letter which displeased him, and he said, "I wish Napier and Hobhouse were here—we would soon settle this business." He could not at this moment (twelve o'clock of the 18th) have had the least presentiment of his danger.

'It was Easter day; on which holiday, after twelve o'clock, the Greeks are accustomed to discharge their fire-arms and artillery. Fearing that the noise might be injurious to my lord, we thought of marching our artillery brigade out of the city, and, by exercising our guns, to attract the crowd from the vicinity of his house. At the same time, the town guard patrolled the streets, and, informing the

people of the danger of their benefactor, invited them to make as little noise as possible near the place where he lay. Our scheme succeeded perfectly; but, nevertheless, we should not have been induced to quit the house if we had been aware of the real state of our friend. I do not think that he suspected it himself, even so late as three in the afternoon. At this time he rose, and went into the next room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita. When seated, he told Tita to bring him a book, mentioning it by name. The servant brought it to him. About this time Dr. Bruno entreated him, with tears in his eyes, to be again bled. "No," he said: "if my hour is come, I shall die whether I lose my blood or keep it." After reading a few minutes, he found himself faint, and, leaning upon his servant's arm, he tottered to the next room, and returned to bed.

'At half past three Dr. Bruno and Dr. Millingen, becoming more alarmed, wished to call in two other physicians, a Doctor Treiber, a German, and a Greek, named Luca Vaya, the most distinguished of his profession in the town, and physician to Mavrocordatos. My lord at first refused to see them; but, being told that Mavrocordatos advised it, he said, "Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing." They promised this, and were admitted. When about him, and feeling his pulse, one of them wished to speak—"Recollect your promise," he said, "and go away."

'At four o'clock, after this consultation of his physicians, he seemed to be aware of his approaching end. I think this was the exact time, and not before. Dr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita, were round his bed. The two first could not contain their tears, and walked out of the room. Tita also wept, but he could not retire, as Byron laid hold of his hand; but he turned away his face. Byron looked at him steadily, and said, half smiling, in Italian—"Oh questa è una bella scena." He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, "Call Parry." Almost immediately afterwards a fit of delirium ensued, and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault. He called out, half in English, half in Italian—"Forwards—forwards—courage—follow my example—don't be afraid," &c.

'When he came to himself, Fletcher was with him: he had before desired him to send for Dr. Thomas. He then knew he was dying, and seemed very earnest in making his servant understand his wishes. He was anxious about his servants, and remarked that he was afraid they would be ill from sitting up so long in attendance upon him.

He said, "I wish to do something for Tita and Luca." "My lord," said Fletcher, "for God's sake never mind that now, but talk of something of more importance." But he returned to the same topic, and taking Fletcher by the hand continued, "You will be provided for—and now hear my last wishes." Fletcher begged that he might bring pen and paper to take down his words, and at the same time expressed a hope that he might yet live. "No," replied Lord Byron, "there is no time—mind you execute my orders. Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say ——" Here his voice faltered, and gradually became indistinct; but still he continued muttering something in a very earnest manner for nearly twenty minutes, though in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These were only names, "Augusta"—"Ada"—"Hobhouse"—"Kinnaird." He then said, "Now I have told you all." "My lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying." Lord Byron looked most distressed at this, and said, "Not understand me? What a pity—then it is too late—all is over."—"I hope not," answered Fletcher, "but the Lord's will be done." Byron continued, "Yes, not mine." He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "My sister—my child."

Since their last consultation, the majority of the medical men had thought that the crisis of the disorder was now come; and that the principal danger now was the extreme weakness of the patient; and that restoratives should be administered. Dr. Bruno thought otherwise; but it was resolved to give a draught of claret and bark and opium, and to apply mustard blisters to the soles of the feet. Byron took the draught readily, but refused the blisters: accordingly, I was sent for to persuade him, and I returned in all haste with Mr. Parry. On my arrival they informed me that he was asleep, and that he had suffered the blisters to be applied not to his feet, but elsewhere. The physicians augured well of this sleep—perhaps it was but the effect of the medicine, and only hastened his death.

He awoke in half an hour. I wished to go to him—but I had not the heart. Mr. Parry went, and Byron knew him again, and squeezed his hand, and tried to express his last wishes. He mentioned names, as before, and also sums of money: he spoke sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian. From those about him, I collected that, either at this time, or in his former interval of reason, he could be understood to say—"Poor Greece!—poor town!—my poor servants!" Also,

"Why was I not aware of this sooner?" and "My hour is come!—I do not care for death—but why did I not go home before I came here?" At another time he said, "There are things which make the world dear to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo*]: for the rest, I am content to die." He spoke also of Greece, saying, "I have given her my time, my means, my health—and now I give her my life!—what could I do more?"

'It was about six o'clock in the evening when he said, "I want to go to sleep now;" and, immediately turning round, he fell into that slumber, from which, alas! he never awoke. From that moment he seemed incapable of sense or motion: but there were occasional symptoms of suffocation, and a rattling in the throat, which induced his servants now and then to raise his head. Means were taken to rouse him from his lethargy, but in vain. He continued in this state for four-and-twenty hours; and it was just a quarter past six o'clock on the next day, the 19th, that he was seen to open his eyes, and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—he was gone!'

Mr. Parry's account of this melancholy event is given with some difference. He says that he had better opportunities than any other person for seeing Lord Byron, because both the Count Gamba, and Fletcher, the valet, were so overcome by their apprehensions, that they could not bear the sight of the noble bard's dying agonies; and in this representation Count Gamba's own statement bears Mr. Parry out. He says too, without any intention of disparaging Count Gamba, that Lord Byron, who was in no small degree influenced by little superstitions, had a notion that the Count was an unlucky person, and that no affairs he undertook could turn out prosperously: for this reason his lordship never placed in him any marked confidence. Fletcher, too, had at this time ceased to be Lord Byron's favorite servant, and was not so much about his person as Tita, who seldom quitted his room for a moment, but who understood very little of his master's English. Nobody can doubt Fletcher's attachment to his master, nor his fidelity; but, from the time he had entered Lord Byron's service, he had been the subject of numerous jokes for his pusillanimity; and, in a letter dated from the Morea many years before, Lord Byron complains to his mother that Fletcher's fears and follies are more troublesome to him than any other of his travelling inconveniences. These were now so strong as to prevent him from being a correct reporter of what occurred at Lord Byron's death-bed.

The events which preceded his lordship's illness are mentioned with some minuteness :

When the news arrived from England, on April the 9th, of the loan for the Greeks having been negotiated in London, Lord Byron also received several private letters, which brought him favorable accounts of his daughter. Whenever he spoke of her, it was with delight to think he was a father, or with a strong feeling of melancholy, at recollecting that her infantine and most endearing embraces were denied to his love. The pleasant intelligence which he had received concerning her gave a fresh stimulus to his mind, I may almost say revived for a moment a spirit that was already faint and weary, and slumbering in the arms of Death. He rode out after hearing this news twice ; and once was caught in the rain. Those who wish to attribute his death to any other cause, rather than to the general debility occasioned by a long system of exhaustion, both of body and mind, have eagerly seized hold of this trifling circumstance, to make the world believe, that he who had swam the Hellespont, who had been accustomed to brave every climate and every season, fell a victim to a shower of rain and a wet saddle. When a man is borne down, almost to death, by continued vexation, and a want of sufficient nourishment, such trifles may complete his dissolution. In this case they were only the last grains of the ponderous load of calamities which weighed this noble-minded man to the earth ; and it is my honest conviction that he might have been saved, had he had with him one sensible and influential friend, partly to shield him from himself, partly to shield him from others, and zealous to preserve both his fame and his life.

A short time after his return from the ride, on April 9th, when he had got wet, he complained of considerable pain and fever, and his physician, evidently from some Sangrado theory, immediately proposed that he should be again bled. To this he objected, and against this, when I heard of it, I remonstrated. I was confident, from the mode in which he had lately lived, and been lately tormented, that to bleed him would be to kill him. He was worn out, not fairly but unfairly, and the momentary heat and symptoms of fever were little more, I believe, than the expiring struggles or the last flashes of an ardent spirit.

On April 11th he was very unwell, had shivering fits continually, and pains over every part of his body, particularly in his bones and head. He talked a great deal, and I thought in rather a wandering manner, and I became alarmed for his safety. To me there appeared

no time to be lost, and I earnestly supplicated him to go immediately to Zante, and try change of air and change of scene. After some time he gave an unwilling consent, and I received his orders to prepare vessels for his conveyance. Count Gamba, Lieutenant Hesketh, his aid-de-camp, M. Bruno, his physician, and his servants Fletcher and Tita, were to accompany him. Of course I was to remain at Missolonghi, and was more especially to take charge of all his property, and expedite the service as much as lay in my power. I was also to have a vessel constantly ready to send over to Zante, with information of whatever occurred at Missolonghi. It was only by pointing out to his lordship the facility of communicating with him, and the ease and speediness with which he might return to the spot, should his presence be necessary, and his health permit, that I wrung from him a reluctant consent to go away, and a reluctant order to prepare for his departure.

‘ Lord Byron kept his bed all day on the 12th of April, and complained that he could not sleep, that his bones were very sore, and that the pain in his head increased. He could eat nothing, and in fact took no nourishment whatever.

‘ On the following day all the preparations for his departure were completed, but a hurricane ensued, and it was impossible for the vessel to leave the port; torrents of rain also came down, the country around was flooded, and Missolonghi for the time became a complete prison. The hurricane was no other than the pestilent sirocco wind; and thus it seems as if the elements had combined with man to ensure Lord Byron’s death.

‘ Hitherto he had risen during the day, and for a short time had left his bed-room; but, after retiring on April the 14th, he came out no more. From that time he was confined to his bed, and nobody was allowed to see him, or permitted to enter his bed-room, but Count Gamba, the physician, the two servants Tita and Fletcher, and myself. The confidence with which he had ever honored me since my arrival was shown even in his last moments; and, still keeping in view why he and I were both in Greece, he told me to be with him as much as I possibly could, without thereby retarding the service.

‘ My other occupations unfortunately did not allow me to be always about him; but, whenever they did, I paid him all the attention in my power. To me he seemed even from April 14th to be occasionally delirious, and frequently expressed a desire and intention to go on horseback, or to take an excursion in his boat. I observed also that he sometimes slipped in an Italian sentence or phrase or two in his

conversations with me, as if he were addressing Tita or Count Gamba. From fulfilling his intention of riding he was dissuaded, partly by his attendants, but chiefly by his weakness, which prevented him even from supporting himself without assistance.

On the 15th of April Lord Byron was seriously and alarmingly ill; and I am now persuaded, from the manner of his conversation with me, more than from what he said, that he was then apprehensive his disease was dangerous. The doctors indeed thought there was no danger, and so they assured me and every body else about Lord Byron. The sirocco wind continued to blow very strong; and it was quite impossible to remove him, unless it had abated or changed. The same circumstance would have prevented us sending for Dr. Thomas, or sending to Zante for any body or any thing, had such a measure been resolved on.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when I saw him, and then I took a chair at his request, and sat down by his bed-side, and remained till ten o'clock. He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure; and, though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

"Parry," he said, when I first went to him, "I have much wished to see you to-day. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected, I am sure I am in my senses, but a melancholy will creep over me at times." The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. "My wife! My Ada! My country! the situation of this place, my removal impossible, and perhaps death, all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner, and, when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America. To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful

thoughts. When I left Italy I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do, and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be every thing to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm."

Then adverting to his more immediate attendants he said: "I have closely observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible; you may prevent my being jaded to death, and when I recover I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep; I have not slept, and I can't imagine why they should tell you I was asleep.

"You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them the book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive? None but God—on him I rely."

"I have never before felt as I felt that evening. There was the gifted Lord Byron, who had been the object of universal attention, who had, even as a youth, been intoxicated with the idolatry of men, and the more flattering love of women, gradually expiring, almost forsaken, and certainly without the consolation which generally awaits the meanest of mankind, of breathing out his last sigh in the arms of some dear friend. His habitation was weather-tight, but that was nearly all the comfort his deplorable room afforded him. He was my protector and benefactor, and I could not see him, whom I knew to have been so differently brought up, thus perishing, far from his home.

far from all the comforts due to his rank and situation, far too from every fond and affectionate heart, without a feeling of deep sorrow, such as I should not have had at the loss of my own dearest relation. The pestilent sirocco was blowing a hurricane, and the rain was falling with almost tropical violence. In our apartment was the calm of coming death, and outside was the storm desolating the spot around us, but carrying, I would fain hope, new life and vigour to some stagnant part of nature.

This evening was, I believe, the last time Lord Byron was calm and collected for any considerable period. On the 16th he was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious. He spoke alternately in English and Italian, and spoke very wildly. I earnestly implored the doctors not to physic and bleed him, and to keep his extremities warm; for in them there was already the coldness of coming death. I was told there was no doubt of Lord Byron's recovery, and that I might attend to my business without apprehension. Half assured by these positive assertions, I did leave his lordship, to attend to my duties in the arsenal.

On the 17th, when I saw him in the morning, he was laboring at times under delirium. He appeared much worse than the day before; notwithstanding this, he was again bled twice, and both times fainted. His debility was excessive. He complained bitterly of his want of sleep, as delirious patients do complain, in a wild rambling manner. He said he had not slept for more than a week, when, in fact, he had repeatedly slept at intervals, disturbedly indeed, but still it was sleep. He had now ceased to think or talk of death; he had probably, as Count Gamba has said, no idea that his life was so soon to terminate, for his senses were in such a state, that they rarely allowed him to form a correct idea of any thing. Yet opinions, uttered under such circumstances, have been given to the world, by his *friends*, as Lord Byron's settled opinions. "If," he is made to say, "my hour is come, I shall die whether I lose my blood or keep it."

Count Gamba, indeed, says he transacted with him a considerable quantity of business on the 16th, when Lord Byron was almost insensible, as Mr. Fletcher has already testified, and as I now testify. Those conversations which Count Gamba reports, as heard by himself and others, are all of that rambling character which distinguish delirium. It is particularly necessary to make this observation, because a great degree of importance is sometimes attributed to death-bed speeches. In Lord Byron's case, whatever may be reported as said

by him must be taken with the consideration, that he was frequently delirious for the last five days of his existence.

On the 18th it was settled, by Prince Mavrocordatos, that I should march with the artillery brigade and Suliotes to some little distance from the town, and exercise them, in order to carry the inhabitants along with us. This was Easter day, and, the Greeks being accustomed to celebrate it by firing muskets, we fell on this plan, to prevent their disturbing Lord Byron. On this account I did not see much of Lord Byron till towards the middle of the day. I saw him a short time indeed, in the morning, and then he was very delirious, and alarmingly ill. Such was the confusion amongst the people about him on my return, that I could learn little or nothing of what had passed, except that a consultation had taken place, two other medical men having been called in, and that one of them, Dr. Treiber, a German, had warmly condemned the mode in which Lord Byron had been treated. It was by his recommendation and advice, I believe, that it was now resolved to administer bark, and I was sent for to persuade Lord Byron to take it. I do not know that it is possible to give a stronger proof of Lord Byron's complete want of confidence in his medical men, and of their conviction that he had no confidence in them. Whether he was to be bled or blistered, or receive stimulant medicines, they felt that he would not listen to them, and I, who was comparatively a stranger to Lord Byron, or some one of his household, was obliged to enforce the physician's recommendation. At the moment of administering the bark, he seemed sensible; I spoke to him, and said, "My lord, take the bark; it will do you good, it will recover your lordship." He took my hand, and said, "Give it me." He was able to swallow only a very small quantity, about four mouthfuls I think. Dr. Bruno seemed satisfied, however, and said, "That will do." When he took my hand, I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita, I endeavored gently to create a little warmth in them; and I also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of *Ah Christi!* He bore the loosening of the band passively; and after it was loosened, he shed tears. I encouraged him to weep, and said, "My lord, I thank God, I hope you will now be better; shed as many tears as you can, you will sleep and find ease." He replied faintly, "Yes, the pain is gone, I shall sleep now," and he again took my hand, uttered a faint good night, and sank into a

slumber; my heart ached, but I thought then his sufferings were over, and that he would wake no more.

‘ He did wake again, however, and I went to him; Byron knew me, though scarcely. He had then less of alienation about him than I had seen for some time before; there was the calmness of resignation, but there was also the stupor of death. He tried to utter his wishes, but he was incapable; he said something about rewarding his Italian servant, and uttered several incoherent words. There was either no meaning in what he said, or it was such a meaning as we should not expect at that moment. His eyes continued open only a short time, and then, about six o’clock in the evening of the 18th, he sank into a slumber, or rather, I should say, a stupor, and woke and knew no more.

‘ He continued in a state of complete insensibility for twenty-four hours; giving no other signs of life, but that rattling in his throat, which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April 19th, at six o’clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased—Lord Byron was dead.*

‘ Thus died George Lord Byron, the truest and greatest poet England has lately given birth to, the warmest-hearted of her philanthropists, the least selfish of her patriots, and unquestionably the most distinguished man of her nobility. That the disappointment of his ardent hopes was the primary cause of his illness and death cannot, I think, be doubted. The weight of that disappointment was augmented by the numerous difficulties he met with. He was fretted and annoyed, but he disdained to complain. He had formed, I admit, exaggerated expectations, but they had no foundation, in the unfulfilled promises of the people of England; and was he not unworthily deceived, either by the ignorant presumption or the selfishness of those, who were anxious to obtain the weight of his great name to the cause which was the momentary theme of their declamation?

‘ That he had miscalculated his own power, and the probable resources of Greece, I also admit: but for the former we may find a

* At the very time Lord Byron died there was one of the most awful thunder storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or, as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, “The great man is gone!” On the present occasion it was too true; and the storm was so violent as to strengthen their superstitious belief. Their friend and benefactor was indeed dead.

natural excuse in the very flattering manner in which he was invited into that country ; and on the latter no man had, or now has, any accurate information. He shared, with many wise and many ignorant men, the wide-spread but delusive notion, that an individual limited, as we all are, to a portion of wisdom and power scarcely commensurate to our individual wants, may bestow great benefits on a whole nation, or even on the species ; and he expected, on his appearance in Greece, to reconcile contending chieftains, to hush the voice of angry ambition, to sooth the disappointed passions of opposing factions, and to direct all hearts and minds, as his own heart and mind were directed, to the single object of liberating Greece. This object, beautiful as it is in theory, is one which a succession of wise men, and a long lapse of time, only can accomplish. That Lord Byron failed ought not therefore to surprise us. That he ever suffered such a chimerical idea to obtain possession of his poetical mind might be to us a matter of lasting astonishment, had we not seen those, who are said to be masters of reason, and patterns of philosophy, expect to accomplish precisely the same object, by a few instructions dictated in their closets. That the idea is chimerical is beyond all question ; but, were it possible to realize it, Lord Byron adopted a much more likely method to succeed than those who drew up constitutions and codes for Greece ; and whose great pride it was, in opposition to him, to enforce them.

‘ But though, in my opinion, the primary cause of Lord Byron’s death was the serious disappointment he suffered, I must not therefore be understood to say, that no art could have saved him. From the symptoms of his disease, as recorded by his medical attendant, and from the state of his body on dissection, physicians may probably form a different opinion of the immediate causes of his death from the one I entertain. They may say, as a writer in the “ Westminster Review ” has said, “ that he died in consequence of an inflammation of the brain ; at least, if the appearances really *were as described*. The cause of the attack was the exposure to wet and cold, on the 9th of April. By this exposure fever was excited. That he might have been saved, by early and copious bleeding, is certain. That his *medical attendants had not, until it was too late to do anything, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied.* ”

The latter part of this quotation expresses my opinion. The physicians knew nothing whatever of the nature of his disease. But I shall further say, not only on account of Dr. Bruno being an interested person, but also on account of the great agitation he suffered.

so as to bewilder him, for the last ten days of Lord Byron's life, that he is an incompetent witness as to the state of the body after death. But this statement is the only ground for the reviewer's opinion, that early and copious bleeding would have saved Lord Byron's life. In this statement, be it also remarked, he does not place implicit confidence. Let any man, therefore, take into account the mode in which Lord Byron lived in Greece, together with his former habits, and the severe exercise he then took, and I think a conviction will immediately arise in his mind, as in mine, that Lord Byron's disease needed not the remedy of bleeding.

‘He was, before the fever attacked him, reduced to a mere shadow; and the *slow fever*, as it is called by Mr. Fletcher, which terminated his existence, was only the symptom of that general disease, which, from the time of my arrival in Greece, had been gradually wasting his frame. However learnedly the doctors may talk and write on the matter, it is plain and palpable to common observation, that Lord Byron was worried and starved to death. A part of his irritation arose from the structure of his own mind; but much of it was caused by those with whom he was connected, in and about the affairs of Greece. His diet was dictated by his own will, and for that he is responsible; but for the medical treatment his physicians must answer.

‘To pacify the people of this empire, for the loss of one of the greatest, if not the greatest of their poets, and one of the most ardent champions of rational freedom, they have been told, that the structure of his frame did not promise a long life. The eagerness with which this circumstance was put forward indicates a conviction, in other bosoms than mine, that a different treatment would have saved Lord Byron's valuable life. He cannot now be recalled; anger would only disturb his ashes; but, in proportion as we loved and valued him, must we be displeased at those whose conduct hastened his dissolution.

‘Before I conclude, I cannot help adverting to some other disastrous consequences, which have resulted from our interfering in the affairs of Greece. Perhaps Lord Byron's loss may outweigh all the other casualties, but it was not the only one. Lord Charles Murray, an upright and honorable young-minded man, also fell a victim to his zeal for Grecian liberty, and died at Gastouni. To say nothing of those who fell by the hand of the enemy, several, besides Lieutenant Sass, have been killed in what may be called civil broils. Mr. Gill, the foreman in the laboratory, died of disease; and Mr. Blackett and Mr. Winter terminated their existence by their own hands. I have

already stated what was the result of sending out the mechanics. They were of no use to Greece. As the price of our assistance, whatever may have been our intentions, we have in fact widened the divisions among the chieftains; we offered to them a prize, which each was eager to gain at the expense of the others; we introduced plans for codes of laws, and other measures which had for their object to *Anglify* Greece; we saddled them with a number of foreigners, who excited the hatred of the people; and we, I believe, as many intelligent Greeks believe, have postponed, by our interference, the hour of their final liberation. That the wish among our people to assist the Greeks was and is ardent and sincere no man can doubt; that the high and exalted individuals, whose names are attached to the Greek Committee, were and are zealous in watching over the management of the funds committed to their charge, is to be presumed, from their known integrity; but every man must deplore that the means placed at their disposal have been applied with so little judgment, or with so little discrimination, that where it was intended to confer benefits, only mischief has been inflicted.

The straight forward fearless manner in which the whole of this account is expressed, as well as the opportunities which we know the writer had of being acquainted with every fact he relates, give it, in our opinion, a peculiar value.

Another account, and, although a very different, still not a less interesting one, has been collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies: the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of an humble but an affectionate friend: memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances have played him false: and some of the thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being the means of preserving so affecting and interesting a history of the last days of the greatest and the truest poet that England has for some time produced.

‘My master,’ says Mr. Fletcher, ‘continued his usual custom of riding daily when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet; and on his return home his lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained

more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache: this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness: both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days.—This was on the 13th. On the following day I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors; which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days.—Here I should remark, that his lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, "Then, my lord, have other advice by all means."—"They tell me," said his lordship, "that it is only a common cold, which, you know, I have had a thousand times."—"I am sure, my lord," said I, "that you never had one of so serious a nature." "I think I never had" was his lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for, on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain: indeed this must have been

the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master, for the last eight days, consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood.—The latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day;—and accordingly my master was bled in the right arm, on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed, at the time, that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante; upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His lordship continued to get worse: but Dr. Bruno said, he thought letting blood again would save his life: and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes. To this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder; and then, stretching out his arm, said, "Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like." His lordship continued to get weaker; and on the 17th he was bled twice in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon. The bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice, "I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week: I know," added his lordship, "that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people think." I do not, however, believe that his lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, "I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day." I answered, "We shall never leave your lordship till you are better." As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto, which had hitherto been kept at his bed-side in the night. On

the 18th his lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, "Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;" to which he answered, "Do so, but be quick. I am sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease. Write yourself, for I know they would not like to see other doctors here." I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders; and, on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, "Have you sent?"—"I have, my lord," was my answer; upon which he said, "You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me." Although his lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, "I now begin to think I am seriously ill; and, in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed." I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, "No, it is now nearly over;" and then added, "I must tell you all without losing a moment!" I then said, "Shall I go, my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?"—"Oh, my God! no, you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short," said his lordship; and immediately after, "Now pay attention." His lordship commenced by saying, "You will be provided for." I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, "Oh, my poor dear child!—my dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and will you go to Lady Byron, and say ——— tell her every thing;—you are friends with her." His lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, "Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible." Here I told his lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, "Oh, my God! then all is lost, for it is now too late! Can it be possible

you have not understood me?"*—"No, my lord," said I, "but I pray you to try and inform me once more." "How can I?" rejoined my master; "it is now too late, and all is over!" I said, "Not our will, but God's, be done!"—and he answered, "Yes, not mine be done—but I will try——" His lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time—such as "My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes:" the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing

* Mr. Trelawney gives, in a letter to Colonel Stanhope, a somewhat different account of this last scene. He says, that 'when Lord Byron learnt from Fletcher that his last injunctions had not been understood, he said, "That's a pity, for 'tis now too late; for I shall die or go mad." He then raved, and said, "I will not live a madman, for I can destroy myself." I know the reason of this fear he had of losing his senses; he had lately, on his voyage from Italy, read, with deep interest, Swift's life, and was always talking to me of his horrible fate. Byron's malady was a rheumatic fever; was brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes. Its commencement was trifling. On the 10th he was taken ill; his doctors urged him to be bled, but this was one of his greatest prejudices,—he abhorred bleeding. Medicine was not efficient; the fever gained rapid ground, and on the third day the blood showed a tendency to mount to his head; he then submitted to bleeding, but it proved too late; it had already affected his brain, and this caused his death. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would have assuredly recovered in a few days. On opening him, a *great quantity* of blood was found in the head and brain; the latter, his brain, the doctor says, was a third greater in quantity than is usually found, weighing four pounds. His heart was likewise strikingly large, but performed its functions feebly, and was very exhausted; his liver much too small, which was the reason of that deficiency of bile, which necessitated him to continually stimulate his stomach by medicine. His body was in a perfect state of health and soundness. They say his only malady was a strong tendency of the blood to mount to the head, and weakness of the vessels there; that he could not, for this reason, have lived more than six or seven years more. I do not exactly understand this; but the doctor is going to write me a medical account of his illness, death, and state of his body.

'His remains are preparing to send by way of Zante to England, he having left no directions on this head. I shall ever regret I was not with him when he gave up his mortality.'

his lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. At one time I asked whether I should call Mr. Parry; to which he replied, "Yes, you may call him." Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter at were six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, "I must sleep now;" upon which he laid down never to rise again!—for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat: on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to be quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptoms of pain, or moving hand or foot. "Oh! my God!" I exclaimed, "I fear his lordship is gone!" The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, "You are right—he is gone."

Of Lord Byron's friends in Greece, those whom one should have wished to have been present during his last illness were scattered about the country: Colonel Stanhope was at Salona; Mr. Trelawney arrived at Missolonghi very soon after the fatal event. 'With all my anxiety,' he says, in a letter written immediately after, and dated Missolonghi, 'I could not get here before the third day. It was the second after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi: I then rode back, and demanded of a stranger the news from Missolonghi; I heard nothing more than "*Lord Byron is dead*," and I passed on in gloomy silence.'—It was at his desire that Dr. Bruno drew up his report of the examination of Lord Byron's body. This report we shall here insert, though it has been printed in the newspapers. But, partly owing to the vagueness of the original, and partly to the translator's ignorance of anatomy, it has been hitherto perfectly unintelligible.

'1. On opening the body of Lord Byron, the bones of the head were found extremely hard, exhibiting no appearance of suture, like the cranium of an octogenarian, so that the skull had the appearance of one uniform bone: there seemed to be no diploë, and the *sinus frontalis* was wanting.

'2. The *dura mater* was so firmly attached to the internal parietes of the cranium, that the reiterated attempts of two strong men were insufficient to detach it, and the vessels of that membrane were completely injected with blood. It was united from point to point by membranous bridges to the *pia mater*.

'3. Between the *pia mater* and the convolutions of the brain were found many globules of air, with exudation of lymph and numerous adhesions.

'4. The great *falx* of the *dura mater* was firmly attached to both hemispheres by membranous bridges; and its vessels were turgid with blood.

'5. On dividing the medullary substance of the brain, the exudation of blood from the minute vessels produced specks of a bright red colour. An extravasation of about two ounces of bloody serum was found beneath the *pons Varioli*, at the base of the hemispheres; and in the two superior or lateral ventricles a similar extravasation was discovered at the base of the *cerebellum*, and the usual effects of inflammation were observable throughout the *cerebrum*.

'6. The medullary substance was in more than ordinary proportion to the corticle, and of the usual consistency. The *cerebrum* and the *cerebellum* thout the membranes, weighed six pounds (*mediche*).

'7. The channels or *sulci* of the blood-vessels on the internal surface of the cranium, were more numerous than usual, but small.

'8. The lungs were perfectly healthy, but of much more than ordinary volume (*gigantiselle*).

'9. Between the pericardium and the heart there was about an ounce of lymph, and the heart itself was of greater size than usual; but its muscular substance was extremely flaccid.

'10. The liver was much smaller than usual, as was also the gall-bladder, which contained air instead of bile. The intestines were of a deep bilious hue, and distended with air.

'11. The kidneys were very large, but healthy, and the *vesica* relatively small.

'Judging from the observations marked 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11, the physician who attended Lord Byron concludes, that he might probably have recovered from his illness, had he submitted to the loss of blood, which was recommended at the commencement of the disease. He thinks, however, that he can declare with tolerable certainty, from the appearances 1, 8, and 9, that his lordship could not have survived many years, on account of his habitual exposure to the causes of

disease, both from his habitual mental exertion, his excessive occupation, and a constant state of indigestion.'

From this account of the examination of the body, it is plain that Lord Byron died in consequence of inflammation of the brain; at least if the appearances really were as described. The cause of the attack was clearly his exposure to wet and cold on the 9th of April. By this exposure fever was excited. His brain was predisposed to disease, as is evident from the attack of convulsion, from which he was scarcely yet recovered; and the fever, once produced, excited inflammation in the brain the more readily on account of the predisposition to disease which had already been manifested in that organ. That he might have been saved by early and copious bleeding, and other appropriate remedies, is certain. That his medical attendants had not, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied. Nothing is *known* of any intention to bleed until the 15th, that is, the 6th day of the disease, and then one of the medical attendants expresses, in a very vague manner, his opinion of the remedy: 'it might be of service, but it could be deferred till the next day.' Could any man, who was led by the symptoms to suspect such a state of the organ as was revealed by inspection, thus speak? When Dr. Bruno, in his report, speaks of taking blood in the early stage, 'in grande abbondanza,' he speaks instructed by dissection. Were we to place implicit confidence in the accuracy of the report of Lord Byron's attendant, we should doubt, from all the circumstances, his having proposed, in an early stage, copious bleeding to his patient, and his lordship's refusal to submit to the treatment. He called his complaint a cold, and said the patient would be well in a few days, and no physician would propose copious bleeding under such circumstances. It seems to us that Lord Byron's penetration discovered their hesitation, and suspected the ignorance by which it was caused, and that his suspicion was but too well founded. Without further evidence we should disbelieve in the total obliteration of the sutures; and we may add, that all the inferences deduced from the alleged appearances in 1, 8, 9, &c. are *absurd*; they do not afford evidence enough to warrant the slightest conjecture relative to the length or the brevity of life. It is, however, but fair to add, that Lord Byron always had a very decided objection to being bled; and Dr. Bruno's own testimony, which we have already quoted, ought to have its due weight. That Lord Byron should have had an insurmountable objection to bleeding is extraordinary; and it in some

measure confirms what he himself used to say, that he had no fear of death, but a perfect horror of pain.

Lord Byron's death was a severe blow to the people of Missolonghi, and they testified their sincere and deep sorrow by paying his remains all the honours their state could by any possibility invent and carry into execution. But a people, when really animated by the passion of grief, requires no teaching or marshalling into the expression of its feelings. The rude and military mode in which the inhabitants and soldiers of Missolonghi, and of other places, vented their lamentations over the body of their deceased patron and benefactor, touches the heart more deeply than the vain and empty pageantry of much more civilized states.

Immediately after the death of Lord Byron, (and it was instantly known, for the whole town was watching the event,) Prince Mavrocordatos published a proclamation, in Greek, of which the following is a translation :

' Art. 1185.

' Provisional Government of Western Greece.

' The present day of festivity and rejoicing is turned into one of sorrow and mourning.

' The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at eleven o'clock last night, after an illness of ten days ; his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting end was apprehended.

' The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece ; but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Missolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the ulterior determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

' Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

' Until, therefore, the final determination of the national government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me : I hereby decree,

' 1st. To-morrow morning, at daylight, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the grand battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

' 2d. All the public offices, even to the tribunals, are to remain closed for three successive days.

' 3d. All the shops, except those in which provisions or medicines

are sold, will also be shut: and it is strictly enjoined that every species of public amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, may be suspended.

‘ 4th. A general mourning will be observed for twenty-one days.

‘ 5th. Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered up in all the churches.

(Signed)

‘ A. MAVROCORDATOS.

‘ *Given at Missolonghi,*

‘ *GIORGIUS PRAIDIS,*

‘ *this 19th day of April, 1824.*’

‘ *Secretary.*’

Lord Byron had long previously made a will, in contemplation of that event which he seems to have believed would happen to him at an earlier period than most men die.

This important document bears the date of 29th of July, 1815, just six months after his lordship's marriage with the heiress of the houses of Milbanke and Noel, and when his lady was *enceinte* of his only issue. He devised certain real estates of Rochdale and elsewhere to his friends, John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esq. and John Hanson, of Chancery Lane, London, Esq. in trust, for sale; and the money arising therefrom, together with such part of his other property as was not settled by his marriage settlement on Lady Byron and her children, he directs to be in trust for his only sister, the Honorable Augusta Mary Leigh, for her life, for her own separate and exclusive benefit; and after her decease the principal to go to her children, of whom there are eight. And his lordship declared that he made such provision for his sister and her children, in consequence of his dear wife, Lady Byron, and any children he might have, being otherwise amply provided for. His lordship appointed Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hanson his executors, to each of whom he bequeathed a legacy of one thousand pounds.

There is also a short codicil accompanying the will, made in November, 1818, when he was at Venice, providing for a natural child; but that child having died before his lordship quitted Italy, the bequest, of course, became inoperative. The property which thus passed to Mrs. Leigh and her numerous family, exclusive of the large revenue which must ultimately arise from his great works, will be very considerable. Lady Byron, with a feeling well understood by all who know her, most liberally bestowed her jointure of two thousand pounds a year, which she took out of his lordship's property under his marriage settlement, to Captain George Anson Byron, who succeeds to the family honours—a proof, at least, that his lordship cal-

culated justly on her ladyship's approval of his own dispositions to the female branch of the family equally unprovided for.

There appears to have been considerable difficulty in fixing upon the place of interment. After the embalment, the first step was to send the body to Zante, where the authorities were to decide as to its ultimate destination. Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of Lord Byron by marriage, the Secretary of the Senate at Corfu, repaired to Zante to meet it. It was his wish, and that of some others, that his lordship should be interred in that island—a proposition which was received with indignation and most decidedly opposed by the majority of the English. By Colonel Stanhope* it was proposed that his remains should have been deposited in the temple of Theseus, or in the Parthenon, at Athens; and as some importance might have been attached to the circumstance by the Greeks, (and there is something consolatory in the idea of Lord Byron reposing at last in so venerable a spot, thus re-consecrating, as it were, the sacred land of the Arts and the Muses,) Ulysses sent an express to Missolonghi, to solicit that his ashes might be laid in Athens: the body had then, however, reached Zante; and it appearing to be the almost unanimous wish of the English that it should be sent to England, for public burial in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the Resident of the island yielded; the Florida was taken up for that purpose—and the whole English public know the result.

It seems, however, that Lord Byron had expressed his wishes on this subject in a very explicit manner to Mr. Parry. This gentleman has related a conversation between himself and Lord Byron on the subject. Mr. Parry's dislike of Colonel Stanhope breaks out in this and in every other part of his work; but we have no doubt of the entire correctness of the statement:

'There were some doubts what to do with Lord Byron's body. Colonel Stanhope, indeed, had a plan even for the disposal of that, and recommended, immediately he heard of his death, that it should be deposited at Athens. Had any attempts been made to carry such a proposal into execution, I was prepared to oppose it with an unanswer-

* *Letter from Colonel Stanhope to Mr. Bowring.* '30th April, 1824. A courier has just arrived from the chief Scalza. Alas! all our fears are realized. The soul of Byron has taken its last flight. England has lost her brightest genius—Greece her noblest friend. To console them for the loss, he has left behind the emanations of his splendid mind. If Byron had faults, he had redeeming virtues too—he sacrificed his comfort, fortune, health, and life, to the cause of an oppressed nation. Honoured be his memory! Had I the disposal of his ashes, I would place them in the Temple of Theseus, or in the Parthenon at Athens.'

able argument. In conversation with me Lord Byron had frequently said, "Well, old boy, should you kick the bucket in Greece, have you any wish that your body should be sent to England?" "No, my lord, no particular wish." "Well, I have then; and mind this shall be an agreement betwixt us—If I should die in Greece, and you survive me, *do you see that my body is sent to England*; and, if I survive you, I will take care that every request you make shall be complied with, and I'll take care those little fellows of yours at home shall not want." The wish conveyed in these words I was determined to see executed; and mentioned to Count Gamba, both at Missolonghi and Zante, that, if any thought was entertained of carrying Colonel Stanhope's plan into execution, I would immediately write to England; for I considered such a wish, so expressed, far more sacred, and far more binding on every person connected with Lord Byron, than any scheme or whim, as to the disposal of his body, which might be formed by Colonel Stanhope. More rational counsels, however, prevailed, and it was settled that the corpse should be sent to England. The medical men at Missolonghi opened the body, and embalmed it. The heart, brain, and intestines, were enclosed in different vessels, and one of them was left in Greece; the body was placed in a chest lined with tin, as it was not possible; at Missolonghi, to procure lead sufficient for a coffin, and was sent to England.'

'At sunrise, on April 20th,' says Count Gamba, 'on the morning after his death, seven-and-thirty minute guns were fired from the principal battery of the fortress; and one of the batteries of the corps under his orders also fired one gun every half-hour, for the succeeding four-and-twenty hours. We were soon apprized that the Turks at Patras, hearing our cannon, and learning the cause, testified their satisfaction, and insulted over our sorrows by discharges of musketry: this tribute alone was wanting to the memory of the benefactor of Greece;—but the barbarians may have occasion to lament the loss of the friend of humanity, and the protector of the oppressed.'

'April 21. For the remainder of this day and the next, a silence, like that of the grave, prevailed over the whole city. We intended to have performed the funeral ceremony on the 21st, but the continued rain prevented us. The next day (22d), however, we acquitted ourselves of that sad duty, as far as our humble means would permit. In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the government, and of the whole population, on the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious portion of his

honoured remains were carried to the church, where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and of General Normann. There we laid them down: the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed, chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it we placed a helmet and a sword, and a crown of laurel. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression; nor spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half-civilized warriors around us; their deep-felt unaffected grief; the fond recollections; the disappointed hopes; the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read on every countenance—all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man.

‘When the funeral service was over, we left the bier in the middle of the church, where it remained until the evening of the next day, and was guarded by a detachment of his own brigade. The church was crowded without cessation by those who came to honour and to regret the benefactor of Greece. In the evening of the 23d, the bier was privately carried back by his officers to his own house. The coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month. Immediately after his death, his countenance had an air of calmness, mingled with a severity that seemed gradually to soften; for, when I took a last look of him, the expression, at least to my eyes, was truly sublime.’

It was not only at Missolonghi, but throughout the whole of Greece, that the death of Lord Byron was felt as a calamity in itself, and a bad omen for the future. Lord Byron went to the Greeks not under the same circumstances that any other man of equal genius might have done. He had been the poet of Greece—more than any other man he had turned the attention of Europe on modern Greece. By his eloquent and spirit-stirring strains, he had himself powerfully co-operated in raising the enthusiasm of regeneration which now reigns in Greece. All this gave to his arrival there, to use the phrase of a letter written while he was expected, something like the character ‘of the coming of a Messiah.’

The following is a translation of the funeral oration which was composed by M. Spiridion Tricoupi on the lamented death of Lord Byron. It was delivered in the church at Missolonghi; whither the body was carried previous to its being put on board the Florida:—

‘Missolonghi, 10th April, ‘Thursday in Easter Week, 1824.

‘Unlooked-for event! deplorable misfortune! But a short time has elapsed since the people of this deeply suffering country welcomed,

with unfeigned joy and open arms, this celebrated individual to their bosoms; to-day, overwhelmed with grief and despair, they bathe his funeral couch with tears of bitterness, and mourn over it with inconsolable affliction. On Easter Sunday, the happy salutation of the day, "Christ is risen," remained but half-pronounced on the lips of every Greek; and as they met, before even congratulating one another on the return of that joyous day, the universal demand was, "How is Lord Byron?" Thousands, assembled in the spacious plain outside of the city to commemorate the sacred day, appeared as if they had assembled for the sole purpose of imploring the Saviour of the world to restore to health him who was a partaker with us in our present struggle for the deliverance of our native land

'And how is it possible that any heart should remain unmoved, any lip closed, upon the present occasion? Was ever Greece in greater want of assistance than when the ever-to-be-lamented Lord Byron, at the peril of his life, crossed over to Missolonghi? Then, and ever since he has been with us, his liberal hand has been opened to our necessities—necessities which our own poverty would have otherwise rendered irremediable. How many and much greater benefits did we not expect from him!—and to-day, alas! to-day, the unrelenting grave closes over him and our hopes!

'Residing out of Greece, and enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of Europe, he might have contributed materially to the success of our cause, without coming personally amongst us; and this would have been sufficient for us,—for the well-proved ability and profound judgment of our governor, the president of the senate, would have ensured our safety with the means so supplied. But, if this was sufficient for us, it was not so for Lord Byron. Destined by Nature to uphold the rights of man whenever he saw them trampled upon; born in a free and enlightened country; early taught by reading the works of our ancestors, (which indeed teach all who can read them,) not only what man is, but what he ought to be, and what he may be—he saw the persecuted and enslaved Greek determine to break the heavy chains with which he was bound, and to convert the iron into sharp-edged swords, that he might regain by force what force had torn from him!—He (Lord B.) saw, and, leaving all the pleasures of Europe, he came, to share our sufferings and our hardships; assisting us, not only with his wealth, of which he was profuse; not only with his judgment, of which he has given us so many salutary examples;—but with his sword, which he was preparing to unsheath against our bar-

barous and tyrannical oppressors. He came, in a word, according to the testimony of those who were intimate with him, with the determination to die in Greece and for Greece! How, therefore, can we do otherwise than lament with heartfelt sorrow the loss of such a man? How can we do otherwise than bewail it as the loss of the whole Greek nation?

‘Thus far, my friends, you have seen him liberal, generous, courageous—a true Philhelenist; and you have seen him as your benefactor. This is, indeed, a sufficient cause for your tears, but it is not sufficient for his honour; it is not sufficient for the greatness of the undertaking in which he had engaged. He, whose death we are now so deeply deploring, was a man who, in one great branch of literature, gave his name to the age in which we live: the vastness of his genius and the richness of his fancy did not permit him to follow the splendid though beaten track of the literary fame of the ancients; he chose a new road—a road which ancient prejudice had endeavored, and was still endeavoring, to shut against the learned of Europe: but as long as his writings live—and they must live as long as the world exists—this road will remain always open; for it is, as well as the other, a sure road to true knowledge. I will not detain you at the present time by expressing all the respect and enthusiasm with which the perusal of his writings has always inspired me, and which indeed I feel much more powerfully now than at any other period. The learned men of all Europe celebrate him, and have celebrated him; and all ages will celebrate the poet of our age, for he was born for all Europe and for all ages.

‘One consideration occurs to me, as striking and true as it is applicable to the present state of our country: listen to it, my friends, with attention, that you may make it your own, and that it may become a generally acknowledged truth.

‘There have been many great and splendid nations in the world, but few have been the epochs of their true glory: one phenomenon, I am inclined to believe, is wanting in the history of these nations—and one, the possibility of the appearance of which the all-considering mind of the philosopher has much doubted. Almost all the nations of the world have fallen from the hands of one master into those of another; some have been benefitted, others have been injured, by the change; but the eye of the historian has not yet seen a nation enslaved by barbarians, and more particularly by barbarians rooted for ages in their soil—has not yet seen, I say, such a people throw off their slavery un-

assisted and alone. This is the phenomenon ; and now, for the first time in the history of the world, we witness it in Greece—yes, in Greece alone ! The philosopher beholds it from afar, and his doubts are dissipated ; the historian sees it, and prepares his citation of it as a new event in the fortunes of nations ; the statesman sees it, and becomes more observant and more on his guard. Such is the extraordinary time in which we live. My friends, the insurrection of Greece is not an epoch of our nation alone ; it is an epoch of all nations : for, as I before observed, it is a phenomenon which stands alone in the political history of nations.

‘ The great mind of the highly-gifted and much-lamented Byron observed this phenomenon, and he wished to unite his name with our glory. Other revolutions have happened in his time, but he did not enter into any of them—he did not assist any of them ; for their character and nature were totally different : the cause of Greece alone was a cause worthy of him whom all the learned [men] of Europe celebrate. Consider then, my friends, consider the time in which you live—in what a struggle you are engaged ; consider that the glory of past ages admits not of comparison with yours : the friends of liberty, the philanthropists, the philosophers of all nations, and especially of the enlightened and generous English nation, congratulate you, and from afar rejoice with you ; all animate you ; and the poet of our age, already crowned with immortality, emulous of your glory, came personally to your shores, that he might, together with yourselves, wash out with his blood the marks of tyranny from our polluted soil.

‘ Born in the great capital of England, his descent noble, on the side of both his father and his mother, what unfeigned joy did his Philhellenic heart feel, when our poor city, in token of our gratitude, inscribed his name among the number of her citizens ! In the agonies of death ; yes, at the moment when eternity appeared before him ; as he was lingering on the brink of mortal and immortal life ; when all the material world appeared but as a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence ; in that awful hour, but two names dwelt upon the lips of this illustrious individual, leaving all the world besides—the names of his only and much-beloved daughter, and of Greece : these two names, deeply engraven on his heart, even the moment of death could not efface. “ My daughter ! ” he said ; “ Greece ! ” he exclaimed ; and his spirit passed away. What Grecian heart will not be deeply affected as often as it recalls this moment ?

‘ Our tears, my friends, will be grateful, very grateful, to his shade.

for they are the tears of sincere affection ; but much more grateful will be our deeds in the cause of our country, which, though removed from us, he will observe from the heavens, of which his virtues have doubtless opened to him the gates. This return alone does he require from us for all his munificence; this reward for his love towards us; this consolation for his sufferings in our cause; and this inheritance for the loss of his invaluable life. When your exertions, my friends, shall have liberated us from the hands which have so long held us down in chains; from the hands which have torn from our arms our property, our brothers, our children;—then will his spirit rejoice, then will his shade be satisfied!—Yes, in that blessed hour of our freedom, the archbishop will extend his sacred and free hand, and pronounce a blessing over his venerated tomb; the young warrior, sheathing his sword, red with the blood of his tyrannical oppressors, will strew it with laurel; the statesman will consecrate it with his oratory; and the poet, resting upon the marble, will become doubly inspired: the virgins of Greece, (whose beauty our illustrious fellow-citizen Byron has celebrated in many of his poems,) without any longer fearing contamination from the rapacious hands of our oppressors, crowning their heads with garlands, will dance round it, and sing of the beauty of our land, which the poet of our age has already commemorated with such grace and truth. But what sorrowful thought now presses upon my mind! My fancy has carried me away; I had pictured to myself all that my heart could have desired; I had imagined the blessing of our bishops, the hymns, and laurel crowns, and the dance of the virgins of Greece round the tomb of the benefactor of Greece;—but this tomb will not contain his precious remains; the tomb will remain void; but a few days more will his body remain on the face of our land—of his new-chosen country; it cannot be given over to our arms; it must be borne to his own native land, which is honored by his birth.

‘ Oh daughter! most dearly beloved by him, your arms will receive him; your tears will bathe the tomb which shall contain his body;—and the tears of the orphans of Greece will be shed over the urn containing his precious heart, and over all the land of Greece, for all the land of Greece is his tomb. As in the last moment of his life you and Greece were alone in his heart and upon his lips, it was but just that she (Greece) should retain a share of the precious remains. Missolonghi, his country, will ever watch over and protect with all her strength the urn containing his venerated heart, as a symbol of his love towards us. All Greece, clothed in mourning and inconsolable,

accompanies the procession in which it is borne ; all ecclesiastical, civil, and military honours attend it ; all his fellow-citizens of Missolonghi and fellow-countrymen of Greece follow it, crowning it with their gratitude and bedewing it with their tears ; it is blessed by the pious benedictions and prayers of our archbishop, bishop, and all our clergy. Learn, noble lady, learn that chieftains bore it on their shoulders, and carried it to the church ; thousands of Greek soldiers lined the way through which it passed, with the muzzles of their muskets, which had destroyed so many tyrants, pointed towards the ground, as though they would war against that earth which was to deprive them for ever of the sight of their benefactor ;—all this crowd of soldiers, ready at a moment to march against the implacable enemy of Christ and man, surrounded the funeral couch, and swore never to forget the sacrifices made by your father for us, and never to allow the spot where his heart is placed to be trampled upon by barbarous and tyrannical feet. Thousands of Christian voices were in a moment heard, and the temple of the Almighty resounded with supplications and prayers that his venerated remains might be safely conveyed to his native land, and that his soul might rest where the righteous alone find rest.

On May the 2d, the remains of Lord Byron were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress. “ How different,” exclaims Count Gamba, “ from that which had welcomed the arrival of Byron, only four months ago !” After a passage of three days, the vessel reached Zante ; and the precious deposit was placed in the quarantine house. Here some additional precautions were taken, to ensure its safe arrival in England, by providing another case for the body.

Colonel Stanhope was on his way back to England, and he therefore took charge of Lord Byron’s remains, and embarked with them on board the *Florida*. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, and arrived in the Downs on June 29th. She afterwards went to Stangate Creek, to perform quarantine, where she arrived on Thursday, July 1st.

John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. and John Hanson, Esq. Lord Byron’s executors, after having proved his will, claimed the body from the *Florida* ; and under their directions it was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, No. 20, Great George Street, Westminster. Preparations were then made for the funeral. On Friday and Saturday, July 9th and 10th, the body lay in state, and was visited by a great number of noblemen and gentlemen. The crowd would probably have been too great, had every person been admitted ; and

therefore those only who could procure tickets, issued for the purpose, were allowed to pay the last tribute of their admiration to this illustrious man. By his friends, and those who knew him well, Lord Byron is described as not much altered in his appearance by death. He was thinner, more care-worn than formerly, but the lineaments of his face were unchanged; there was no mark of suffering in his countenance, and he appeared as if he were in a deep sleep. Some difference of opinion existed as to where he was to be buried; it having been suggested that he should be placed either in Westminster Abbey or in St. Paul's Cathedral; but the good taste of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, prevailed, and it was settled that he should be laid, agreeably to a wish expressed in his writings, in the family vault at Newstead, and near his mother.

On Monday, July 12th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the funeral procession, attended by a great number of noblemen's and gentlemen's carriages, and by crowds of people, who evinced a deep sympathy, left the house at Westminster, and traversed various streets of the metropolis, to reach the north road. At Pancras Gate the carriages returned; the procession was at an end, and the hearse proceeded by slow stages to Nottingham.

One little incident is narrated in the public journals of the day, which seems worthy of receiving that trifling additional circulation I may hope this book will give to it. As the procession proceeded through the streets of London, a fine looking honest tar was observed to walk near the hearse uncovered throughout the morning; and on being asked by a stranger whether he formed part of the funeral *cortege*, he replied that he came there to pay his respects to the deceased, with whom he had served in the Levant, when he made the tour of the Grecian Islands. This poor fellow was kindly offered a place by some of the servants who were behind the carriage; but he said he was strong, and had rather walk near the hearse.

It was not till Friday, July 16th, that the interment took place. Lord Byron was buried in the family vault at the village church of Hucknall, eight miles beyond Nottingham, and within two miles of Newstead Abbey, once the property of the Byron family. He was accompanied to the grave by crowds of persons eager to show this last testimony of respect to his memory. In one of his earlier poems he had expressed a wish that his dust might mingle with his mother's, and in compliance with this wish, his coffin was placed in the vault next to hers. It was twenty minutes past four o'clock on Friday,

July 16th, 1824, when the ceremony was concluded, when the tomb closed for ever on Byron, and when his friends were relieved from every care concerning him, save that of doing justice to his memory, and of cherishing his fame.

‘ The following inscription was placed on the coffin :—

“ GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON,
Of Rochdale.

BORN IN LONDON,
JAN. 22, 1788,

DIED AT MISSOLONGHI,
IN WESTERN GREECE,
APRIL 19TH, 1824.”

‘ An urn accompanied the coffin, and on it was inscribed,
“ Within this urn are deposited the heart, brain, &c. of the
deceased Lord Byron.”

So much has been said on the subject of Lord Byron’s religious opinions, and so many absurd and untrue tales have been fabricated, that we are glad of an opportunity of undeceiving our readers in this respect.

The following extract shows that, although Lord Byron’s mind was tainted with scepticism, he was neither an infidel, nor was he, as has been represented, in the habit of treating with profaneness subjects which every man of sense, whatever may be the infirmity of his own notions on them, knows are too important and too respectable to be approached with levity :

‘ This,’ says Mr. Parry, ‘ is what Lord Byron frequently said to me on the subject of religion :—“ I have both been annoyed and amused by numerous attacks on my religious opinions, and with the conversations about them. It is really astonishing how these *Religionists* persecute. No situation in life secures a man from their importunities. Under a pretence of being greatly apprehensive for our eternal welfare, if we do not follow their *dictum* they persecute us in every way possible. True religion teaches man humility, charity, kindness, and every good act. Professing religion is now become quite a trade. Thousands sally forth to escape from labour, without the least claim either by education, character, or station in society, and assume the character of teachers. They embrace different opinions, and are continually bellowing damnation against each other. All join to crush liberal sentiments; they have sworn a bond against that charity which thinketh no evil; and they will remain in this disposition until the bulk of mankind think for

themselves. As long as they are so ignorant as to be credulous, there will always be impostors to profit by their credulity. It would fill a volume to record the manner in which I have been attacked. I am sure that no man reads the Bible with more pleasure than I do ; I read a chapter every day, and in a short time shall be able to beat the Canters with their own weapons. Most of them are like the Catholics, who place the Virgin Mary before Christ, and Christ before God ; only they have substituted the Apostle Paul for the Virgin, and they place him above Jesus, and Jesus above the Almighty.

“ While at Cephalonia, a gentleman of the name of Kennedy was introduced to me ; I have a respect for him, and believe him sincere in his professions. He endeavoured to convince me that his ideas of religion were correct. At that time my mind was taken up with many other matters, particularly with Greece. I like to be civil, and to give answers to questions which are put to me, although it is not pleasant to be questioned, particularly on abstruse subjects. They require a depth of thought, and such men as I am think deeply. Our minds are filled with ten thousand ideas. I answered Mr. Kennedy, therefore, though without any intention of converting him or allowing myself to be converted. I believe even then, though unprepared, I had very often the best of the argument, and now I am sure I could defeat him. He was not a skilful disputant.”

Lord Byron, like every other man of exalted mind, had a belief in the influence of beings of another world. It is impossible that a man of quick imagination and of acute sensibility can live in a world like this, which ‘cabins and confines’ us, and feel his soul excited to a degree infinitely beyond the common habits and customs of the dull world, without wishing to believe that it is by some unseen hand the chords are struck which discourse such ‘eloquent music.’ Who sees the soft wind which steals over the strings of the Æolian harp, and seems to die upon the harmony it creates ? and yet who doubts its existence ? Who can feel the wild, the wonderful—the ecstasies of joy and sorrow, which have dominion in the heart where Genius has shed her light—and doubt that some breathings of another world wake up the powers of which he knows nothing but their effect ? Mr. Parry says, in his homely way :

‘ Lord Byron had some superstitions clinging to him. He believed in presentiments, fatal and fortunate days, and in ghosts. On setting out from Italy for Greece a storm drove the vessel back ; a circumstance which has occurred on numerous occasions, when the voyage

has been afterwards happily accomplished, and followed by no disastrous results; but Lord Byron, though he is said to have quoted the proverb, that a bad beginning makes a good ending, was made melancholy by a foul wind. This circumstance was often mentioned among his friends at Missolonghi. On rallying Lord Byron on this subject, and observing that I thought it was very strange a man of his strength of mind should entertain such a vulgar belief as that of the existence of ghosts, he smiled, and replied, "I have from my childhood endeavoured to impress a belief of supernatural causes on my mind. I cannot say why I had such a propensity, nor why it continued so long, but I derive great pleasure from the idea; even now, I actually believe such things may be." At this he sighed deeply, and said, "I have had wonderful presentiments in my time. Hardly any unfortunate circumstance has ever happened to me, of which I have not had some forerunning warning. We can't help these things, and can no more account for the existence of one sentiment than for another. I know not why, but I have a particular aversion either to begin or conclude any work on a Friday."

His opinion concerning Count Gamba was another little superstition of Lord Byron's. He was very partial to the count, without placing much confidence in him, because he had got a notion that the count was an unfortunate man, and that whatever he undertook would fail. I was particularly enjoined by Lord Byron never to allow the count to undertake any piece of public service without first acquainting his lordship with it, and obtaining his approbation. He always expected that the count would get himself and others into scrapes: whether the count had or had not ever given Lord Byron any reason to form such an opinion, before I was acquainted with them, I know not; but I never saw any thing to justify it. I believe it was one of those prejudices or presentiments Lord Byron liked to indulge, or at least which he never made any effort to control or subdue.

We have now brought to a termination the task of describing the life and works of Lord Byron. In the course of our labours we have sometimes had occasion to disapprove of parts of his conduct as well as of his poetry; but the contemplation of the whole leaves upon our mind one sentiment of admiration and of respect, amounting almost to veneration. His faults few, and such as belong to the common lot of humanity, only serve to excite pity for the weakness of that nature which even the most Godlike attributes cannot wholly purify; while the afflictions which beset him, the lonely and almost desolate manner

of his death, the cause for which he died, and which (whatever may be the merits or demerits of modern Greece) was to him the cause of truth and freedom, will combine to mix up as much of love for his character, in all who shall hereafter consider it, as there is of regret for his death in the minds of those who actually knew him.

It is a matter of great surprise that, among the many English bards now living, no attempt has been made to commemorate in verse (which the occasion would have made almost as immortal as his own,) that event, which, more than any other of a like nature, plunged the whole nation into grief.

‘ Lycidas is dead ! dead ere his prime.
 Young Lycidas ! and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.’

And yet, rife as monodies are upon less important and imperious occasions, none have been produced on the death of Lord Byron.

There is, however, one poem extant, in which a poet, second only to the mighty dead, has done honour to his character. It is not, perhaps, less creditable to the heart and to the judgment of that poet, that this testimony to his friend’s talents, and to the goodness of his disposition, was made public during Lord Byron’s life. Even envy itself can afford to praise a dead rival ; but to assign to a living one his true eminence, and to express aloud an opinion like that which Mr. Moore avowed respecting Lord Byron, while he was the object of attack for critics of all degrees, from the blood-hounds of the great Reviews down to the yelping curs of the smaller packs, was really honorable and becoming.

The following verses were published by Mr. Moore in ‘ Fables for the Holy Alliance,’ and are called ‘ Reflections when about to read the Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself,’ which it will be recollected were given by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, and which that gentleman consented to have destroyed since his death :

‘ Let me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
 Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
 As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
 Of some enchanter’s secret halls is given,
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
 If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
 Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
 O’er the wide earth this instant, who would give,

Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In every language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, whov'e felt the various spell combined
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like powers, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wond'rous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and, if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did th' Egyptian traveller, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.
They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the star of bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touched them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, even now, struck as it is with blight—
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all who've watched these struggling rays
Of a bright ruined spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs, had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quenched, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought but the wide cold shadow which it casts!
Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—

The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
 The loves, the feuds, thy pages may unfold,
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
 His virtues as his failings—we shall find
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
 And enmities, like sun-touched snow, resigned—
 Of fealty, cherished without change or chill,
 In those who served him young, and serve him still—
 Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
 Of acts—but, no—*not* from himself must aught
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.
 While, they who court the world, like Milton's cloud,
 'Turn forth their silver lining' on the crowd,
 This gifted being wraps himself in night,
 And, keeping all that softens and adorns
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.'

The friendship which subsisted between Mr. Moore and Lord Byron was equally honorable to each. No two things could well be more dissimilar than the courses which each of them had selected to run in their poetical careers, and yet, as far as they were both candidates (and successful ones) for public approbation, they may be fairly said to have been rivals. They even, as we have before noticed, selected the same subject for the exercise of their talents; but not only was there no similarity in the manner of the execution, but the testimony which, in the publication of that poem, Mr. Moore bore to the genius of his brother-bard was highly commendable. It happens but too frequently in the annals of literature that the very circumstances which ought to attach men of letters to each other—for example, a similarity of pursuits, and feelings kindled from the same etherial fire—have the effect of raising barriers between them, and they never speak of each other but to carp at that same to which they consider themselves to be solely entitled, and which to share with a rival is worse than not to possess at all. They can in common 'bear no rival near their thrones.' Mr. Moore is an honorable exception to this almost universal rule, and by his conduct to Lord Byron during his life, still more by the almost fastidious respect which he has paid to his memory, has shown that he deserved the friendship of such a man, and that the exaltation of his mind is not wholly confined to his literary efforts.

The death of Lord Byron has, however, reconciled all opinions. Envy is dead, and that spirit of criticism which induced some persons to cavil at what they had neither hearts to feel nor heads to understand is at rest for ever. The bitterness of the grief which Lord Byron's decease occasioned has also lost much of its force, and it is now regarded only as a loss deep and irreparable, but one which must be endured. In the mean time his fame has soared to the highest point, and, in all the range of English poetry, there are few who claim a more brilliant place. In the memory of all who knew him he will live while they exist; and, when all who breathed the same air with him shall have gone to join him in the world which he now inhabits, his works will hold the same station as they now occupy in the minds of all men while the literature of England shall continue. This shall be really to live, and in this fame is the real triumph over the grave.

He is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life:
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us, and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

THE END.

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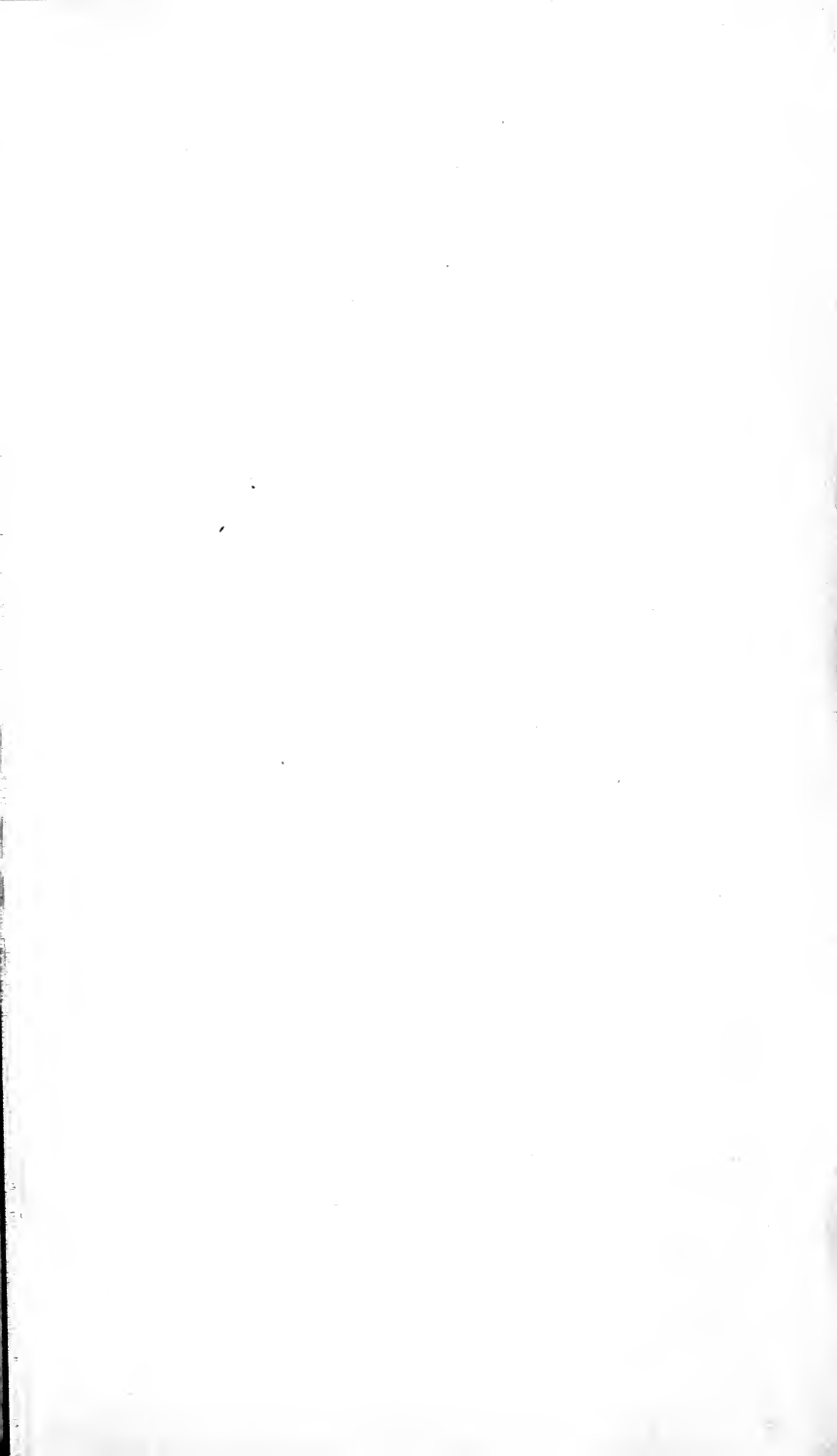
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